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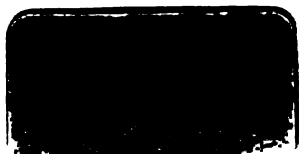
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P R E F A C E .

"THE evils of book-making," says Lord Bacon, "are only to be cured by making more books ; that is, such as shall cause the bad ones to be forgotten." An objection to many of the reading exercises selected for schools is, that they either fall below the requirements of a sound literary taste, or are not of a character to be understood by those for whom they are intended. It is a narrow experience, I am aware, that would have a pupil read nothing that is not level to his comprehension—that would leave nothing for his mind to grow up to ; but it is none the less true that he will best deliver what he best understands and feels.

To satisfy at once the mature taste of the teacher, and to interest the pupil, is the desirable object in the compilation of a "Reader ;" and let it not be supposed that this is any easy or irresponsible task, to be taken up lightly, and despatched hastily and superficially. I know of few literary undertakings that ought to be assumed with more ample preparation, or pursued with a more scrupulous regard to the purposes in view. The pieces that are read or declaimed at school probably exercise a more enduring influence upon the character, so far as it can be affected by the thoughts and forms of expression that literature embodies, than all that is read in after life. How important, then, that an active and accurate discrimination should be exer-

cised as well in regard to the literary as the moral character of pieces!

In adopting, compiling, or translating the contents of this collection, I have regarded as essential, first, a salutary or unexceptionable moral tone; secondly, literary accuracy and style; and thirdly, peculiar fitness as a reading exercise for schools. The more simple exercises are placed at the beginning. I have observed the line of demarcation that should distinguish a "Reader" from a "Speaker." Exercises of a purely declamatory character should be sparingly introduced into the former, as they are not favorable to the formation of that style of delivery in reading which is most appropriate; while the habit of giving a level tone to pieces requiring the animation and action of declamatory delivery may spoil the speaker without accomplishing the reader. Still, as the mode in which an oratorical passage should be *read* may differ from that in which it should be *declaimed*, an adequate number of exercises to illustrate this difference have been introduced.

Although I have been more solicitous to present what was suitable than what was novel, it will be seen that more than two-thirds of this collection is composed of pieces to be found in no other "Reader."

"In many instances," says Mr. Mayhew, in his excellent work on *Popular Education*, in reference to exercises in reading, "commendable effort is made to secure correct pronunciation, and a proper observance of the inflections and pauses. But there is a great lack in *understanding* what is read." "I am fully satisfied that it is incomparably better for classes to read once around once a day, and understand what they read, than to read four times around four times a day, without understanding their lessons."

Impressed with the soundness of these views, my aim has been

to smooth the teacher's way and illumine that of the pupil, by continual monitions in the form of marks of reference to rules in the introductory part, or to explanations in the Index, by the aid of which a pupil is not only kept apprised of his besetting faults in pronunciation, but is pointed to the solution of every difficult word or passage. These referential marks and their use are explained in a few words on page 55.

Part First treats of the elementary sounds, and the relations to them of the vowels, consonants, and diphthongs; of articulation, pronunciation, inflection, punctuation, delivery, &c. This part is regularly arranged in paragraphs, which are continuously numbered, so that a corresponding number attached to a word, in the reading exercises of Part Second, directs the pupil to the rule or caution needed for his guidance. These references are to the articulation and pronunciation of particular words, or to the manner in which certain forms of speech ought to be read. Numberless repetitions would be needed to give, attached to every exercise, the useful hints and directions which, under this simple plan, are supplied without encumbering or disfiguring the page.

Another and equally important feature is the introduction of references to explanations in the index beginning on page 445. Wherever a word occurs in regard to which any special information is useful, either as to the derivation and meaning, or to the pronunciation, the letters **MI** (standing for Explanatory Index) are attached, and the word will be found under that head, alphabetically arranged and explained. Thus the pupil has no excuse for omitting to acquaint himself with the information designated.

All the names of authors, and nearly all the proper names that occur, even where they do not have the mark of reference, are also included in this index. In preparing it, I have drawn

largely from the excellent work of Mr. Trench, on the Study of Words. He shows that there is an interesting history attached to many of our commonest words; and should the reader find a reference to the index attached to such familiar words as *man-kind*, *odd*, *husband*, *wife*, *amuse*, *education*, *field*, *forest*, *neighbor*, *palace*, *parasite*, *parlor*, and scores of other words, more or less common, he will learn, from a glance at them in the index, that there is a history in their derivation which ought to be known. The importance of this knowledge is well set forth by Mr. Trench in the extracts from his work beginning on page 119.

By acquainting himself with the origin of many words explained in the index, the reader will store his memory with a number of prefixes and postfixes, a knowledge of which will open to him the meaning of large classes of words to which they are the keys. The habit also, which he may thus acquire, of tracing verbal genealogies back to their primary stock, may be to him of incalculable service, in inspiring a taste that must open new sources of intellectual satisfaction and improvement; in leading to greater precision in the use of language; in simplifying and making luminous many a word that before seemed arbitrary, indefinite, and opaque; and, finally, in quickening his powers of penetration into the significance, or absence of significance, of all that he reads.

In conclusion, I may remark, that both in the introductory part and in the index I have freely availed myself of the labors of the best and most recent authorities. In most instances, credit has been given; should it have been occasionally withheld, this general acknowledgment will suffice.

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THE

FIRST-CLASS STANDARD READER.

PART I.

PRINCIPLES OF ELOCUTION.

GENERAL DIVISION.

SOUNDS AND LETTERS,
ARTICULATION,
PRONUNCIATION, ETC.,

INFLECTION,
PUNCTUATION, ETC.,
ON READING POETRY.

*^a *The Lessons of this Part contain much that the memory should be repeatedly refreshed with ; and they have been constructed and arranged to serve as Reading Exercises, either after some of the simpler Exercises of Part II., or before, according to the capacity of pupils.*

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

1. THE ability to read aloud in an easy and agreeable manner ought to rank first among the physical and intellectual accomplishments of the young. Apart from the service it may enable us to render to others, is the benefit to health which the habit of exercising the voice, under proper restrictions, may afford. "Reading aloud, and recitation," says Dr. Combe, "are more useful and invigorating muscular exercises than is generally imagined."

2. To attain a good elocutionary delivery, the articulation must be firm and complete, the pronunciation correct, the modulation or management of the voice appropriate, and the expression animated and sympathetic. In proportion as these conditions are complied with, the delivery will be distinct, significant, and impressive. Audibleness depends less on a loud voice than on a clear and faithful articulation.

3. It will thus be seen that there are three stages of advancement for the pupil. In the first, his attention is confined to the mechanical effort of uttering letters, syllables and words, with precision and ease ; in the second, which presupposes the first, he utters sentences according to their

grammatical significance ; and in the third, which presupposes the first and second, he imparts the highest degree of expression and effect to what he delivers.

4. Orthoëpy, a word derived from the Greek *orthos* (upright) and *êpō* (I speak), signifies the right utterance of words. Orthoëpy determines words, and deals with language as it is *spoken* ; orthography determines the correct spelling of words, and deals with language as it is *written*. Orthography addresses itself to the eye, Orthoëpy to the ear. Orthoëpy includes Articulation.

5. An *articulate* sound, from *artic'ulus*, a Latin word for *joint*, is properly a sound which is preceded or followed by the closing of the organs of speech, or bringing some parts of the mouth in contact. A Consonant is, in the strict sense, an Articulation, or an Articulate Sound ; but, in use, the term is extended to Vowel sounds.

6. In anatomy the term *articulation* signifies the connection of the bones of the skeleton by joints. In Orthoëpy it may signify, in addition to its more extended meaning, the proper connection, in utterance, of the joints or syllables of words. Thus, in the words *ap-pe-tite*, *gov-er-nor*, we are directed by Articulation to pronounce every syllable distinctly, instead of fusing the second into the first, and pronouncing the words as if they were written thus : *aptite*, *govnor*. Articulation regulates the enunciation of letters also ; thus it directs us to give its proper sound to the *h* in such words as *whale*, *what*, *which*, *shriek*, *shrunk*, *shrill*, &c., where the sound of the italicized letter is often improperly dropped.

7. "In just articulation," says Austin, "the words are not hurried over, nor melted together ; they are neither abridged nor prolonged ; they are not swallowed, nor are they shot from the mouth ; neither are they trailed, and then suffered to drop unfinished ; but they are delivered from the lips as beautiful coins are issued from the mint, deeply and accurately impressed, neatly struck by the proper organs, distinct, sharp, perfectly finished."

8. Without a clear and accurate articulation, no person can give proper effect to language in the delivery. Precipitancy in speech, which drops some syllables and pronounces others too faintly, is the most common cause of a defective articulation. It must not, however, be supposed that a proper rapidity of utterance is inconsistent with distinctness. A habit of undue precision and deliberation in enunciating is quite as offensive as the haste which confounds syllables and words. But the extreme of speaking too fast is the more common fault. To pronounce with accuracy and completeness, even though it be slowly, is the first thing to be studied.

9. An indistinct articulation is often the result of mere indolence or inattention. There must be energetic muscular action of the vocal organs, or your utterance will become inanimate and ineffective. A full inhalation of the breath, a vigorous expulsion of it, a steady exercise of the muscles called into play, are all essential to the attainment of a good delivery.

10. In commencing a course of reading exercises, it will be well to revive our recollections of the first principles of elocution. In doing this, we will consider, first, the simple elementary sounds produced for the utterance of the English language. These sounds must be thoroughly understood, and correctly practised, before the complicate sounds flowing from them into speech can be enunciated with ease, propriety, and force.

QUESTIONS.—2. What is necessary to a good elocution? 4. What is the distinction between Orthoëpy and Orthography? 5, 6. What is an Articulate Sound? Explain the derivation of the word *articulate*. 8. What is the most common cause of a bad articulation? 9. Mention another cause.

LESSON II.

SOUNDS AND LETTERS.

11. THE primary division of our articulate sounds is into Vowels and Consonants. The Vowels, that is, the Vowel Letters, are *a, e, i, o, u*, and sometimes *w* and *y*, which last two are called Semi-Vowels or Half-Vowels. *A, o, u*, and *w*, represent the *broad* Vowel Sounds; *e, i*, and *y*, the *small* Vowel Sounds.

12. The Consonants, that is, the Consonant Letters, are *p b, f v, t d, k g, s z; h; l, m, n, r; j, c, q, x*, and sometimes *w* and *y*. Here we have, first, the representatives of those consonant sounds allied in the manner of formation or utterance, and called *Cognate*, from two Latin words, *con* and *nascor*, signifying *related by birth*. These sounds are arranged in pairs, because of their relationship. Then we have the Aspirate *h*, which simply represents a breathing sound, as in *hap*, *hold*. Thirdly, we have the Liquids *l, m, n, r*; and lastly, the double letter *j*, with the redundant signs *c, q*, and *x*.

13. There is another classification of Consonants, sometimes adopted. It has reference to the organs by which they are uttered, whether chiefly by the *lips*, the *teeth*, or the *palate*. *B, p, f, v*, and *m*, have been called *Labials*. *D, t, s, z, j*, and *g* (this last when equivalent to *j*), and *c* when equivalent to *s*, have been called *Dentals*. *K, g, r, l*, and *c* (this last when equivalent to *k*), have been called *Palatals*. *K* and *g* are sometimes called *Gutturals*, from the Latin word *guttur*, the gullet or throat. *S* and *z* are also sometimes called *Sibilants*, from the Latin word *sibilans* (hissing), in consequence of the hissing sound attending their production. *M* and *n* are also called *Nasals*, from their relations to the nose; *l* and *r*, *Linguals*, from their relations to the tongue.

14. In Dr. Rush's classification, there are, I. Twelve *Tonic* sounds, as represented in the Vowels and Diphthongs of the following words: *A-ll, z-rt, a-n, a-le, ou-r, i-sle, o-ld, ee-l, oo-se, e-rr, e-nd, i-n*. These twelve

Tonic sounds have a vocality as distinguished from a whisper or aspiration, and admit of indefinite prolongation. II. — Subtonic Sounds. The sounds represented by the italicized letters in *b-ow*, *d-are*, *g-ive*, *si-ng*, *l-ove*, *m-ay*, *n-ot*, *r-oe*, have unmixed vocality. In *v-ile*, *z-one*, *y-e*, *w-oe*, *th-en*, *a-z-ure*, the sounds represented by the italicized letters have aspiration. Some of the Subtonic vocalities are nasal; as, *m*, *n*, *ng*, *b*, *d*, *g*. III. — Atonic Sounds; which are represented by the italicized letters in *u-p*, *ou-t*, *ar-k*, *i-f*, *ye-s*, *h-e*, *wh-eat*, *th-in*, *pu-sh*. These nine have no vocality, but only a whisper or aspiration. In this classification of the Elementary Articulate Sounds, we have twelve Tonic, fourteen Subtonic, and nine Atonic Sounds; in all, thirty-five. In prolonging the long sounds of *ā* and *ī*, they pass into *ē*; and in prolonging those of *ō* and *ū*, they pass into *oo*. These are therefore regarded by Dr. Rush as Diphthongs, though not written as such.

15. A Diphthong,* from the Greek words *dis* (double) and *phthongē* (a voice), is two Vowel letters joined in one syllable, as *ea* in *eagle*, *oi* in *voice*. A Proper Diphthong is a Diphthong in which both of the Vowels are sounded, as *oi* in *voice*. An Improper Diphthong is a Diphthong in which only one of the Vowels is sounded, as *ea* in *beat*. A Triphthong is three Vowel letters joined in one syllable, as *eau* in *beau*, *uoy* in *buoy*.

16. It is necessary to bear in mind that a Letter is not itself a sound, but only the sign of a sound. Thus, the *name* of the letter *m* does not enter as an element into the word *man* when pronounced; but *another* sound, which the letter *m* represents, does. The alphabetical sound of the letter *a* is the same as the sound it represents in the word *late*; but it is not the same as that which it represents in *all*, *father*, *fat*.

17. The simple elementary sounds, called *Consonants*, have the following peculiarity: they cannot be made to form even the shortest word or syllable without the aid of a Vowel. Thus, the Vowels *a* and *o* are capable of being used as syllables, and so are the combinations *ba* and *lo*. But the single sounds of *b'*, or *l'*, if taken by themselves, cannot form a word, or even a syllable. In order to do so, they must be joined to a Vowel, and *sounded along with it*. For this reason they are called *Consonants*, from the Latin words *con* (with) and *sonans* (sounding); whilst the word *Vowel* is derived from the Latin word *vocalis* (vocal), because Vowels can be sounded by themselves.

18. Vowel sounds are produced by the lower organs of speech; and Consonant sounds, which cannot be formed without bringing parts of the mouth in contact, are produced by the upper. The Vowels may be uttered distinctly with the lips as far apart as they can be stretched. But, to enunciate Consonants properly, there must be an appulsion or striking

* Orthoëpists differ in regard to the pronunciation of this word. Webster sets it down as *dif-thong*; Walker, Worcester, and others, as *dip-thong*. As euphony does not here require a departure from the original Greek pronunciation (Walker's authority to the contrary notwithstanding), we prefer to say, with Webster, *dif-thong* and *trif-thong*. but teachers must decide the question for themselves.

of the organs of speech, originating a sound *within the mouth*. Brute animals utter Vowel sounds. Man only can utter Consonant sounds.

19. A part of the Consonant sounds are CONTINUOUS, and a part are EXPLOSIVE. If you place a short *e* before each of the following letters, — *p, b, t, d, k* and *g*, — you will find, in enunciating them, that you have no power of prolonging their Consonant sounds or of resting on them. They escape with the breath at once. It is not so with *f, v, sh, zh, s, l, m, n, r*. Sound them with a short *e* (as in *ebb*) prefixed, and you will find that the breath is transmitted by degrees, and the sound can be prolonged. The first class are Explosive; the second, Continuous.

20. The following table gives the classification of elementary sounds adopted by two of the most distinguished grammarians and orthoëpists of our day, Professor Latham, of King's College, Cambridge, in England, and Professor Fowler, of Amherst, Massachusetts.

TABLE OF THE ELEMENTARY SOUNDS IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

VOWEL SOUNDS.

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. That of <i>e</i> in <i>father, calm, &c.</i> | 7. That of <i>i</i> in <i>pit, tin, &c.</i> |
| 2. " <i>a</i> " <i>fat, that, &c.</i> | 8. " <i>o</i> " <i>note, boat, &c.</i> |
| 3. " <i>a</i> " <i>fate, pain, &c.</i> | 9. " <i>o</i> " <i>not, blot, &c.</i> |
| 4. " <i>a</i> " <i>fall, wall, &c.</i> | 10. " <i>u</i> " <i>bull, full, &c.</i> |
| 5. " <i>e</i> " <i>mete, seal, &c.</i> | 11. " <i>oo</i> " <i>fool, cool, &c.</i> |
| 6. " <i>e</i> " <i>met, bed, &c.</i> | 12. " <i>u</i> " <i>but, tub, &c.</i> |

VOWEL OR CONSONANT SOUNDS.

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| 13. That of <i>w</i> in <i>woe.</i> | 14. That of <i>y</i> in <i>yes.</i> |
|-------------------------------------|-------------------------------------|

CONSONANT SOUNDS.

- | |
|---|
| 15. That of <i>h</i> in <i>hot</i> , an aspirate or simple breathing. |
| 16. " <i>ng</i> " <i>king</i> , a nasal consonant sound. |
| 17. " <i>m</i> " <i>man</i> , a liquid nasal consonant sound. |
| 18. " <i>n</i> " <i>not</i> , " " " " |
| 19. " <i>l</i> " <i>let</i> , a liquid consonant sound. |
| 20. " <i>r</i> " <i>run</i> " " " " |

COGNATE CONSONANT SOUNDS.

- | | |
|--|--|
| 21. That of <i>p</i> in <i>pan</i> , } aspirate. | 29. That of <i>k</i> in <i>kind</i> , } aspirate |
| 22. " <i>b</i> " <i>bag</i> , } vocal. | 30. " <i>g</i> " <i>gun</i> , } vocal. |
| 23. " <i>f</i> " <i>fan</i> , } aspirate. | 31. " <i>s</i> " <i>sin</i> , } aspirate. |
| 24. " <i>v</i> " <i>van</i> , } vocal. | 32. " <i>x</i> " <i>zeal</i> , } vocal. |
| 25. " <i>th</i> " <i>thin</i> , } aspirate. | 33. " <i>sh</i> " <i>shine</i> , } aspirate. |
| 26. " <i>th</i> " <i>thine</i> , } vocal. | 34. " <i>z</i> " <i>azure</i> , } vocal |
| 27. " <i>t</i> " <i>tin</i> , } aspirate. | |
| 28. " <i>d</i> " <i>din</i> , } vocal. | |

21. Here ends the list of the simple, single, elementary sounds in the English language. But besides these there are six compound sounds. Of these, four are compounded by means of a vowel, and two by means of a consonant.

COMPOUND VOWEL SOUNDS.

1. That of *i* in *pine*, *dine*, &c.
3. That of *ou* in *house*, *south*, &c.
2. " " *u* " *cube*, *mute*, &c.
4. " " *ai* " *voice*, *noise*, &c.

COMPOUND CONSONANT SOUNDS.

1. That of *ch* in *chest* (aspirate).
2. That of *j* in *jest* (vocal).

REDUNDANT LETTERS.

22. As far as the representation of sounds is concerned, the letters *c*, *q* and *x*, are redundant (more than enough). *C* expresses only what is as well expressed by either *s* or *k*. The words *city* and *can* are pronounced *sity* and *kcn* respectively. *Q* is only *kw* (or *cw*), and *x* is only *ks* (or *cs*). The words *queen* and *box* are pronounced *cween* (or *kween*) and *boks* (or *bocs*) respectively. In the words *Philip* and *fillip* a single sound has a double sign.

DEFICIENT LETTERS.

23. Six of the simple, elementary sounds have no sign or letter corresponding to them in the English alphabet. These six sounds are,—1. The *u* in *but*. This is expressed by the letter *u* the proper sound of which is to express the vowel sound in words like *bull*. 2. The *th* in *thin*. 3. The *th* in *thine*. 4. The sound of the *sh* in *shine*. 5. The sound of *z* in *azure*. 6. The sound of the *ng* in *king*.

QUESTIONS.—11. What are the Vowels? 12. What do you understand by Cognate Consonant Sounds? the Aspirate letter? the Liquids? the redundant signs? 13, 14. What other classifications are there of Consonant Sounds? 15. What is a Diphthong? Name the distinction between a *proper* and *improper* diphthong. What is a Triphthong? 16. What is a Letter? 17. What is the peculiarity of Consonant Sounds? Why are they so called? Why are Vowels so called? 18. Name the distinction. 19. What is meant by *explosive* Consonant Sounds? What by *continuous*? 20. How are elementary sounds classified? 21. Name the Compound Vowel Sounds. The Compound Consonant Sounds. 22. What do you understand by the word *redundant*? What are the redundant letters of the English Alphabet? 23. What the deficient?

LESSON III.

RELATIONS OF THE VOWEL LETTERS TO THE ELEMENTARY SOUNDS.

24. A.—It has been seen that *a* represents four elementary sounds: 1. The ancient or Italian sound, as in *father*. 2. The short sound, as in *măt*. 3. The long sound, as in *mäte*. 4. The broad sound, as in *fall*. These sounds are variously modified, according to their combinations with other sounds; as in the following words: *liar*, *care*, *what*, *many*.

25. The sound of *a* interchanges with *o* in *salt*, *wash*, &c., where the *a* has nearly the sound of *o* in *not*. It interchanges with the sound usually

represented by short *e* in *many, any, says, &c.* The change from *a* to *e* takes place most especially before *l*, as in *wall, call*. When the liquid *l* is followed by another Consonant, the *l* is generally sunk in the pronunciation, as in *falcon, salmon*, pronounced *faucon, sammon*.

26. *Æ*, an Improper Diphthong, is borrowed from the Latin, in which language it is always long. In English it is used only in words of Latin origin or formation; and it is sometimes long, as in *pæan*, and sometimes short, as in *cæliæa*.

27. *Ai*, an Improper Diphthong, is equivalent to long *a*, as in *pail*; to short *a*, in *plaid, rattery*; and sometimes to short *e*, as in *said, again, against*. It has the sound of long *i* in *aisle*, and of short *i* in *fountain, curtain, &c.*

28. *Au*, an Improper Diphthong, is equivalent to broad *a* in *cause*, and sometimes to the Italian *a*, as in *aunt*, and to long *a* in *gauge*. In *haut-boy* (the *t* mute) it has the sound of long *o*. *Aw*, an Improper Diphthong, has the sound of broad *a*, as in *maw*. *Ay*, a Proper Diphthong in the word *ay*, is elsewhere an Improper Diphthong, and is equivalent to long *a* as in *day*, except in *quay*, which is pronounced *ke*.

29. *E*.—*E* represents two elementary sounds, the Fifth and the Sixth. 1. The long sound, as in *mêta*. 2. The short sound, as in *mêt*. It has an obtuse sound in *her*. It is sometimes equivalent to long *a*, as in *there, where*; but *were* is properly pronounced *wer* (the *e* as in *her*). *E* is sometimes equivalent to short *i*, as in *England*.

30. Before an unaccented final syllable, when it precedes *l* or *n*, *e* sometimes has an indistinct, short sound, and is sometimes suppressed altogether. It is sounded in *chapel, flannel, travel, chicken, vessel, kitchen, sudden, woollen, &c.*; and it is suppressed in *drivel, gravel, heaven, &c.* At the end of words it is always mute, except in monosyllables which have no other vowels, and in some proper names, as *Tempê, Lethê, &c.*

31. The sound of *e* is generally suppressed in the preterites of verbs, and in participles, in *ed*, when the *e* is not preceded by *d* or *t*; as *fear'd, prais'd, tost*. In poetry, the sound of the *e* is sometimes retained; and to signify this, it may have over it the mark of the *Di'rësis* (a Greek word, meaning division or separation), as in *prais'd, bless'd*, which when thus marked ought to be pronounced as words of two syllables. The acute or grave accent is sometimes used for the same purpose.

32. *Ea*, an Improper Diphthong, is equivalent to long *e*, as in *tea*; to short *e*, as in *head*; to long *a*, as in *break*; to the Italian *a*, as in *heart, hearth, &c.* *Ee*, an Improper Diphthong, is equivalent to long *e*, as in *eel*. *Ei*, an Improper Diphthong, is equivalent to long *a*, as in *veil*; to long *e*, as in *deceit*; to long *i*, as in *height*; to short *i*, as in *surfeit*; and to short *e*, as in *heifer*.

33. *Eo*, an Improper Diphthong, is equivalent to long *e*, as in *people*; to short *e*, as in *leopard*, to long *o*, as in *yeoman*; and to short *o*, as in

George. *Eu* and *ew* (except, according to Walker, when preceded by *r*) have the diphthongal sound of *u*, as in *feud*, *dew*. In *sew*, *shew*, and *strew*, *ew* sounds like long *o*.

84. *Ey* has the sound of long *a*, as in *eyry*. In *key* it has the sound of long *e*; and, when unaccented, it has the slight sound of *e*, as in *galley*, *valley*. *Eye* is equivalent to *i*. *Eau* has the sound of long *o*, as in *beau*; in *beauty* and its compounds, it has the sound of long *u*.

85. *I*.—*I* represents two sounds: 1. The diphthongal, sometimes called the *long* sound, as in *pine*. 2. The Seventh elementary sound, called the *short* sound, as in *pit*. Before *r* this is equivalent to short *u*, as in *thirst*. It is sometimes equivalent to long *e*, as in *machine*.

86. *I*, unaccented, readily blends with the succeeding Vowel, as in *motion*, *physician*, *concession*. *Ie*, an Improper Diphthong, is equivalent to long *i*, as in *die*; to long *e*, as in *fiend*; to short *i*, as in *sieve*; and to short *e*, as in *friend*. In terminations, like *twentieth*, in *fiery*, in *Orient*, the Vowels should be separated in the pronunciation; also in *variëgate*. *Ieu* and *iew*, Triphthongs, have the sound of long *u*, as in *lieu*, *review*.

87. *O*.—*O* represents two elementary sounds, namely, the Eighth and the Ninth: 1. The *long*, as in *nôte*. 2. The *short*, as in *nôt*. *O* is sometimes equivalent to *oo*, as in *prove*, and to *u* short, as in *love*, and to broad *a*, as in *lord*, and to short *i* in *women*, and to the *u* in *full*, as in *wolf*. When long, *oo* represents the Eleventh elementary sound.

88. *Oa*, an Improper Diphthong, is sometimes equivalent to long *o*, as in *coal*, *boat*, *coat*, *soap*, &c.; or to broad *a*, as in *broad*. *Oe*, an Improper Diphthong, is equivalent sometimes to long *o*, as in *foe*, or to *oo*, as in *cance*, or to long *e*, as in *fztus*. *Of* is a Proper Diphthong, and equivalent to *oy*, except in *tortoise*, pronounced *tor'tiz*, *choir*, pronounced *kwir*.

89. *Ou* is a Proper Diphthong. It is the most irregular in the language. It has the sound of short *u* in *enough*, *country*, *flourish*, &c.; the sound of *oo* in *soup*, *group*, *tournament*, *uncouth*, &c.; the sound of long *o* in *though*, *soul*, *court*, *source*, *pour*, &c.; the sound of short *aw* in *cough*, *trough*, &c.; the sound of broad *a* in *ought*, *thought*, &c.

90. *U*.—*U* represents three sounds: 1. The long or diphthongal, as in *eube*, *male*, *dupe*, *fume*, *student*, *due*, *stupid*, *constitution*, *resolution*, &c. 2. The Tenth elementary sound, as in *but*. It is also equivalent to short *i* in *busy*, and to short *e* in *bury*. After *r*, long *u* has the sound of *o* in *move*; as *rule*.

41. *Ua*, an Improper Diphthong, is equivalent to the Italian *a* in *guard*; to short *a*, as in *guarantee*; to long *a*, or *wa*, in *persuade*. *Ue* is equivalent to long *u*, as in *hue*; to short *e*, as in *guest*; and is sometimes mute, as in *league*, *antique*, *demagogue*.

42. *Ui*, an Improper Diphthong, has the sound of long *i*, as in *guide*; of short *i*, as in *conduit*; of long *u*, as in *juice*. *Uy*, an Improper Diphthong, is equivalent to long *i*, as in *buy*.

43. *W*.—*W*, from being partly a Vowel and partly a Consonant in its

uee, may be called a Semi-vowel. It has nearly the sound of *oo*, and represents the Thirteenth elementary sound, as in *uet*. With *o* and *e* it forms Diphthongs, as in *now*, *new*. It is always mute before *r*; as in *write*, *wrist*. It is often joined to *o* at the end of a syllable without affecting the sound, as in *grow*.

44. *Y*.—*Y*, from being partly a Vowel and partly a Consonant, may be called a Semi-vowel. It represents the Fourteenth elementary sound, as in *yet*. It is equivalent to *u*, as in *youth*; to long *i*, as in *oypress*; to short *i*, as in *synod*, *tyranny*, &c.; to short *u*, as in *myrrh*.

QUESTIONS.—24, 25. What are the elementary sounds of the letter *a*? When does the sound of *a* most usually change to *o*? How do you pronounce *f-a-l-c-o-n*, and *e-e-l-m-o-n*? 26. What is *e*? 27. *ai*? To what sounds equivalent? 28. *au*? *aw*? *ay*? 29. What of *e* and its equivalents? 30, 31. Mention instances in which the sound of *e* is suppressed. 31. What is said of the mark of the Discreet? 32. What are *ea*, *ee*, and *ei*? 33. *eo*, *eu*, *ew*? 34. *Ey*, *eau*? 35, 36. Mention a word in which the long sound of *i* occurs. The short sound. What is *ie*? *ieu* and *ieu*? 37. Mention a word in which the long sound of *o* occurs. The short sound. 38. What are *oa*, *oe*, *oi*? 39. *Ou*? 40. Mention words in which the long sound of *u* occurs. The short sound 41. *Ue*, *ue*. 42. *Ui*, *uy*. 43. What is *w*? *y*?

LESSON IV.

RELATIONS OF CONSONANT LETTERS TO THE ELEMENTARY SOUNDS.

45. *B*.—*B* represents the Twenty-second elementary sound, as in *bag*, *bib*, *bulb*, *bribe*, *hubbub*, &c. In such words as *debtor*, *subtle*, *redoubt*; &c., and in *lamb*, *comb*, *dumb*, *thumb*, &c., the *b* is mute.

46. *C*.—Before another *c*, and before *a*, *o*, *u*, *l*, *r*, *t*, the sound of *c* is hard, and equivalent to *k*; as in *can*, *come*, *cub*, *accurate*, *clip*, *crop*, *act*; also where it ends a syllable, as in *public*. Before *e*, *i* and *y*, *c* is soft and equivalent to *s*; as in *accent*, *flaccid*, *vacillate*, *cymbal*, &c., except in *sceptic*, *scirrhous*, and their derivatives, where the *c* is hard, like *k*.

47. *Ce* and *ci*, followed by another vowel, often blend into the sound of *sh*, as in *ocean*, *social*. *C* is mute in *arbuscle*, *corpuscle*, *muscle*, *czar*, *virtuals*, *indict*, *Connecticut*, &c. Followed by the letter *h*, *c* sometimes serves to express the sound of *tsh*; as in *church*, *chivalry*, *birch*; the sound of *k*, as in *chorus*, *chimera*, *scheme*, *chirography*, *distich*, &c.; the sound of *sh*, in *machine*, *chagrin*, *chaise*. *Ch* is sometimes mute, as in *schism* (pronounced *sizm*), *yacht* (pronounced *yöt*), *drachm*. Where the Latin word *drachma*, however, is used, the *ch* should be sounded like *k*.

48. *D*.—*D* represents the Twenty-eighth elementary sound, as in *did*, *ruddy*, &c. When *ed* is preceded by a hard consonant, and the *e* is mute,

the real sound of *d* is that of *t*. Words like the following, *stuffed*, *tripped*, *plucked*, &c., are all pronounced *stuft*, *tript*, *pluckt*, &c. *D* is mute in *handsome*, *Wednesday*, *stadtholder*.

49. *F*. — *F* represents the Twenty-third elementary sound, as in *fell*, *fop*. In *of* it is soft, having the sound of *v*.

50. *G*. — Before *a*, *o*, *u*, *l* and *r*, *g* represents the Thirtieth elementary sound, as in *gap*, *gone*, *gun*, *glory*, *grip*. Before *e*, *i* and *y*, it generally represents the sound of *j*, as in *gem*, *gibbet*, *gyration*. There are several exceptions to this, however, among which are the following words, in which the sound of *g* hard (as in *go*, *gap*) is preserved, namely: *get*, *gear*, *gewgaw*, *finger*, *linger*, *gibber*, *gibberish*, *gibbous*, *giddy*, *giggle*, *gimp*, *gird*, *girl*, *give*; also syllables added to words ending in *g*; as *fog*, *foggy*. *G* is mute before *m* or *n* in the same syllable, as in *phlegm*, *gnaw*, *gnome*, *impugn*, *condign*, *apothegm*, &c.

51. The sound of *ng* in *king*, *throng*, &c., when at the end of a word, or in *singer*, *ringing*, &c., in the middle of a word, is not the natural sound of the combination *n* and *g*, each letter retaining its natural power and sound, but is a simple elementary sound, for which the combination *ng* is a conventional * mode of expression.

52. *Gh*, at the beginning of a word, retains the sound of *g* in *gave*, with the exception of a slight aspiration represented by the *h*; as in *ghost*, *gherkin*. In other situations, *gh* is generally mute; as in *high*, *fight*. It is sometimes equivalent to *f*; as in *laugh*, *cough*, *trough*, *draught*; and sometimes to *g* hard, as in *burgh*.

53. *Ough* is sometimes equivalent to *ooh*, as in *through*; also to *owh*, as in *bough*, *plough*, *drought*, *droughty*; also to *uf*, as in *enough*, *rough*; and to *auf* as in *trough*. In *slough* it sometimes has the sound of *uf*, and sometimes of *ou*. See this word in the Index.

54. *H*. — *H* represents the Fifteenth elementary sound, as in *hat*. It is mute at the beginning of a number of words; as in *heir*, *honor*, *hour*, &c. By some orthoëpists it is incorrectly said to be mute in *hospital*, *hostler*, *humble*, *humor*, *humorous*, &c., *exhale*, *exhibit*, *exhort*, &c. In such words as *whale*, *what*, *whist*, *whither*, the *h* should be distinctly aspirated. It should be but slightly aspirated after *r*, as in *rheum*, *rhubarb*, *rhetoric*, *rhapsody*, &c.

55. *J*. — *J* represents a compound sound, and is equivalent to *dzh*, as in *jest*. In *hallelujah* it has the sound of *y*. It was formerly identified with the vowel *i*, and mingled with it in English dictionaries.

56. *K*. — *K* represents the Twenty-ninth elementary sound, as in *kid*. It never comes before *a*, *o*, or *w*. It is used before *e*, *i* and *y*, because in that position *c* would run the chance of being sounded as *s*. Thus in *kid*, if this word were written with a *c*, it would be liable to be sounded *sic*. As a general rule, *k* is never used where *c* would serve the purpose. Before *n*, *k* is always mute, as in *know*, *kneel*, *knife*.

* *Conventional* means agreed upon, or settled by custom.

57. *L*. — *L* represents the Nineteenth elementary sound, and is soft and liquid, as in *love*, *billow*, *finger*. *Le* at the end of words is sounded like *el*, as in *table*, *shuttle*, &c. *L* is mute in many words, as in *calf*, *half*, *chalk*, *talk*, *baïm*, *caïm*, *would*, *could*, *should*, *alms*, &c.

58. *M*. — *M* represents the Seventeenth elementary sound, as in *make*. It generally preserves its sound, except in such words as *account*, *comptroller*, &c., now usually written *account*, *controller*. In mnemonics, the initial *m* is mute.

59. *N*. — *N* represents the Eighteenth elementary sound, as in *now*. It is mute when it ends a syllable and is preceded by *l* or *m*, as in *kin*, *hymn*, *column*, *condemn*, &c. *Ng* represents the Sixteenth elementary sound, as in *wing*.

60. *P*. — *P* represents the Twenty-first elementary sound, as in *pope*. It is sometimes mute before *n*, *s*, and *t*, at the beginning of words ; as in *pneumatics*, *psalm*, *ptisan*. It is mute in the middle of words between *m* and *t*, as in *empty*, *sumpter* ; also in the words *raspberry*, *receipt*, *corps*.* *Ph* has the sound of *f*, as in *physic*, *philosophy*, *diphthong*, *digraph*, *triumph*, *caliph*, &c. In *Stephen* and *nephew*, it has the sound of *v* ; and in *naphtha*, the *h* is silent.

61. *Q*. — *Q*, accurately speaking, is neither a letter nor an abbreviation. It is always followed by *u*, as in *quill*, *quart*, &c. ; and *qu* must be regarded as a single sign, equivalent to, but scarcely an abbreviation of, *kw*. In some words of French origin the *u* is mute ; as in *coquet*, *masquerade*, *etiquette*, &c.

62. *R*. — *R* represents the Twentieth elementary sound, as in *run*, *trill*. It has a trilled or vibratory sound when it begins a syllable or word, with or without a consonant ; as in *run*, *wrestle*, *pray*, *rural*, *shrill*, &c. But it has its smooth sound when it is the last consonant in a syllable or word ; as in *ardor*, *here*, *are* (the *a* as in *fur*), *more*, *adore*, *wonder*, *abhor*, *err* (the *e* as in *her*), *defer*, &c. In some few words the sound of *r* has a tendency to transposition ; as in *apron*, *iron*, pronounced *apurn*, *turn*.

63. *S* represents the Thirty-first elementary sound, as in *sir*, *yes*, &c. It has also the sound of *z* in *zeal*, as in *béson* ; and also the sound of *sh*, as in *sure* ; and also the sound of *zh*, as in *pleasure*, *composure*, *hosier*, &c. It is sometimes mute, as in *island*, *aisle*, *corps* (pronounced *kör*, in French ; *köre* by Walker), *demesne*, *puisne*, *viscount*.

64. When a word ends in a soft consonant, *b*, *v*, *d*, *g*, the plural termination is not the sound of *s*, but that of *z* (*stagz*, *dogz*), although *s* is the letter written. Such also is the case in words ending in the Vowels or Liquids ; for we say *peaz*, *beanz*, *hillz*, not *peace*, *beance*, *hillice*.

* Both Webster and Worcester make the pronunciation of this word *kör*, the *s* and *p* being mute. There is a question, whether it may not be more properly pronounced *kör*, rhyming with *nor*. The dropping of the sound of the consonant letters *p* and *s* seems to be borrowed from the French ; and why should not the pronunciation conform to the French ? In the word *corps*, the *p* and *s* should have their full sound. The *p* is sometimes omitted in poetry ; but then the word should be written as sounded, *cöras*.

65. T. — *T* represents the Twenty-seventh elementary sound, as in *take*, *tin*, *at*, &c. Like *s* and *c*, it is aspirated when it comes immediately after an accented syllable, and is followed by the vowels *ia*, *ie*, or *io*, taking the sound, in these cases, of *sh*, as in *partial*, *patient*, *nation*, &c. *T* is mute in *mortgage* and *often* (of'n).

66. *Th* (hard, or aspirate), as in *thin*, *thorn*, &c., represents the Twenty-fifth elementary sound. *Th* (soft), as in *thine*, represents the Twenty-sixth elementary sound. In the substantives *breath*, *cloth*, the *th* is hard, as in *thin*. In the verbs *breathe*, *clothe*, the *th* is soft, as in *thine*. In some nouns *th* is hard in the singular, as in *bath*, *path*, *mouth*, and soft in the plural, as in *baths*, *paths*, *mouths*. In some words the *th* is pronounced like *t*; as in *Thomas*, *thyme*.

67. V. — *V* represents the Twenty-fourth elementary sound, as in *van*, *weave*, *hive*, *void*, *starve*, *wave*, &c.

68. X. — *X* represents, 1. The sound of *ks*, as in *execute*, *tax*, &c. 2. The sound of *gz*, as in *exert*, *example*, *exalt*, &c. 3. The sound of *s*, as in *Xenophon*, *Xerxes*.

69. Z. — *Z* represents the Thirty-second elementary sound, as in *real*; and the Thirty-fourth elementary sound, as in *azure*.

QUESTIONS. — 45. Is *b* ever mute? 46. When is *c* sounded like *k*? Like *s*? 47. Is *c* ever mute? What are the sounds of *ch*? How do you pronounce *s-c-h-i-s-m* and *y-a-c-k-t*? 48. What of *D*? 49. *F*? 50. When does *g* have the sound of *j*? Name some exceptions. When is *g* mute? 52, 53. What of *gh*? *ough*? 54. Is *h* ever mute? Ought it to be mute in —? In —? 55. What of *J*? 56. *K*? 57. *L*? 58. *M*? 59. *N*? 60. *P*? 61. *Q*? 62. *R*? 63, 64. *S*? When do plural endings in *s* have the sound of *s*? 65. What of *T*? 66. *Th*? Name words in which *th* is soft. Hard. 67, 68, 69. What do *v*, *s* and *y*, represent?

LESSON V.

SYLLABLES.

70. A SYLLABLE is a single or compound sound, pronounced with all its articulations by a single impulsion of the voice. The word *Syllable* is derived from the Greek words *syn* (with) and *labein* (to take). Thus the three letters *m-a-n*, being *taken with one another*, form the word *man*, and thus constitute what the grammarians call a *Syllable*. The word *man* is not only a syllable, but a word also; which shows that words may consist of a single syllable.

71. Words consisting of a single syllable, as *man*, *he*, are called *monosyllables*, from the Greek word *monos* (alone). Words consisting of two syllables, as *enter*, *tempest*, are called *dissyllables*, from the Greek word *dis* (twice). Words consisting of three syllables, as *incident*, *adjective*, are called *trisyllables*, from the Greek word *treis* (three). Words consisting of more than three syllables, as *supererogatory*, *indefinite*, are

called *polysyllables*, from the Greek word *polys* (many). As a general rule, there must be in a word as many syllables as there are Vowel sounds perceptible to the ear.

QUANTITY.

72. Contrast the sound of the *a* in *fat* or the *e* in *met* with the *a* in *fate* and the *e* in *mete*, and it will be found that the time taken up in the utterance of the Vowel sounds in *fate* and *mete* is nearly twice as long as in the utterance of the Vowel sounds in *fat* and *met*. The difference between long and short sounds is generally expressed by the marks \bar and \acute . The former, called a Makron (from a Greek word signifying *long*), is placed above long sounds; and the latter, called a Breve (from the Latin word *brevis*, signifying *short*), is placed above short sounds; as in *gāte*, *glād*.

73. In the English language it is the quantity of the Vowel which determines the quantity of the syllable. Short Vowels, though followed by several Consonants, form short syllables; and long Vowels form long syllables, even though few or no Consonants follow. Quantity must not be confounded with Accent. In the substantive *compact*, and the adjective *compact*, the Quantity of the Vowels is the same, although the Accent of the syllables is different.

ACCENT.

74. Accent (from the Latin *ad*, to, and *canto*, I sing) is the distinguishing stress laid in pronouncing on certain syllables of words. Accent is to syllables what Emphasis is to sentences; it distinguishes one from the crowd, and brings it forward to observation. In the word *tyrant*, there is an emphasis or stress upon the first syllable; in the word *presume*, on the second syllable. This stress is called *accent*.

75. The circumstance of a syllable bearing an accent is sometimes expressed by a mark ('); in which case the word is said to be *accentuated*, that is, to have the accent signified in writing. The mark is generally placed at the end of the accented syllable; as in *tor'ment*, *include'*, *har'ass*, *equip'*.

76. Monosyllables are necessarily without accent. Words of two syllables have one of them accented, and but one. Words of three and four syllables, derived from dissyllables, usually retain the accent of their primitives; as *virtue*, *virtuous*, *virtuously*. The preterite and participles of verbs retain the accent of the verba. Words ending in *tion*, *sion*, *tian*, *cious*, *tious*, *cial*, *tial*, *tiate*, *cient*, *tient*, have the accent on the last syllable but one, called the penultimate syllable, or the penult; as in *inten'tion*, *apprehen'sion*, &c.

77. Words ending in *acal* and *ical*, and in *cracy*, *fluous*, *ferous*, *fluent*, *ogy*, *pathy*, *aphy*, &c., have the accent on the last syllable but two, called the antepenultimate syllable, or the antepenult; as in *fantas'tical*, *democ'racy*, *homœop'athy*, &c. Some words have a secondary accent, as *violin'*.

legisla'tor, *an'imadvert'*; and some words of seven or eight syllables have one primary and two secondary accents; as *in'divisi'bility*, *incom'pre'hensibility*.

78. A great number of words are distinguished by the difference of accent alone; thus we say, an *at'tribute*, to *attrib'ute*; the month of *Au'gust*, an *august'* person; a written *com'pact*, a *compact'* crowd; half a *min'ute*, a *minute'* inquiry. The accent applied to words of this class, with a double meaning, is called *discriminative* accent. A *Rhetorical* accent is one applied for the purpose of contrast. Of course it holds good only where it is used for that purpose; as, "this corruptible must put on *incorruption*."

79. The following list of words, in which the Discriminative accent is employed to distinguish different parts of speech having the same form, is given by Walker. It is composed of nouns and verbs, the accent being on the first syllable in the former, and on the second syllable in the latter.

80. Ac'cent, accent'; affix, affix'; aug'ment, augment'; bomb'ard, bombard'; ce'ment, cement'; col'league, colleague'; col'lect, collect'; com'pound, compound'; com'press, compress'; con'cert, concert'; con'crete, concrete'; con'duct, conduct'; con'fine, confine'; con'flict, conflict'; con'tract, contract'; con'voy, convoy'.

81. Con'serve, conserve'; con'sort, consort'; con'test, contest'; con'trast, contrast'; con'verse, converse'; con'vert, convert'; des'cant, descant'; des'ert, desert'; di'gest, digest'; es'cort, escort'; es'say, essay'; ex'port, export'; ex'tract, extract'; ex'ile, exile'; fer'ment, ferment'; fre'quent, frequent'.

82. Im'port, import'; in'cense, incense'; in'sult, insult'; ob'ject, object'; per'fume, perfume'; pre'fix, prefix'; prem'ise, premise'; pres'age, presage'; pres'ent, present'; prod'uce, produce'; proj'ect, project'; pro'test, protest'; reb'el, rebel'; refuse, refuse'; sub'ject, subject'; sur'vey, survey'.

83. In the adjectives *ab'sent* and *ab'stract*, the accent is on the first syllable; in the verbs, it is on the second. In the noun *com'pact*, the accent is on the first syllable, and in the adjective on the second. In the words *ally'* and *romance'*, the accent is on the last syllable whether they be nouns or verbs. Accent the last syllable in the following words: desert' (signifying merit), dessert' (signifying a service of fruit after meat), finance', pretence', pretext', research', resource', recess', burlesque', revolt'. Accent the first syllable in ex'quisite, mis'chievous, tap'etry, con'trary, des'ignate, rec'ognize, ad'vertise, pre'cedent (when a noun), sor'cerer (the *o* as in *nor*), ap'erture, rev'ery, in'novate, ped'estal, dis'putant, post'h'umous, dy'nasty.

84. In *contem'plate*, *confis'cate*, *compen'sate*, *concen'trate*, *consum'mate*, *constel'late*, *demon'strate*, *expur'gate*, and *extir'pate*, orthoëpists differ as to whether the accent should be on the first or second syllable. Walker, who represents the best English usage, places the accent on the second syllable. Poets often place it on the first.

85. In the following words the last syllable but one should be accented. *arô'ma*, *aspir'ant*, *abdo'men*, *deco'rum*, *inqui'ry*, *oppo'nent*, *precé'dent* (when an adjective), *precé'dence*, *hori'zon*, *compo'nent*, *condol'ence*, *maad'a'mus*, *panthé'on*, *clandes'tine*, *affiance*, *compli'ant*, *defal'cate*, *muse'um*, *pilas'ter*, *inter'stice*, *bitu'men*, *interne'cine*.

86. Accent the first syllable in the following words: *con'tumacy*, *ex'emplary*, *bibliopole*, *lam'entable*, *hor'tatory*, *tem'perament*, *com'parable*, *des'ultory*, *in'teresting*, *con'sequently*, *circum'stances*, *rep'ertory*, *leg'islative*, *cem'etery*. In *no'menclature*, and *ju'dicature*, there is a partial accentual stress on the *a*.

87. Accent the an-te-pe'nult (last syllable but two) in the following. *compu'table*, *contem'plative*, *retri'butive*, *resto'rative*, *cen'trifugal*, *cen'trip'etal*, *adver'tisement*, *daguerre'otype* (pronounced *da-gér'otype*). Accent the pe'nult (last syllable but one) in the following: *coadju'tor*, *homici'dal*, *adamante'an*, *empyre'an*, *Europe'an*, *adver'tiser*.

QUESTIONS — 70. What is a syllable? 71. A monosyllable? dissyllable? trisyllable? polysyllable? Can you give the derivation of these words? 72. What is meant by the quantity, long or short, of vowels? 73. Does quantity differ from accent? 74. What is accent? 75. The mark of accent? 76. May words be distinguished by accent alone, even when spelled alike? 79. Give specimens of nouns and verbs that are spelled alike but distinguished by accent. 80—84. Give specimens of trisyllables in which the first syllable is accented; the second. Words of four syllables in which the first is accented; the second.

LESSON VI.

ARTICULATION.

88. THE derivation and meaning of the term *articulation* have been explained in paragraphs 5 and 6. At first signifying the *jointing* of speech by the utterance of consonants and of syllables, it comprehends, in its more extended signification, the whole subject of the exact pronunciation of elementary sounds and their syllabic combinations in language.

89. "Every articulation," says Bell, "consists of two parts—a position and an action. The former brings the organs of speech into approximation or contact, and the latter separates them, by a smart percussive action of recoil, from the articulative position. This principle is of the utmost importance to all persons whose articulation is defective. On its application distinctness entirely depends. Let it be carefully noted: audibly percussive organic separation is the necessary action of every articulation."

90. We have seen that defects in articulation may proceed either from over-eagerness in utterance or from sluggishness and inattention. We will here cite some of the Vowel and Consonant sounds that are most frequently marred by a vicious articulation. The proper sound of the *a* in

at is often too decidedly perverted in the syllables and terminations in *al*, *ar*, *ant*, *able*, *an*, *ance*, &c., as in the following words: fatal, particular, scholar, separate, arrogant, honorable, perseverance, preliminary, descendant, ordinance, &c.; in which the *a* should be slightly obscured but not debased into the *e* in *her* or the *u* in *but*.

91. Words ending in *ent*, *ens*, *ence*, *ess*, &c., are often needlessly deprived of their just sound. We hear *imminurnt* for imminent, *vehemurnt* for vehement, *argumurnts* for arguments, *referurnce* for reference, *laxiniss* for laxiness, *goodniss* for goodness, &c. The *e* in these words should have a slight sound of the *e* in *ebb*, *end*, &c. Do not say *rebul* or *rebbe* instead of *rebel*, *chick'n* instead of *chicken*, *sudd'n* instead of *sudden*, *nov'l* instead of *novel*, *trav'l* instead of *travel*, *slov'n* instead of *sloven*, *couns'l* instead of *counsel*, *mod'l* instead of *model*, *vess'l* instead of *vessel*, *ardurnt* instead of *ardent*, *timbr'l* instead of *timbre*, &c.* In verbs and participles ending with *en*, the accent being on the previous syllable, the *e* is generally dropped. Say *ris'n*, *tak'n*, *wak'n*, *drunk'n*, *sadd'n*, *grav'n*, *bright'n*, *op'n*, *chos'n*, &c. Do not say *b'lieve*, *d'ny*, *prdict*, *prmote*, instead of *believe*, &c.

92. There are many readers who, instead of giving the syllable *er*, when unaccented, its true sound, would have us suppose, by their mode of utterance, that it is spelled *üh*. They will, for instance, say *powüh*, *powühty*, *govühn*, instead of *power*, *poverty*, *govern*, in which words the *i* has the sound it has in *her*. Do not obscure the *e* too much, or confound it with the *i*, in such words as *society*, *variety*, *satiety*, &c.

93. In syllables and terminations in *in*, *il*, *ity*, *ility*, *ible*, the *i* short should not be obscured more than is required for a free and graceful utterance. Say *satin*, not *sat'n*, *Latin*, not *Lat'n*; *province*, not *provence*; *mountain* (*mountin*), not *mount'n*; *fountain* (*fountin*), not *fount'n*; *capacity*, not *capac-e-ty*; *lenitive*, not *leneteve*; *pupil*, not *pup'l*; *council*, not *counc'l*; *pencil*, not *penc'l*, &c. Do not convert the long *i* into *e* in such words as *benign*, *oblige*, &c.

94. Syllables and terminations in *o*, *ow*, and *or*, are badly articulated by many, who say *potater* for *potato*, *comprumise* for *compromise*, *tobacernist* for *tobaccoonist*, *innervate* for *innovate*, *feller* for *fellow*, *winder* for *window*, *meller* for *mellow*, *hist'ry* for *history*, *hallerd* for *hallowed*, *meader* for *meadow*, *philoserpher* for *philosopher*, *colerny* for *colony*, *abrurgate* for *abrogate*, &c. The *o* in such words as *horizon*, *motion*, *Boston*, &c., may be slightly obscured, but not dropped.

95. The unaccented *u* is often erroneously suppressed, or made to sound like *e*, in such words as *particular*, *voluble*, *regular*, *singular*, *educate*, &c. The full, diphthongal sound of the *u* in *mute* should be given to

* In regard to such words as *weapon*, *reason*, *treason*, *season*, &c., although authority is in favor of the dropping of the Vowel before the *n*, it is a question whether the slight sound of the *o* is not proper.

the above words, as well as to the following : *nude, tune, tube, suit, assume, nature, mixture, moisture, vesture, vulture, geniture, structure, gesture, statute, institution, constitute, virtue, tutor, subdued, tuber, duty, &c.*

96. There are some miscellaneous vulgarisms in the rendering of Vowel sounds, to which we will but briefly allude. Do not omit the long, round sound of *o* (as it occurs in *hōme*) in such words as *boat, coat, &c.* Do not give to the *a* in *scarce* the sound of *u* in *purse*. Do not say *tremendyou*s for *tremendous*, or *colyume* for *column* (pronounced *kollum*, the *u* short as in *us*, and not diphthongal as in *use*). Give to the diphthong *oi* its full sound in such words as *noise, poise, point, &c.*, which are converted by some readers into *nize, pize, pint, &c.*

97. Do not trill the *r* in the wrong place. See rule, Paragraph 62. Do not give the sound of *u* to the *a* in *Indian* (properly pronounced *Ind'yan*). Do not give the sound of *fe* or *fel* to the *ful* of *awful, beautiful, and the like* ; of *um* to the *m* in *chasm, prism, patriotism, &c.* Do not dismiss the letter *d* from such words as *and, minds, hands, depends, sends, &c.*

98. Do not say *git* for *get*, *hoss* for *horse*, *idee* for *idea*, *thar* for *there*, *potry* for *poetry*, *jest* for *just*, *jine* for *join*, *ketch* for *catch*, *kittle* for *kettle*, *stah* for *star*, *pint* for *point*, *far* for *far*, *ben* for *been* (correctly pronounced *bin*), *doos* for *does* (correctly pronounced *duz*), *agin* for *again* (correctly pronounced *agen*), *were* for *were* (correctly pronounced *wur*), *tharefore* for *therefore* (correctly pronounced *thurfore*), *air* for *are* (correctly pronounced *ar*, the *a* as in *far*).

99. It is a common fault with slovenly readers to dispense with the final *g* in words of more than one syllable, ending in *ing*. Such readers tell us of their *goi'n' to meetin', startin' early in the mornin', seein' nobody comin', &c.* ; giving us to infer that they either have a bad cold in the head or have been but indifferently attentive to their elocutionary studies. Always avoid this vulgarism, whether in conversation or in reading aloud.

100. Where Consonants precede or follow the letter *s*, care should be taken to avoid the too frequent practice of improperly dropping the sound of one letter or more. For example, in the line, — “And thou exist'st and striv'st as duty prompts,” — the sound of the italicized consonants is often imperfectly rendered. So we hear *actz* incorrectly pronounced *ax* ; *factz, fax* ; *reflects, reflex* ; *expects, expex, &c.*

101. Great liberties are often taken with the letter *r*. There are speakers who say *bust* for *burst*, *fust* for *first*, *dust* for *durst*, &c. We also hear *Cubar* instead of *Cuba*, *lawr* instead of *law*, *wawr*, instead of *war*, *paawial* instead of *partial*, *Larrence* instead of *Lawrence*, *stawum* instead of *storm*, *mawn* instead of *morn*, *cawn* instead of *corn*. The vibrant sound of the *r* should not be muffled in such words as *rural, rugged, trophy, &c.* ; nor should the *r* be trilled in *care, margin, &c.*

102. The sound of the *h* in syllables commencing with *shr* should be heeded : as in the line, "He shrilly shrieking shrank from shrieving him." In these and similar words the *h* is often shorn of its due force, and, by some bad speakers, is entirely suppressed. To the preservation of its aspirate sound in such words as *what*, *whale*, *whither*, *when*, &c., particular attention should be given.

103. A thorough and well-defined articulation will leave a hearer in no doubt as to which word is meant in articulating the following : *When*, *wen* ; *whether*, *weather* ; *what*, *wot* ; *wheel*, *weal* ; *where*, *wear* ; *whist*, *wist* ; *while*, *wile* ; *whet*, *wet* ; *why*, *way* ; *which*, *witch* ; *whig*, *wig* ; *whin*, *win* ; *whine*, *wine* ; *whirled*, *world* ; *whit*, *wit* ; *whither*, *wither* ; *white*, *wight* ; *wheeled*, *wield*.

QUESTIONS. — 89. Of what must an articulation consist ? 90. Name instances in which words ending in *al*, *an*, *ance*, &c., are badly articulated. 91. Words ending in *ent*, *ens*, *ess*, &c. 92. In *er*. 93. In *in*, *ity*, *ible*, &c. 94. In *o*, *or*, *ow*, &c. 95. In what class of words ought *u* to have its long, diphthongal sound ? 96. How do you pronounce such words as *b-o-a-t*, *s-o-a-p*, *c-o-t*, &c. ? 97. Pronounce *a-w-f-u-l*, &c. 98. *G-e-t*, *c-o-t-c-h*, *b-e-e-n*, *d-o-c-s*, *a-r-s*, &c. 99. What is said of the termination in *ag* ? 100. Pronounce *a-c-t-s*, *r-e-f-l-e-c-t-s*, &c. 101. Pronounce *b-u-r-s-t*, *l-a-w*, *c-o-r-n*, &c. 102. What is said of the omission of the aspirate ? 103. Repeat some words that are often confounded by bad readers through the omission of the *h* in pronouncing.

LESSON VII.

ON EXERCISES IN ARTICULATION.

104. THE voice should be thoroughly exercised in the Elementary sounds given in the Table under Paragraph 20. Beginning with the Vowel Sounds, let the different sounds of *a* in *father*, *fat*, *fate*, *fall*, be detached from the words in which they occur, and distinctly emitted with a quick, clean, percussive utterance, requiring as slight an expenditure as possible of breath. Proceed in the same way to practise on the other Vowel sounds, till you can deliver them with nicety and accuracy, separately as well as in combination with Consonants.

105. A good succeeding exercise is to combine the Elementary Vowel sounds with the possible Elementary Consonant sounds, in their order, as in the Table mentioned above ; thus (the *a* as in *father*) : *ha*, *ma*, *na*, *la*, *ra*, *pa*, *ba*, *fa*, *va*, *tha* (the *th* hard, as in *thin*), *thi* (the *th* soft, as in *thine*), *ta*, *da*, *ka*, *ga* (the *g* as in *gun*), *sa*, *za*, *sha*, *za* (the *z* as in *azure*). Then make the same Consonant combinations with the short *ă* in *făt*, the long *â* in *fâte*, the broad *a* in *fall*, the long *e* in *mete*, and the other Vowel sounds, simple and compound, according to their order in the Table.

106. As a next exercise, the Vowel sound may be made to precede the

Consonant, and such combinations as the following may afford a fitting practice for the voice ; thus (the *a* throughout as in *father*) : *ah, ang, am, an, al, ar, ap, ab, af, av, ath* (the *th* hard as in *thin*), *ath* (the *t* soft as in *thine*), *at, ad, ak, ag* (the *g* as in *gun*), *ash, az, &c.* Then place in similar juxtaposition with Consonants the other Elementary Vowel sounds, simple and compound, the *a* in *fat*, the *e* in *met*, the *u* in *mute*, &c., and continue the practice. These combinations may be easily written out on a slate, and much benefit derived from exercising the voice on them, till a clear and accurate articulation of all the Vowel sounds is attained.

107. In what we say of Consonants we allude to their actual sounds, and not to the arbitrary names given to them in the Alphabet. There are many difficult Consonant combinations in the English language, to the proper utterance of which careful practice is essential. Several of the Consonants, as they are heard at the beginning or at the end of a word, can be enunciated independently, although the aid of a Vowel sound may at first seem indispensable. The student can test this, by suddenly suspending the voice before it reaches the Vowel in such combinations as *b'a, d'a, &c.* ; or by prolonging the Consonant Sound after the Vowel in *ab—b ; eb—b ; ib—b ; ad—d ; ed—d ; id—d, &c.* ; or before, as in *b—be, d—de ; g—ge, &c.*

108. "In taking some of the mute consonants (*p, b, f, v, t, d, th, k, g, s, z, sh, zh*)," says Professor Latham, "and pronouncing them as independently of any Vowel as it is possible to do, we shall succeed in making an imperfect sound. Now, if the mute consonant so taken and uttered be one of the following, *p, f, t, th* (as in *thin*), *k, s*, or *sh*, the sound will be that of a whisper. The sound of *p', t'* (such as it is), is that of a man speaking under the natural pitch of his voice, and at a whisper.

109. "But if the mute consonant so taken and uttered be any one of the following, *b, v, d, th* (as in *thine*), *g, z*, or *zh*, the sound will be that of a man speaking at the natural pitch of his voice, and with a certain degree of loudness and clearness." After experimenting upon the independent consonant elements thus indicated,—carefully distinguishing their alphabetical names from their actual sounds,—the student may proceed to practise his voice upon the combinations which they form.

110. The following Exercises contain nearly all the difficult consonant combinations that can occur in English speech. By delivering the words of each paragraph according to the punctuation, at first deliberately, and then more rapidly, as practice makes perfect, they will be found to serve as exercises in respiration as well as in articulation. In elocution it is important to acquire the power of keeping the lungs well filled by frequent and *imperceptible* inspirations.

111. To gain this power, the exercise is recommended of prolonging the simple Vowel sounds musically to the full extent of expiratory power ; *silently* replenishing the lungs, and recommencing the sound as expeditiously as possible. The same principle of exercise in connection with

articulation may be obtained in *counting*, by pronouncing the numbers from one to a *thousand* deliberately and distinctly, with as few *perceptible* breathings as possible.

EXERCISES IN CONSONANT COMBINATIONS.

I. Orb'd; prob'dst, trouble; troubl'st, troubl'd, troubl'dst; troubles, brand, probes, prob'st; waddle, waddl'st, waddl'd, waddl'dst, waddles; hard'n, hard'n'st, hard'n'd, hard'n'dst, hard'ns, drove; deeds, didst, breadth, breadths, bragg'd, bragg'dst, glow; mingle, mingl'st, mingl'd, mingl'dst, mingles, grow, wags, wagg'st; hedg'd, bulb, bulb'd, bulbs, hold, holds, hold'st, bulge, bulg'd; whelm, whelm'd,whelms, fall'n, shelve, shelves, balls, silk, silks, hulks.

II. Mulot; mulcts, help; help'd, helps, help'st; scalp'st, halt, halts, halt'st; gulf, gulfs, delft, false, fall'st; health, healths, flioh, flioh'd, entomb'd, entomb'dst; tombs, scamp, scamps, attempt, attempts, nymph, nymphs; entomb'st, send, sends, send'st, range, rang'd, guns, hang'd; hang'dst, hangs, strength, strengths, wink, wink'd, winks, wink'st, daunt; daunts, daunt'st, winoe, winc'd, hyacinth, hyacinths, finch, finch'd, barb, barb'st.

III. Barb'd; barb'dst, barbs; heard, heard'st, bards; burgh, burghs, urge, urg'd; hurl, hurl'st, hurl'd, hurl'dst, hurls; warm, warm'st, warm'd, warm'dst, warms, warmth; turn, turn'st, turn'd, turn'dst, burnt, burns, curve; curv'st, curv'd, curv'dst, curves, wars, bark, barks, bark'st; bark'd, bark'dst, carp, carps, carp'st, carp'd, carp'dst, hurt, hurts; hurt'st, turf, turf'd, turfs, purse, burst, bursts, hearth, hearths, harsh.

IV. Search; searoh'd, striv'd; striv'dst, driv'l, driv'l'st; driv'l'd, driv'l'dst, driv'ls, heav'n; heav'ns, eleventh, drives, driv'st, amaz'd; muzzle, muszl'st, muszl'd, muszl'dst, muzzles, prism; prisms, prison, imprison'st, imprison'd, imprison'dst, prisons, wreath'd; wreaths, wreath'st, wreath, truckle, truckl'st, truckl'd, truckl'dst, truckles; black'n, black'n'st, black'n'd, black'n'dst, black'ns, crafty, act, acts, racks; ripple, rippl'st, rippl'd, rippl'dst, ripples, prove, crypt, crypts, clips, clipp'st.

V. Depth; depths, settle; settl'st, settl'd, trust; combats, combat'st, flame, trifle; trifl'st, trifl'd, trifl'dst, trifles, fragment; waft, wafts, laughs, laugh'st, fifth; fifths, slaughter, nestle, nestl'st, nestl'd, nestl'dst, nestles; smoke, snail, basin, basins, skip, mask, mask'd, masks; mask'st, ha'ass'dst, scrow, spatter, rasp, rasp'd, rasps, spring, splash; stay, bust, busts, streets, strides, logarithm, logarithms, through, smith'd, youths, shrink.

QUESTIONS. — 104. What practice on Vowel sounds is recommended? 105. On their combinations with consonant sounds? 106. What other combination is suggested? 107. Can Consonant sounds ever be uttered independently of Vowels? How can this be tested? 108, 109. What difference is found in the mute Consonants in uttering them independently of Vowels? 110. What is said of the management of the breath in reading? 111. What exercise is suggested?

LESSON VIII.

112. In the following exercises, most of the noteworthy difficulties in the articulation of our language have been introduced. In some of the sentences, it will be seen, little regard has been had to the sense which they may make; the object being either to accumulate difficulties in Consonant combinations or to illustrate varieties of Vowel sounds and their equivalents:

EXERCISES IN ARTICULATION.

I. A father's fate calls Fancy to beware. All in the hall here haul the awl all ways. Aunt's heart and hearth are better than her head. And shall I, sir'rah, guarantee your plaid? Arraign his reign to-day; the great rain gauge. And so our whaling ended all in wailing. Accent' the ac'cent accurately always.

II. Awful the awe; nor broad ought Tom to maul. The bulb, the bride, the barb, the babbling bidder. Biding thou budg'dst, and budging bravely bidest. Bubbles and hubbubs barbarous and public. Canst give the blind a notion of an ocean? Churlish chirographers, chromatic chanters. Chiv'alry's chief chid the churl's chaffering choice chimerical.

III. Call her; her choler at the collar scorning. Crime craves the Czar indictment curious. Despised despoilers tracked the dastard's doom. Diaphanous delusions deprecate. Drachmas disdain dispersed despotically. Earn earth's dear tears, whose dearth the heart's hearth ignorns.

IV. England her men metes there a generous measure. Caesar deceives the people from his seat. The key to that machine is in the field. Friends, heads and heifers, leopards, bury any. Examine, estimate the eggs exactly.

V. Faults? He had faults; I said he was not false. Faucundious Phillip's flippant fluency. Ghastly the gibbous anger gorges gnomes. Go! though rough coughs and hicoughs plough thee through! Grudg'dst thou, and gib'dst thou, Gorgon, with thy gyves?

VI. He humbly held the hostler's horse an hour. His honest rhetoric exhilarates. Hear'st thou this hermit's heinous heresy? He twists the tests to suit the several sects. Höpe, böats, röads, cöats, and köads of clöaks and söp. Why harass'dst thou him thus inhumanly?

VII. In either place he dwells, in neither fails. Is he in life through one great terror led? In one great error rather is he not? Is there a name—is their an dim more lofty? I say the judges ought to arrest the culprit. I say the judges sought to arrest the culprit.

VIII. Janglingly jealous jeered the Jacobin. June's azure day sees the jay gayly jump. Knavish the knack could compass such a knot. Keep cool, and learn that cavils cannot kill. Kentucky knows the dark and bloody ground.

IX. Long, lank and lean, he ill'y lectured me. Lo! there behold the scenes of those dark ages. The scenes of those dark cages, did you say Meteorous and meteoric vapors. Mulotedst thou him? In misery he mopes.

X. Myrrh by the murderous myrmidons was brought. Man is a microcosm, a mimic world. Mute moping, maimed, in misery's murmurs whelm'd. Mammon's main monument a miscreant makes. Moments their solemn realm to Memnon give.

XI. Neigh me no nays; know me now, neighbor Dobbin. Nipt now the flower is riv'n, forever fall'n. Nymphs range the forests still till rosy dawn. Nay! did I say *I scream*? I said *ice cream*. Never thou clasp'dst more fleeting triumphs here.

XII. O'er wastes and deserts, waste sand deserts straying. On the hard wharf the timid dwarf was standing. O, note the occasion, yeoman, haughty, beau! Or' thoëpy precedes orthography. Obligatory objects then he offered.

XIII. *Precedents* ruled *precedent* Presidents. Poor painted pomp of pleasure's proud parade. Pharmacy far more farmers cures than kills. Psyche (si-kē) puts out the sphinx's pseudo pipe. Politics happ'n to be uppermost. The room 's perfum'd with perfumes popular.

XIV. Quilp quoted Quarles's quiddities and quirks. Queens and coquets quickly their conquests quit. Quacks in a quandary were quaking there. Quenoh'd'st thou the quarrel of the quid'-nuncs then? Quiescent Quixotism and quibbling quizzing.

XV. Rave, wretched rover, erring, rash and perjured. Rude rugged rocks echoed with his roar. Rhinoceroses armed and Russian bears. Round rang her shrill, sharp, frenzied shriek for mercy. Ruin and rapine, ruthless wretch, attend thee!

XVI. Six slim sleek saplings slothfully he sawed. Stridulous strays the stream through forests strange. Snarl'st thou at me? Vainly thou splash'dst and strov' st. Shall shuffling shift thy shrinking, shrieking shame? Schisms, charms and prisms, phantasms and frenzies dire. Smith, smooth, smug, smart, smirked, smattered, smoked and smiled. Sudden he sadd'n'd; wherefore did he sadd'n?

XVII. The heir his hair uncovered to the air. That last still night, that lasts till night's forgot! The strident trident's strife strides strenuous. The dupes shall see the dupe survey the scene. The martial corps regarded not the corpses. (See Note to ¶ 60.)

XVIII. The ringing, clinging, blighting, smiting curse. The storms still strove, but the masts stood the struggle. The steel these steal still stereo types (the *er* as in terror) their stigma. The stalk these talkers strike stands strong and steady. Thawing it thermometrically thrives.

XIX. Temptations tantamount indictment's debtor. Tenth or ten thousand breaks the chain alike. Think'st thou the heights, depths, breadths, thou'rt thorough in? The soldiers skilled in war, a thousand men? The soldiers killed in war a thousand men. The prince the prince selected were superb.

XX. Then if thou fall'st, thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Thou liv'st—liv'st did I say? appear'st in the Senate! Though thy cry moved me, thy crime moved me more. These things can never make your government. Thou barb'dst the dart that wounded me, alas!

XXI. Thou startl'dst me, and still thou startl'st me. Thou watch'st there where thou watch'dst, sir, when I came. Thou black'n'dst and thou black-

'm'st me in vain. Thought'st thou those thoughts of thine could thrill me through ? The intriguing rogue's vague brogue plagues like an ague.

XXII. Thou slept'st, great ocean, hush'dst thy myriad waves. The wolf whose howl, the owl whose hoot is heard. The new tune played on Tuesday suits the duke. Too soon thou chuck'dst o'er the gold thou stolest Twanged short and sharp, like the shrill swallow's cry.

XXIII. Use makes us use it even as usage rules (this last *u* like the *o* in move). Umpires usurp the user's usual custom. Utility's your ultimatum, then. Untenable, untractable, unthinking. Urge me no more ; your arguments are useless. The tutor's revolution is reduced.

XXIV. Vain, vacillating, vehement, he veers forever. Whetting his scythe, the mower singeth blithe. While whiling time at whist, why will you whisper ? Whelmed in the waters were the whirling wheels. Where is the ware that is to wear so well ?

XXV. White were the wights who waggishly were winking. Wrenched by the hand of violence from hope. Wouldst thou not highly — wouldst not holily ? With short shrill shrieks flits by on leathern wing. Xerxes, Xantippe, Xenophon and Xanthus.

XXVI. Yachts yield the yeomen youthful exercise. You pay nobody ? Do you pain nobody ? Your kindness overwhelms me — makes me bankrupt. Zenxis, Zenobia, Zeus and Zoroaster. Zephyr these haifers indolently fans.

113. By the term *alliteration* is meant the repetition of the same letter, chiefly at the beginning of words. In the following Exercise the words of every line are alliterative according to the order of the letters of the alphabet. It will be found a good practice for keeping alive the attention at a class to have the lines read singly, one by each pupil successively.

XXVII.

An Austrian army, awfully arrayed,
Boldly, by battery, besieged Belgrade ;
Cossack commanders cannonading come,
Dealing destruction's desolating doom ;
Every endeavor engineers essay,
For fame, for fortune, fighting furious fray ;
Generals 'gainst generals grapple, grimly great ;
How hold heroic hearts hard, haggard hate ?
Infuriate, indiscriminate in ill,
Kinsmen kill kinsmen, kinsmen kindred kill !
Labor low levels loftiest, longest lines ;
Men march 'mid mounds, 'mid moles, 'mid murderous m-m-mes ;
Now noisy, noxious numbers notice naught
Of outward obstacles, opposing sought ;
Poor patriots, partly purchased, partly pressed,
Quite quailing, quaking, quickly quarter quest ;
Reason returns, religious right resounds,
Suwarrow stops such sanguinary sounds.
Trace then to Turkey ; triumph to thy train,

Unjust, unwise, unmerciful Ukraine !
 Vanish vain victory, vanish victory vain !
 Why wish we warfare ? wherefore welcome were
 Xerxes, Xime'nès, Xanthus, Xavière ?
 Yield ! yield ! ye youths ! ye yeomen, yield your yell ;
 Zeno's, Zarparrhès', Zoroaster's seal,
 All, all arouse ! all against arms appeal !

LESSON IX.

114. THE following "Rhymes for the Nursery," by Robert Southey descriptive of the Cataract of Lodore, afford a good exercise in articulation, especially in the participle termination in *ing*. The voice should be modulated in many places to imitate the motion of the water ; and there is even an opportunity, in the expressiveness of many of the words, for imitative articulation.

I.

"How does the water come down at Lodore ?"
 My little boy asked me thus, once on a time ;
 And moreover he tasked me to tell him in rhyme.
 Anon, at the word, there first came one daughter,
 And then came another, to second and third
 The request of their brother, and to hear how the water
 Comes down at Lodore, with its rush and its roar,
 As many a time they had seen it before.
 So I told them in rhyme, for of rhymes I had store ;
 And 't was in my vocation for their recreation
 That so I should sing,
 Because I was Laureate * to them and the king.

II.

From its sources which well in the tarn on the fell ;
 From its fountains in the mountains, its rills and its gills ;
 Through moss and through brake, it runs and it creeps
 For a while, till it sleeps in its own little lake,
 And thence at departing, awakening and starting,
 It runs through the reeds, and away it proceeds,
 Through meadow and glade, in sun and in shade,
 And through the wood-shelter, among crags in its flurry,
 Helter-skelter, hurry-skurry.

* See this word and Southey in the Explanatory Index.

III.

Here it comes sparkling, and there it lies darkling ;
 Now smoking and frothing, its tumult and wrath in,
 Till in this rapid race, on which it is bent,
 It reaches the place of its steep descent.

IV.

The Cataract strong then plunges along,
 Striking and raging, as if a war waging
 Its caverns and rocks among ;
 Rising and leaping, sinking and creeping, swelling and sweeping,
 Showering and springing, flying and flinging, writhing and ringing,
 Eddying and whisking, spouting and frisking, turning and twisting,
 Around and around, with endless rebound ;
 Smiting and fighting, — a sight to delight in, —
 Confounding, astounding, dizzying and deafening the ear with its sound

V.

Collecting, projecting, receding and speeding, and shocking and rocking,
 And darting and parting, and threading and spreading, and whissing and
 hissing,
 And dripping and skipping, and hitting and spitting, and shining and
 twining,
 And rattling and battling, and shaking and quaking, and pouring and
 roaring,
 And waving and raving, and tossing and crossing, and flowing and going,
 And running and stunning, and foaming and roaming, and dinning and
 spinning,
 And dropping and hopping, and working and jerking, and guggling and
 struggling,
 And heaving and cleaving, and moaning and groaning :

VI.

And glittering and frittering, and gathering and feathering,
 And whitening and brightening, and quivering and shivering,
 And hurrying and skurrying, and thundering and floundering ;

VII.

Dividing and gliding and sliding,
 And falling and brawling and sprawling,
 And driving and riving and striving,
 And sprinkling and twinkling and wrinkling,
 And sounding and bounding and rounding,
 And bubbling and troubling and doubling,
 And grumbling and rumbling and tumbling,
 And clattering and battering and shattering ;

VIII.

Retreating and beating and meeting and sheeting,
 Delaying and straying and playing and spraying,

Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing,
 Recoiling, turmoiling, and toiling and boiling,
 And gleaming and streaming and steaming and beaming,
 And rushing and flushing and brushing and gushing,
 And flapping and rapping and clapping and slapping,
 And curling and whirling and purling and twirling,
 And thumping and plumping and bumping and jumping,
 And dashing and flashing and splashing and clashing ;

IX.

And so never ending, but always descending,
 Sounds and motions for ever and ever are blending,
 All at once and all o'er, with a mighty uproar,
 And this way the water comes down at Lodore.

LESSON X.

PRONUNCIATION, MODULATION, EMPHASIS.

115. **PRONUNCIATION** includes the consideration not only of articulation and quantity, but of accent. It tells us, for instance, not only how syllables and words ought to be articulated, but on which syllable, if the word be of two or more syllables, the *ictus*, or principal blow of the voice, ought to fall. Modes of pronouncing are partly the result of usage, and partly fixed by laws founded on the natural genius and tendency of the language. Those modes that are easiest of enunciation, and most satisfactory to the ear, have been generally adopted, except when there is a reason, in the derivation of a word or some other cause, for a departure from the rule that has regard to these objects.

116. The colloquial pronunciation of certain words is, in some few instances, different from that employed in devotional discourse and in poetry. In reading the Scriptures we say *blesséd* ; in current speech we say *blest*. When the rhyme requires it in verse, we give to the *i* in *wind* its long sound, making the word rhyme with *mínd*. Always consult your dictionary for the pronunciation of a doubtful word. A faulty manner of pronouncing mars the effect of the best discourse and the most sympathetic voice. For a person, on a question of pronunciation, to trust to his own judgment, unenlightened by authority and its reasons, is mere presumption.

117. The word *modulation* is derived from a Latin word signifying to *measure off properly, to regulate* ; and it may be applied to singing and dancing, as well as to speaking. It is not enough that syllables and words are enunciated correctly, and that the marks of punctuation are duly

observed. Unless the voice sympathetically adapts itself to the emotion or sentiment, and regulates its pauses accordingly, it will but imperfectly interpret what it utters.

118. The study of pronunciation, in the ancient and most comprehensive sense of that word, comprised the consideration not only of what syllables of a word ought to be accented, but of what words of a sentence ought to be emphasized. The term *Emphasis*, from a Greek word, signifying to *point out, or show*, is now commonly used to signify the stress to be laid upon certain words in a sentence. It is divided by some writers into *emphasis of force*, which we lay on almost every significant word; and *emphasis of sense*, which we lay on particular words, to distinguish them from the rest of the sentence.

119. The importance of emphasis to the right delivery of thoughts in speech must be obvious on the slightest reflection. "Go and ask how old Mrs. Remnant is," said a father to his dutiful son. The latter hurried away, and soon returned with the report that Mrs. Remnant had replied, that "it was none of his business how old she was." The poor man had intended merely to inquire into the state of her health; but he accidentally put a wrong emphasis on the adjective *old*.

120. Another instance of misapprehension will illustrate the importance of emphasis. A stranger from the country, observing an ordinary roller-rule on a table, took it up, and, on asking what it was used for, was answered, "It is a rule for counting-houses." After turning it over and over, and up and down, and puzzling his brain for some time, he at last, in a paroxysm of baffled curiosity, exclaimed, "How in the name of wonder do you count houses with this?" If his informer had rightly bestowed his emphasis, the misconception of his meaning would not have taken place.

121. Emphasis and intonation must, as Dr. Blair has remarked, be left to the good sense and feeling of the reader. Accumulations of rules on the subject are unprofitable and delusive; and the cases wherein the rules hold good are often less numerous than the exceptions. If you *thoroughly understand and feel* what you have to utter, and have your attention concentrated upon it, you will emphasize better than by attempting to conform your emphasis to any rules or marks dictated by one writer, and perhaps contradicted by another.

122. A boy at his sports is never at a loss how to make his emphasis expressive. If he have to say to a companion, "I want your *bat*, not your *ball*," or "I'm going to *skate*, not to *coast*," he will not fail to emphasize and inflect the italicized words aright. And why? Simply because he knows what he means, and attends to it. Let the reader study to know what his reading-lesson means, and he will spend his time more profitably than in wondering over marks and rules of disputed application. It is for the teacher, by his oral example, to instil a realization of this fact into the minds of the young.

123. Dr. Whately, in his Treatise on Rhetoric, pointedly condemns the artificial system of teaching elocution by marks and rules, as worse than useless. His objections have been disputed, but never answered. They are : first, that the proposed system must necessarily be imperfect ; secondly, that, if it were perfect, it would be a circuitous path to the object in view ; and, thirdly, that, even if both these objections were removed, the object would not be effectually obtained.

124. He who not only understands fully what he is reading, but is earnestly occupying his mind with the matter of it, will be likely to read as if he understood it, and thus to make others understand it ; and, in like manner, he who not only feels it, but is exclusively absorbed with that feeling, will be likely to read as if he felt it, and communicate his impression to his hearers.

EXERCISES ON EMPHASIS.

I. In their prosperity, my friends shall never hear of me ; in their adversity, always.

II. There is no possibility of speaking properly the language of any passion without feeling it.

III. A book that is to be read requires one sort of style ; a man that is to speak must use another.

IV. A sentiment which, expressed diffusely, will barely be admitted to be just, expressed concisely will be admired as spirited.

V. Whatever may have been the origin of pastoral poetry, it is undoubtedly a natural and very agreeable form of poetical composition.

VI. A stream that runs within its banks is a beautiful object ; but when it rushes down with the impetuosity and noise of a torrent, it presently becomes a sublime one.

VII. A French sermon is, for the most part, a warm, animated exhortation ; an English one is a piece of cool, instructive reasoning. The French preachers address themselves chiefly to the imagination and the passions ; the English, almost solely to the understanding.

VIII. Those who complain of the shortness of life let it slide by them without wishing to seize and make the most of its golden minutes. The more we do, the more we can do ; the more busy we are, the more leisure we have.

IX. Those who, without knowing us, think ill of us, do us no wrong ; it is not ourselves whom they attack, but the phantom of their imaginations.

X. Sound logic is the sinews of eloquence. Without solid argument, oratory is empty noise, and the orator is a declaimer or a sophist.

XI. There is hardly anybody good for everything, and there is scarcely anybody who is absolutely good for nothing. A good chemist will extract some spirit or other out of every substance ; and a man of sagacity will elicit something worth knowing out of every person with whom he converses.

XII. Men write their wrongs in marble ; He, more just,
Stooped down divine, and wrote His in the dust.

- XIII.** False names are vain,—thy lines their author tell ;
Thy best concealment had been writing well.
- XIV** The first crime past impels us on to more,
And guilt proves fate, which was but choice before.
- XV.** Pleads he in earnest ?—Look upon his face :
His eyes do drop no tears ; his prayers are jest ;
His words come from his mouth ; ours, from our breast ;
He prays but faintly, and would be denied ;
We pray with heart and soul.
- XVI.** See the sole bliss Heaven could on all bestow !
Which who but feels can taste, but thinks can know ;
Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,
The bad must miss ; the good untaught will find.
- XVII** Passions are winds to urge us o'er the wave ;
Reason, the rudder, to direct and save.
- XVIII.** This without those obtains a vain employ ;
Those without this but urge us to destroy.
- XIX.** The generous buoyant spirit is a power
Which in the virtuous mind doth all things conquer
It bears the hero on to arduous deeds ;
It lifts the saint to heaven.
- XX.** To err is human ; to forgive, divine.

QUESTIONS. — 115. What does Pronunciation include ? 116. Does colloquial pronunciation ever differ from that used in reading the Scriptures or poetry ? Mention examples. 117. What is Modulation ? 118. Emphasis ? What is the original meaning of Emphasis ? 119. To what may the misplacing of one's emphasis lead ? 121. What is necessary in order to emphasize expressively ?

LESSON XI.

INFLECTION.

125. WITH regard to the Inflections of the Voice, upon which so much has been said and written, there are in reality but two—the *rising* and the *falling*. The compound, or circumflex inflection, is merely that in which the voice both rises and falls on the same word—as in the utterance of the word “*What*,” when it is intended to convey an expression of disdain, reproach, or extreme surprise. The analysis of vocal inflection was first promulgated by Mr. John Walker, author of the dictionary bearing his name.

126. The inflections are not denominated *rising* or *falling* from the high or low tone in which they are pronounced, but from the upward or downward slide in which they terminate, whether pronounced in a high or low key. The *rising* inflection was marked by Mr. Walker with the

acute accent (') ; the *falling*, with the grave accent (`). The inflection mark of the acute accent must not be confounded with its use in accentuation.

127. In the utterance of the interrogative sentence, "Does Caesar deserve fame' or blame'?" the word *fame* will have the rising or upward slide of the voice, and *blame* the falling or downward slide of the voice. Every pause, of whatever kind, must necessarily adopt one of these two inflections, or continue in a monotone.

128. Thus it will be seen that the *rising* inflection is that upward turn of the voice which we use in asking a question answerable by a simple *yes* or *no*, and the *falling* inflection is that downward sliding of the voice which is commonly used at the end of a sentence. Lest an inaccurate ear should be led to suppose that the different signification of the opposing words is the reason of their sounding differently, we give below, among other examples, some phrases composed of the same words, which are nevertheless pronounced with exactly the same difference of inflection as the others.

EXAMPLES.

The Rising followed by the Falling.

Does he talk rationally', or irrationally' ?
 Does he pronounce correctly', or incorrectly' ?
 Does he mean honestly', or dishonestly' ?
 Does she dance gracefully', or ungracefully' ?
 Do they act cautiously', or incautiously' ?
 Should we say humor', or humor' ?
 Should we say temporary', or temporary' ?
 Should we say ocean', or ocean' ?

The Falling followed by the Rising.

He talks rationally', not irrationally'.
 He pronounces correctly', not incorrectly'.
 He means honestly', not dishonestly'.
 She dances gracefully', not ungracefully'.
 They acted cautiously', not incautiously'.
 We should say humor', not humor'.
 We should say temporary', not temporary'.
 We should say ocean', not ocean'.

129. The *rising* progression in a sentence *connects* what has been said with what is to be uttered, or with what the speaker wishes to be implied or supplied by the hearer ; and this with more or less closeness, querulousness, and passion, in proportion to the extent and force of the rise.

130. The *falling* progression *disconnects* what has been said from whatever may follow ; and this with more or less completeness, exclusiveness, and passion, in proportion to the force and extent of the fall.

131. The *rising* inflection is thus, invariably, associated with *what is incomplete* in sense ; or, if apparently complete, dependent on (or modified

by what follows ; with whatever is relative to something expressed, or to be implied ; and with what is doubtful, interrogative or supplicatory.

132. The *falling* inflection, on the contrary, is invariably associated with what is *complete* and independent in sense, or intended to be received as such ; with whatever is positive and exclusive ; and with what is confidently assertive, dogmatical or mandatory.

133. The *rising* inflection is thus, also, the natural intonation of all attractive sentiments ; of love, admiration, pity, &c. ; as in the exclamations " Beautiful ! Alas ! Poor thing ! " The *falling* inflection is the tone of repulsion, anger, hatred and reproach, as in the exclamations, " Go ! Fool ! Malediction ! "

134. A great number of rules are given by Mr. Walker and his followers for the inflecting of sentences or parts of sentences. To these rules there are many exceptions not enumerated by their framers. The rules, if used at all, must therefore be used with extreme caution, or they will mislead ; and the reader who undertakes to regulate his elocution by them will, in many instances, fall into error. We give below the rules that are least liable to exception ; but even these must be received rather as *hints to guide the reader, where he is in doubt*, than *rules to hold where his understanding dictates the intonation most in accordance with the sense and spirit of what he is reading*. Marks of inflection, like marks of emphasis, may serve to illustrate a principle, as for instance the fact that there is a *rising* and *falling* inflection of the voice, and that the sense of a sentence often depends upon a correct emphasis and inflection. But the student who expects to attain a correct style of elocution by following inflection marks, rather than by studying the pith and catching the spirit of what he is to read, will be disappointed.

I. Where the sense is complete, whether at the termination of a sentence or of a part of a sentence, use the *falling* inflection.

II. When sentences are divisible into two parts, the commencing part is *generally* distinguished by the *rising* inflection.

III. Questions commencing with an adverb or pronoun, and which cannot be answered by a simple " yes " or " no," generally terminate with the *falling* inflection.

IV. Questions commencing with a verb, and which can be answered by a simple " yes " or " no," generally terminate with the *rising* inflection.

V. When two or more questions in succession, the first beginning with a verb, are separated by the disjunctive particle *or*, the last question requires the *falling*, and the preceding ones the *rising* inflection.

VI. The general rule for the *parenthesis* (a Greek word signifying an *insertion*) is, that it must be pronounced in a lower tone and more rapidly than the rest of the sentence, and concluded with the inflection that immediately precedes it. A simile, being a species of parenthesis, follows the same rule.

VII. The title *echo* is adopted by Walker to express a repetition of a word or phrase. The echoing word is pronounced *generally* with the *rising* inflection, followed by something of a pause.

VIII. The *monotone*, in which neither inflection of the voice is used, may be defined to be a continuation or sameness of sound upon certain syllables of a word or certain words, exactly like that produced by repeatedly striking a bell; such a stroke may be louder or softer, but continues exactly in the same pitch. To express this tone upon paper, a horizontal line is sometimes adopted, such as we use to designate a long vowel: thus (—). The *monotone* may be often appropriately employed in passages of solemnity and awe.

EXAMPLES ON THE ABOVE RULES.

I. It is to the unaccountable oblivion of our mortality that the world owes all its fascination'.

Age, in a virtuous person, carries with it an authority, which makes it preferable to all the pleasures of youth'.

II. Virtue were a kind of misery', if fame were all the garland that crowned her'.

Your enemies may be formidable by their numbers', and by their power'; but He who is with you is mightier than they'.

III. Who can look down upon the grave', even of an enemy', and not feel a compunctious throb' that he should ever have warred' with the poor handful of earth' that lies mouldering before him' ?

How many men were in that army' at the time of the victory' ?

What can be worse',

Than to dwell here', driven out from bliss', condemned

In this abhorred deep to utter woe',

Where pain of unextinguishable fire

Must exercise us without hope of end' ?

IV. Would a merciful Providence have given us talents', without designing that we should exert them' ?

Can such things be'—

And overcome us', like a summer cloud',

Without our special wonder' ?

Can the soldier, when he girdeth on his armor, boast like him that putteth it off' ? Can the merchant predict that the speculation, on which he has entered', will be infallibly crowned with success' ?

Avârus has long been ardently endeavoring to fill his chest' : and, lo ! it is now full'. Is he happy' ? Does he use' it ? Does he gratefully think of the Giver of all good things' ? Does he distribute to the poor' ?

V. Does God, after having made his creatures, take no further care of them' ? Has he left them to blind fate or undirected chance' ? Has he forsaken the works of his own hands' ? Or does he always graciously preserve, and keep, and guide them' ?

Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust' ?

Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death' ?

Do the perfections of the Almighty lie dormant, or are they not rather in continual exercise ?

VI. Uprightness is a habit, and, like all other habits, gains strength by use and exercise. If, then, we exercise upright principles (and we cannot have them unless we exercise them), they must be perpetually on the increase.

Then went the captain with the officers, and brought them without violence (for they feared the people, lest they should have been stoned); and when they had brought them, they set them before the council.

Let us (since life can little more supply
Than just to look about us, and to die),
Expatiate free o'er all this scene of man.

Thou happy, happy elf ! * (But stop — first let me kiss away that tear.)
Thou tiny image of myself ! (My love, he's poking peas into his ear !)
Thou merry, laughing sprite ! with spirits feather-light, untouched by sorrow, and unsoiled by sin — (Good heavens ! the child is swallowing a pin !)

Thou little tricky Puck ! with antic toys so funnily bestuck, light as the singing bird that wings the air — (The door ! the door ! he'll tumble down the stair !)
Thou darling of thy sire ! (Why, Jane, he'll set his pinafore afire !)
Thou imp of mirth and joy, in love's dear chain so strong and bright a link — thou idol of thy parents — (Hang the boy ! There goes my ink !)

Thou cherub — but of earth ; fit playfellow for fays by moonlight pale, in harmless sport and mirth — (That dog will bite him, if he pulls his tail !)
Thou human humming-bee, extracting honey from every blossom in the world that blows, singing in youth's Elysium ever sunny — (Another tumble ; that's his precious nose !)
Thy father's pride and hope ! (He'll break the mirror with that skipping-rope !)
With pure heart newly stamped from nature's mint — (Where *did* he learn that squint ?)

Thou young domestic dove ! (He'll have that jug off with another shove !)
Dear nursing of the hymeneal nest ! (Are those torn clothes his best ?)
Little epitomé of man ! (He'll climb upon the table, — that's his plan !)
Touched with the beauteous tints of dawning life — (He's got a knife !)
Thou enviable being ! No storms, no clouds, in thy blue sky foreseeing, play on, play on, my elfin John !

Toss the light ball ; bestride the stick — (I knew so many cakes would make him sick !)
— with fancies buoyant as the thistle-down, prompting the face grotesque and antic brisk, with many a lamb-like frisk — (He's got the scissors, snipping at your gown !)
Thou pretty, opening rose ! (Go to your mother, child, and wipe your nose !)
Balmy, and breathing music like the south — (He really brings my heart into my mouth !)
Fresh as the morn, and brilliant as its star — (I wish that window had an iron bar !)
— bold as the hawk, yet gentle as the dove — (I'll tell you what, my love, I cannot write, unless he's sent above !)

* This humorous Ode, by Thomas Hood, addressed to his son, "aged three years and five months," contains numerous examples of the parenthesis. The verses are printed above in the form of prose, that the reader may himself detect the metrical euphony without the assistance of lines indicating the measure to the eye.

VII. Newton was a Christian! *Newton*! whose mind burst forth from the fetters cast by nature on our finite conceptions; — *Newton*! whose science was truth, and the foundation of whose knowledge of it was philosophy; not those visionary and arrogant presumptions which too often usurp its name, but philosophy resting on the basis of mathematics, which, like figures, cannot lie; — *Newton*! who carried the line and rule to the utmost barriers of creation, and explored the principles by which, no doubt, all created matter is held together and exists.

I must oppose the bill before us; a bill in which such cruelties are proposed as are yet unknown among the most savage nations.

VIII. In thoughts from the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men, fear came upon me and trembling, which made all my bones to quake. Then a spirit passed before my face; the hair of my flesh stood up.

I could a tale unfold whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine.

QUESTIONS. — 125. What are the inflections of the voice? 126. How are they marked by Walker? 127. Illustrate the upward and downward slide of the voice. 128. When is the *rising* inflection used? When the *falling*? 129. What is the effect of the *rising* progression in a sentence? 130. The *falling*? 131. The *rising* indicates —? 132. The *falling* —? 134. What is said of the value of rules for inflecting sentences? When the sense is complete, you use —? When it is incomplete —? Questions commencing with an adverb or verb terminate with what? Questions commencing with a verb? What is Rule V.? What is the meaning of the word *parenthesis*? How ought a parenthesis to be read? What is understood by an *echo* in elocution? By a *monotone*?

LESSON XII:

EXERCISES IN INFLECTION.

185. In the following pieces, — the first by Sir Walter Scott, and the second and third from Ossian, — exercises in modulation for two and three voices, or sets of voices, are given. By separating an entire class, and allotting to each group its part for simultaneous utterance, a good effect, with a little drilling, may be produced. Pupils will readily perceive that where the sense is incomplete, and the voice is suspended, the rising inflection is naturally used:

FOR TWO VOICES, OR SETS OF VOICES.

(1st) Pibroch * of Donuil Dhu', (2d) pibroch of Donuil',
(1st) Wake thy wild voice anew', (2d) summon Clan-Donuil'.

* A pibroch (pronounced *pi-brok*) is, among the Highlanders, a martial air played with the bagpipe. The measure of the verse in this stanza requires that in the third line

(1st) Come away', come away', (2d) hark to the summons'!

(1st) Come in your war array' (2d) gentles and commons'.

(1st) Come from deep glen', (2d) and from mountain so rocky',

(1st) The war-pipe and pennon' (2d) are at Inverlochy';

(1st) Come every hill-plaid', (2d) and true heart that wears one',

(1st) Come every steel-blade', (2d) and strong hand that bears one'

(1st) Leave untended the herd', (2d) the flock without shelter';

(1st) Leave the corpse uninterred', (2d) the bride at the altar';

(1st) Leave the deer', (2d) leave the steer', (1st) leave nets and barges',

(All) Come with your fighting gear', broadswords and targes'.

(1st) Come as the winds come', (2d) when forests are rended';

(1st) Come as the waves come', (2d) when navies are stranded';

(1st) Faster come', faster come', (2d) faster' and faster',

(1st) Chief, (2d) vassal', (1st) page' and groom', (2d) tenant' and master'.

(1st) Fast they come', fast they come'; (2d) see how they gather'!

(1st) Wide waves the eagle plume', (2d) blended with heather'.

(1st) Cast your plaids', (2d) draw your blades', (All) forward each man set'!

(All) Pibroch of Donuil Dhu', knell for the onset'!

FOR THREE VOICES, OR SETS OF VOICES.

(1st Voice) As Autumn's dark storm' — (2d Voice) — pours from the echoing hills' — (3d Voice) — echoing hills', —

(1st Voice) — so toward each other' — (2d Voice) — toward each other approached' — (3d Voice) — approached the heroes'.

(1st Voice) As two dark streams' — (2d Voice) — dark streams from high rocks' — (3d Voice) — meet and mix, and roar on the plain', —

(1st Voice) — loud, rough, and dark' — (2d Voice) — dark in battle' — (3d Voice) — in battle met Lochlin and In'nisfall'.

(1st Voice) Chief mixed his blows with chief' — (2d Voice) — and man with man': — (3d Voice) — steel clanging sounded on steel'.

(1st Voice) Helmets are cleft' — (2d Voice) — cleft on high' — (3d Voice) — Helmets are cleft on high'; blood bursts and smokes around'.

(1st Voice) — As the troubled noise of the ocean' — (2d Voice) — the ocean when roll the waves on high'; as the last peal of the thunder of heaven' — (3d Voice) — the thunder of heaven'; such is the noise of battle'.

(1st Voice) The groan' — (2d Voice) — the groan of the people' — (3d Voice) — the groan of the people spreads over the hills'.

(1st Voice) It was like' — (2d Voice) — like the thunder' — (3d Voice) —

the exclamation "Come away" should be sounded as if it were a single word, having the accent on the first syllable, thus *come'away*. So in the words *hill'*, *laid* and *steel-blade*, in the 7th and 8th lines. The license of rhyme there requires that the *ai* in *plaid* should be pronounced long, as in *maid*. In the last line but one, the two words *man set* meaning, *man set in battle array* should be sounded as a single word of two syllables saving the accent on the first.

like the thunder of night'—(All) It was like the thunder of night when the cloud bursts on Conn', and a thousand ghosts' shriek at once' on the hollow wind'.

(1st Voice) The morning'—(2d Voice)—morning was gay'—(3d Voice)—the morning was gay on Cromla',—

(1st Voice)—when the sons'—(2d Voice)—sons of the sea'—(3d Voice)—when the sons of the sea ascended'.

(1st Voice) Calmar stood forth'—(2d Voice)—stood forth to meet them',—(3d Voice)—Calmar stood forth to meet them in the pride of his kindling soul'.

(1st Voice) But pale'—(2d Voice)—pale was the face'—(3d Voice)—but pale was the face of the chief, as he leaned on his father's spear'.

(1st Voice) The lightning'—(2d Voice)—lightning flies'—(3d Voice)—the lightning flies on wings of fire'.

(1st Voice) But slowly'—(2d Voice)—slowly now the hero falls',—(3d Voice)—but slowly now the hero falls', like the tree of hundred roots before the driving storm'.

(1st Voice) Now from the gray mists of the ocean' the white-sailed ships of Fingal' * appear. (2d Voice) High'—(3d Voice)—high is the grove of their masts' as they nod, by turns, on the rolling waves'.

(1st Voice) As ebbs the resounding sea through the hundred isles of Inistore',—(2d Voice)—so loud'—(3d Voice)—so vast'—(1st Voice)—so immense'—(All)—returned the sons of Lochlin to meet the approaching foe'.

(1st Voice) But bending',—(2d Voice)—weeping',—(3d Voice)—sad, and slow'—(All)—sank Calmar, the mighty chief, in Cromla's lonely wood'.

(1st Voice) The battle'—(2d Voice)—battle is past',—(3d Voice)—"The battle is past," said the chief.

(1st Voice) Sad is the field'—(2d Voice)—sad is the field of Lena'! (3d Voice) Mournful are the oaks of Cromla'!

(All) The hunters have fallen in their strength! The sons of the brave are no more'!

(1st Voice) As a hundred winds on Morven';—(2d Voice)—as the stream of a hundred hills';—(3d Voice)—as clouds successive fly over the face of heaven';—

(1st Voice)—so vast',—(2d Voice)—so terrible',—(3d Voice)—so roaring',—

(All)—the armies mixed on Lena's echoing plain'.

(1st Voice) The clouds of—(2d Voice)—night come rolling down';—(3d Voice)—the stars of the north arise' over the rolling waves': they show their heads of fire through the flying mists of heaven'.

(1st Voice) "Spread the sail," said the king'. (2d Voice) "Seize the winds as they pour from Lena'." (3d Voice) We rose on the waves with songs'.

(All) We rushed with joy through the foam of the deep'.

* Here the acute accent is intended as a mark of accent, not of inflection

LESSON XIII.

PUNCTUATION, TYPOGRAPHICAL MARKS, ETC.

136. PUNCTUATION, from the Latin word *punctum*, a point, is the art of dividing words or sentences from one another by means of certain marks or points, designed to facilitate the apprehension or to regulate the enunciation of a written language. Points or stops are said to have been first used by Aristoph'ănēs, the Alexandrian grammarian ; but the modern system of punctuation is due to Manūtius, a learned printer, who lived at Venice in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

137. Authors differ in regard to the proper mode of punctuating ; some contending, with Sheridan, that the stops should be disposed according to the emphasis and pauses which would be naturally made in reading aloud ; and others, that they should be placed according to the grammatical structure of a sentence. The former is called the Rhetorical, and the latter the Grammatical mode. The tendency of modern usage is to the latter.

138. In grammatical punctuation, such stops only are given as may assist the reader in promptly comprehending the sense. It may, therefore, often be proper to make a pause where no stop appears to the eye. Indeed, it is often allowable, for the sake of pointing out the sense more strongly, or of shifting and relieving the voice, to make a very considerable pause where there is no punctuation mark, and where the grammatical construction requires none.

139. The grammatical points are the Comma (,), which marks the smallest grammatical division of a sentence, and usually represents the shortest pause ; the Semi-colon (;) and the Colon (:), which separate those portions which are less connected than those divided by Commas ; and the Period (.), which is what its name denotes, a full stop, which commonly terminates a sentence.

140. Besides these points, there are others, partly grammatical and partly rhetorical, which may be thus enumerated : the Note of Interrogation (?), which shows that a question is denoted by the word to which it is annexed ; the Note of Exclamation (!), expressing admiration, horror, or any considerable emotion ; the marks of Parenthesis (), used when a clause, word or sign, which interrupts the progress of the sentence, is inserted ; the Dash (—), used where a sentence breaks off abruptly, or where suppressed emotion is to be expressed ; or as a substitute for the marks of Parenthesis, and sometimes as a modification of the other stops, or independently when no other stop may be appropriate.

141. There are other points, related rather to letters, words and syllables, than to the grammatical elucidation of sentences. The Apostrophē ('), a mark distinguished only from the Comma in being placed above the line, is used to denote the abbreviation of a word as o'er for over :

also to mark the possessive case of nouns ; as, *John's hat*. In the written language the difference between the nominative (or objective) case plural and the possessive case plural is expressed by the addition of an apostrophe after the letter *s* ; as, *the trees' leaves*. Where a proper name ends in *s*, the *s* of the possessive case ought to be retained after the apostrophe ; as, *Mr. Ames's house*, *Collins's odes*. Sometimes, for the sake of euphony, and in poetry to suit the measure of a verse, the *s* after the apostrophe is omitted in the pronunciation, and it ought then to be also dropped in the written or printed word ; as, *in Moses' days*, *for Jesus' sake*. But where the *s* after the apostrophe is retained in the pronunciation, it ought to be exhibited to the eye.

142. The Hyphen (-) is employed to connect compounded words ; as in *alms-house*, *to-morrow*. It is also used at the end of a line when a word is divided and a portion of the word has to be carried on to the beginning of the next line. A mark identical with the Hyphen, and called a Makron, is sometimes used over a vowel to denote that the quantity is long ; as in *remôte*, *serène*. The mark called the Breve (˘) is placed over a vowel to indicate that it has a short sound ; as in *Hélène*.

143. Marks of Quotation (" ") are used to denote that the words of another person, real or supposed, are quoted. When one quotation is introduced within another, the included one should be preceded by a single inverted comma, and closed by a single apostrophe, thus (' ').

144. Brackets [] enclose a word or sentence distinct from the text, or not originally inserted in it : as, "He [Milton] had read much, and knew what books could teach." Marks of Parenthesis enclose what the author himself interposes between parts of a sentence. Brackets generally enclose some explanation, omission, or comment supplied by another.

145. The Diæresis (¨), from a Greek word signifying a division or separation, consists of two points, which are placed over a vowel to denote that it is to be separated in the pronunciation from the preceding vowel or syllable, in order that the vowel so marked may form, or help to form, a distinct syllable ; as in *aërial*, *orthoëpy*, *zoöphyte*, *blesséd*.

146. Two Commas (") are occasionally used (as in the Table under Paragraph 20) to indicate that something is understood which was expressed in the line and word immediately above.

147. Marks of Ellipsis (a Greek word signifying an omission) are formed by means of a long dash, or of a succession of points or stars (—,, * * * *), of various lengths, and which are used to indicate the omission of letters in a word, of words in a sentence, or of sentences in a paragraph.

148. The word Paragraph is from the Greek, and originally signified a writing near or subjoined. Thus it came to mean a subdivision in written or printed composition. It was formerly indicated by the following mark (¶) ; but is now generally represented simply by beginning a sentence with a new line having a slight blank space at its commencement

"See ¶ 20" simply means *see paragraph twenty*. The sign (¶) is sometimes used merely as a mark of reference, like an asterisk.

149. The Section (§) denotes the division of a discourse or chapter into inferior portions. The Index, or Hand (☞), points out a passage to which it is desired to direct especial attention. Three stars, placed in this form (*,*), or N. B., the initials of *nota bene*, "mark well," are sometimes used for the same purpose as the index. The Asterisk (*), the Obelisk or Dagger (†), the Double Dagger (‡), and Parallels (||), together with letters or figures of a small size, technically called *Superscripts*, are marks of reference to the margin, or some other part of a book.

150. The Brace (~~~~) is used to connect a number of words with one common term. The Caret (^) (from a Latin word, meaning *it is wanting*) is used exclusively in manuscript, to indicate something interlined. The Cedilla is a mark used under the French *c*, thus (ç), to signify that it is to be pronounced soft, like *s*.

151. There are three accentual marks. The mark of the acute accent is (´), and may be remembered by its pointing down towards you, as if to pierce. The mark of the grave accent is (`); the mark of the circumflex, which is a compound of the other two, is (^).

152. The acute accent is used in English sometimes as a mark of accent, and sometimes of quantity, and sometimes in place of the Disrèsia. The grave accent and the circumflex are little used in English; and they are employed in French to denote a difference in the pronunciation, not in the accent.

153. In regard to the use of Capital Letters, authors exhibit much the same caprice that they do in punctuation. Formerly initial capital letters were much more used than now in distinguishing nouns. In German, nouns are still generally distinguished in this way. Wordsworth and many other English writers commence their emphatic nouns with capital letters. It is the present approved custom to distinguish by initial capitals the first word of every sentence, of every line of poetry, and of every quotation and every example formally introduced; also of every noun and principal word in the title of a book; as, "Locke on the Human Understanding."

154. Initial capitals are also used to distinguish proper names and adjectives derived from them; titles of honor and distinction; common nouns personified; the pronoun *I* and the interjections *O*, *Ah*, &c.; words used as the names of Deity, or to express his attributes; the personal pronouns *he*, *his*, and *him*, when referring to Deity in sentences where reference is at the same time made to any of his creatures in the same number and person; as, "he loved his God, admired His wondrous works." Nouns and adjectives to which it is desired to give any particular prominence that may impress them especially on the reader's attention are frequently capitalized now by the best writers.

QUESTIONS.—136. What is Punctuation? 137. To what mode of punctuating does modern usage incline? 138. What is said of Grammatical Punctuation? 139. What are the grammatical points? 140. Enumerate other points or marks. 141. What is the use of the Apostrophe? 142. The Hyphen? What mark is used to denote that a vowel is long? Short? 143. What of marks of quotation? 144. Brackets? 145. The Discreasis? 146. Two commas? 147. Marks of ellipsis? 148. A Paragraph? 149. The Section? The Index? What other marks are there corresponding to the Index? What are the marks of reference? 150. What is the Brace? The Caret? 151, 152. What are the accentual marks, and what their use? 153, 154. What is said of the use of Capital Letters?

LESSON XIV.

ON READING POETRY.

155. **VERSE** is generally an adjunct of poetry, although there may be poetry without it. Poetry of the highest order may be found in the Book of Job and the Psalms of David. But, even when poetry has the form of prose, its diction at times falls into the metrical sweep and cadence, as if by a law which makes the inward harmony suggest the external. The objection has been made that the habit of reciting poetry is apt to lead to a monotonous manner. As well might it be said that a habit of dancing leads to a faulty gait in walking. By attending to the *measure* of verse alone, and disregarding the *sense*, a sing-song mode of utterance may be contracted; but the judicious recitation of verse is admirably adapted to impart ease, flexibility and grace, to delivery.

156. Poetry is sometimes rendered in a slight degree more difficult than prose by the inversions or irregular arrangements of words, required by the measure. Were we, for instance, to express in prose the following couplet:

Achilles' wrath, to Greece the direful spring
Of woes unnumbered, heavenly Goddess, sing!

it would run thus: "Sing, O heavenly Goddess! the wrath of Achilles, the direful spring of unnumbered woes to Greece." And this example is by no means one of the most remarkable instances of inversion that could be adduced.

157. Rules for inflecting the voice in the reading of verse, as well as of prose, are fallacious and prejudicial. No good reader was ever formed by them; and no two good readers will be likely to mark the passages for inflection in a given poem precisely alike. Bad habits of reading are often formed by an unwarranted reliance on the accuracy of these rules.

158. There are, however, some few principles to which the student's attention should be directed; not because they will certainly make him read well, but because, if he neglects them, he will undoubtedly read

badly. The first and most important is, "Be sure you understand what you read." If you do not yourself conceive the sentiments of the author, it is utterly impossible that you should give them expression. But, if you perfectly understand your author, you will know where to make the proper pauses, and lay the proper emphasis that the subject requires.

159. Take, for instance, the following couplet :

Hope springs eternal in the human breast;
Man never is, but always to be blest.

The last line, carelessly read, would be nearly nonsense ; or, if it had any meaning, it would be, that "man exists always for the enjoyment of happiness." But the intention of the poet is, that "man does not enjoy any present happiness, but always looks forward to future bliss." To express this meaning, the emphasis must be thrown on the words *is* and *to be*, and the line be read as if printed

Man never *is*, but always *to be* blest.

160. The next point to which the young reader's attention should be directed is the metrical structure of the verse. With this he should so far familiarize his ear that he can readily mark by a slight stress the accented syllables. Be careful in doing this not to fall into that sing-song habit which is so offensive. A good way to avoid it is to adhere to your habitual speaking voice ; you may thus, by a little practice, read poetry metrically, without converting it into a bad tune.

161. A single line of poetry is properly called a *verse* ; two lines are called a *couplet* ; four verses, of which the rhymes may or may not be alternate, are called a *quatrain* or *stanza*. The term *stanza*, which is of Italian origin and literally signifies a *station* or *resting-place*, is also used to designate any regularly recurring number of verses into which a poem may be divided.

162. Almost every verse admits of a pause in or near the middle, which pause is called the *Cæsūra* (from the Latin word *Cædo*, *I cut*). The following mark (") is usually adopted to denote this pause. On its right disposition depends, in a great degree, the harmony of the verse. The *Cæsural* pause may, but must not of necessity, coincide with a pause in the sense. It may take place after the fourth syllable ; as in

Pealed their first notes" to sound the march of Time.

Or it may come after the fifth syllable ; as in

If Greece must perish," we thy will obey.

Or after the sixth syllable ; as in

To Him who gives us all" I yield a part.

Or two *Cæsuras* may divide the verse into three portions ; as in

His food the fruits", his drink" the crystal well.

163. The introduction of semi-*Cæsural* pauses frequently increases the melodious flow of the verse ; as

Warms' in the sun", refreshes' in the breeze,
 Glows' in the stars', and blossoms in the trees,
 Lives' through all life", extends' through all extent,
 Spreads' undivided", operates' unspent.

164. The Cæsural pauses, and the pauses at the end of each line, must be made by suspending, not dropping, the breath ; and they must be so short as not to cause any interruption in the sense.

165. In regard to the Parenthesis, the 6th rule under ¶ 134 gives directions applicable to poetry as well as to prose, respecting the tone in which a parenthesis and a similè should be read.

166. The *Ellipsis* (from a Greek word signifying to *leave* or *pass by*) is, in Grammar, an omission of one or more words, which the reader is supposed to recognize as understood ; as, "There are who love the hunt," for "There are those," &c. ; "The horse I rode," for "The horse which I rode." The *Ellipsis* is more used in poetry than in prose. An "elliptical phrase" is one in which the *Ellipsis* is used.

167. In conclusion, we would say with Dr. Blair, merely extending his meaning from oratory or public speaking to school and family reading, that nothing is more necessary for those who would excel than "to cultivate habits of the several virtues, and to refine and improve all their moral feelings. Whenever these become dead or callous, they may be assured that they will read and speak with less power and less success.

168. "The sentiments and dispositions particularly requisite for them to cultivate are the love of justice and order, and indignation at insolence and oppression ; the love of honesty and truth, and detestation of fraud, meanness, and corruption ; magnanimity of spirit ; the love of liberty, of their country, and the public ; zeal for all great and noble designs, and reverence for all worthy and heroic characters. A cold and sceptical turn of mind is extremely adverse to eloquence, whether of reading or of speech ; and no less so is that cavilling disposition which takes pleasure in depreciating what is great, and ridiculing what is generally admired.

169 "Such a disposition bespeaks one not very likely to excel in any thing, but least of all in oratory. A true orator should be a person of generous sentiments, of warm feelings, and of a mind turned towards the admiration of all those great and high objects which mankind are naturally formed to admire. Joined with the manly virtues, he should at the same time possess strong and tender sensibility to all the injuries, distresses and sorrows, of his fellow-creatures ; a heart that can readily enter into the circumstances of others, and can make their case his own."

QUESTIONS. — 155. How is a sing-song habit of reading verse induced ? 156. What is one of the great peculiarities of poetry ? 157, 158. What is the first and most important rule in reading ? 159. Illustrate the importance of understanding what you read. 160. Ought the ear to be familiarized with the metrical structure of the verse you are reading. 161. What is a Verse ? a Couplet ? a Quatrain ? a Stanza ? 162. What is the Cæsura ? 163. How must the Cæsural and other pauses be made ? 164. What is the rule in regard to the reading of a parenthesis ? a similè ? 167, 168. What, in the opinion of Dr. Blair is necessary for those who would excel in elocution ?

FIRST-CLASS STANDARD READER

PART II. EXERCISES IN READING.

* Small figures placed at the terminations of words in the following Exercises refer to Paragraphs in Part I., numbered with corresponding figures; the letters in similarly placed indicate that the words thus distinguished may be found in the Explanatory Index at the end of the volume.

Pupils should be required to attend to these marks of reference, and to answer questions from the teacher upon the information thus pointed out. To enable them to do this, they should have an opportunity of reading to themselves every Exercise before reading any part of it aloud.

The names of the authors of pieces, although not designated by any mark of reference, will be found in the Explanatory Index.

I. — THE SILENT ACADEMY.

1. In Memphis, the capital of ancient Egypt, there was a celebrated academy, one of the rules of which was as follows: "Members will meditate much, write little, and talk the least possible." The institution⁹⁸ was known as "The Silent Academy;" and there was not a person of any literary distinction in Egypt who was not ambitious of belonging to it.

2. Akmed, a young Egyptian of great erudition and exquisite judgment, was the author of an admirable treatise, entitled "The Art of Brevity." It was a masterpiece of condensation and precision, and he was laboring to compress it still more, when he learned, in his provincial⁹⁹ seclusion, that there was a place vacant in the Silent Academy.

3. Although he had not yet completed his twenty-third year, and although a great number of competitors were intriguing for the vacant place, he went and presented himself as a candidate at the door of the celebrated academy. A crowd of gossiping loungers in the portico¹⁰⁰ speedily gathered around the taciturn stranger, and plied him, all at once, with a multitude of ques-

tions, — a species of inquisition to which new comers were generally subjected.

4. Without proffering a word in reply, Akmed proceeded directly to the object he had in view, and, approaching one of the ushers, placed in his hands a letter, addressed to the President of the august⁷⁸ institution, and containing these words: "Akmed humbly⁷⁹ solicits the vacant place." The usher delivered the letter at once; but Akmed and his application had arrived too late. The place was already filled.

5. By a system of intrigue and management,⁸¹ which even academies sometimes find irresistible, the favorite candidate of a certain rich man had been elected. The members of the Silent Academy were much chagrined when they learned what they had lost in consequence. The new⁸² member was a glib and garrulous pretender, whose verbose jargon was as unprofitable as it was wearisome; whereas Akmed, the scourge of all babblers, never gave utterance to a word which was not sententious and suggestive.

6. How should they communicate to the author of "The Art of Brevity" the unpleasant intelligence of the failure of his application? They were at a loss for the best mode of proceeding, when the President hit upon this expedient: he filled a goblet with water, but so full that a single drop more would have caused it to overflow. Then he made a sign that the candidate should be introduced.

7. Akmed entered the hall, where the academicians⁸³ were all assembled. With slow and measured steps, and that genuine modesty of demeanor which ever accompanies true merit, he advanced. At his approach, the President politely rose, and, without uttering⁸⁴ a word, pointed out to him, with a gesture⁸⁵ of regret, the fatal token of his exclusion.

8. Smiling at the emblem, the significance of which he at once comprehended, the young Egyptian was not in the least disconcerted. Persuaded that the admission of a supernumerary member would be productive of no harm to the academy, and would violate no essential law, he picked up a rose-leaf which he saw lying at his feet, and placed it on the surface of the water so gently that it floated without causing the slightest drop to overflow.

9. At this ingenious and readily intelligible response, a general clapping of hands spoke the applauding admiration of the assembled members of the academy. By unanimous consent they suspended their rules so as to make an exception in favor of Akmed's admission. They handed him their registry of names, and he inscribed his own name at the end.

10. It now only remained for him to pronounce, according to custom, an address of thanks; but he was resolved to act consistently with that principle of the academy which enjoined the utmost parsimony of words. On the margin of the column^{ss} where he had written his name, he traced the number 100, representing his brethren of the academy and the number to which they had been limited. Then placing a cipher before the figure 1 (thus, 0100), he wrote underneath: "Their number has been neither diminished nor increased."

11. Delighted at the laconic^{ss} ingenuity and becoming modesty of Akmed, the President shook him affectionately by the hand; and then, substituting the figure 1 for the cipher which preceded the number 100 (thus, 1100), he appended these words: "Their number has been increased ten-fold."

ORIGINAL PARAPHRASE^{ss} FROM THE FRENCH

II. — MISCHIEFS OF FALSE PRIDE.

1. MR. JAMES BURFORD, a Bristol merchant, becoming bankrupt through unforeseen misfortunes, retired into Wales while his affairs were in the way of being arranged, and there lived for some time on the small income arising from his wife's fortune, practising the greatest economy, and hopeful that as soon as he could obtain a discharge^{ss} from his creditors he would be taken into partnership by Sir James Amberry, a London merchant. Mr. Burford had a daughter, named Amelia, who was sixteen years of age, and who, having been brought up indulgently by her grandmother, could not bear to think that her father and other relations were now poor people.

2. Travelling in a stage-coach to her father's cottage, in company with three gentlemen, Amelia spoke of herself as one who still lived in affluence; talked of her maid, her little carriage, and the fine house in which her father dwelt. It chanced that two of the gentlemen were creditors of her father, and had all along suspected him of retaining much of his former means, so that they had hitherto refused to sign his discharge. Hearing his daughter talk thus, they were confirmed in their suspicions; but, to make sure, they inquired if her father was Mr. Burford, the bankrupt merchant, and if he really lived in the fine style she spoke of.

3. She would now have denied what she formerly said, if she could have done it without confessing herself to be a boasting and lying girl: not having the candor to make this confession, she

repeated all she had said, and thus so completely convinced the two gentlemen of her father's dishonesty, that they not only refused to accede to his discharge, but told what they had heard to Sir James Amberry, who, in consequence, wrote to Mr. Burford, declining to take him into partnership, and stating that he had preferred another, whom he believed to be an honest man.

4. Thus had this conceited girl blighted all her father's prospects by her vanity and falsehood. Mr. Burford, though unwell, immediately proceeded to London, to clear his character; and, being unable to afford a seat in the coach, he was obliged to walk. The fatigue increased his illness, and he was laid up at an inn on the wayside in a raging fever. Meanwhile, Sir James Amberry and his lady, travelling to Wales, put up at the same inn for a night, and learning that a poor traveller was lying very ill there, they charitably went to see him.

5. Sir James was surprised to find that it was the unfortunate Burford, and still more to hear the sick man raving about the mischiefs which his daughter had brought upon him by her talk in the stage-coach. In short, an explanation was thus brought about. Sir James Amberry, convinced of his innocence,²⁴ spared no expense to secure his recovery; and Mr. Burford was soon restored quite well to his family. But the opportunity for beginning business again as a merchant had been lost through his wicked daughter, and he afterwards was obliged to content himself with a less lucrative employment. We may thus see what dangers lurk around us when we venture on the least departure²⁵ from truth.

MRS. OPIE

III. — ANOTHER DAY.

1. O! TIMELY happy, timely wise,
Hearts that with rising morn arise, —
Eyes that the beam celestial view,
Which evermore makes all things new!
2. New²⁶ every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.
- 3 New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while²⁷ we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven

4. If, in our daily course, our mind
Be set to hallow^a all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice :
5. Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
As more of heaven in each we see ;
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care :
6. The trivial round, the common task,
Shall furnish all we ought to ask, —
Room to deny ourselves — a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

JOHN KEBLE

IV. — THE PRISONER AND THE RATS.

1. In Paris there was once a large fortress called the Bastile,^a which was used as a prison. The king, when offended with any one, caused him to be taken to the Bastile, and confined there. In this way many prisoners were kept in confinement for several years, and sometimes till the end of their lives. They were loaded with heavy chains ; they were never allowed to go into the open air ; and they were not permitted to see any of their relations.

2. There was once in the Bastile a prisoner named La Tude.* He was put in when twenty-three years of age, and kept there and in other prisons for thirty-five years, so that he was quite an old man when he got free. This poor man was confined for many years in a little room where he had no company. He saw no one but the jailer who brought him his food. This was the greatest of all his afflictions, for there are few things more necessary to happiness than the society of our fellow-creatures.

3. In La Tude's room there was no light, except what came through a horizontal slit in the wall ; and, as the wall was thick, this slit was very deep. One day, as he was looking through the slit, he saw a rat come to the further end of it. Rats are creatures which human beings do not in general like to have near them ; but La Tude was so solitary that he was glad of the approach of any living thing. He threw the rat a small piece of bread, taking care not to frighten it by any violent movement.^a

4. The little visitor came forward and took the bread, and

* The *a* as in father, the *n* as in use.

then seemed to wish for more. La Tude threw another piece to a less distance, and the animal came and took that piece also. He then threw another to a still less distance, by which the rat was tempted to come still nearer to him. Thus he induced⁵⁵ it to have some confidence in him. As long as he threw bread, the creature remained; and when it could eat no more, it carried off to its hole the fragments which it had not devoured.

5. The next day, the rat appeared again. La Tude threw it some bread, and also a small piece of beef, which it seemed to relish very much. On the third day it came again, and was now so tame as to eat from the prisoner's hands. On the fifth day it changed its residence to a small hole near the inner end of the slit, apparently wishing to be nearer to its benefactor. It came very early the next morning⁵⁶ to get its breakfast from La Tude, and appeared no more that day.

6. On the ensuing morning it came again, but it now had a companion.⁵⁷ This was a female rat, which peeped cautiously from the hole, apparently very much afraid of the prisoner. La Tude tried to entice the stranger towards⁵⁸ him, by throwing bread and meat to her; but for a long time she refused to venture out. At length, seeing the other rat eat so heartily, she rushed forward, seized a piece, and immediately retreated.

7. In a little while she became bolder, and even disputed some pieces with the male rat. Whenever she succeeded in taking a piece out of his teeth, he came up to La Tude, as if to make complaint, and receive consolation. When La Tude gave him a piece to make up for what he had lost, the little creature⁵⁹ sat down close by, and ate it in an ostentatious manner, sitting on his haunches, and holding the meat in his paws like a monkey, as if he meant to defy his female friend to come and take it from him, now that he was so near one who could protect him.

8. For some days the female continued to be very shy, though the male rat ate in peace near La Tude. But at length she could bear no longer to see her companion faring so well, while she was starving. One day, just as La Tude had given the male rat his first piece, she sprang out, and seized it in her teeth. The male rat held fast; she pulled violently; a severe struggle took place; and the two creatures rolled away together towards their hole, into which the female pulled the male. La Tude was greatly diverted by this contest, and, for the moment, almost forgot his misfortunes.

9. By and by the female rat became as familiar as the other, and daily ate her dinner out of La Tude's hand. There then appeared a third, who was much less shy at first than either of the others had been.⁶⁰ At the second visit, this third rat consti-

tated himself one of the family, and made himself so perfectly at home, that he resolved to introduce certain companions. The next day he came accompanied by two others, who, in the course of a week, brought five more; and thus, in less than a fortnight, La Tude found himself surrounded by ten large rats.

10. He now gave them, severally, names, which they learned to distinguish. They would also come out whenever he called them. He allowed them for some time to eat out of his own plate; but, their habits being rather slovenly, he was afterwards glad to give them a separate dish. He would also make them leap, like dogs, for bits of bread and meat. When they had dined, he made them all dance around him. In short, they became to him like a family of gamesome little children, and he almost felt happy in their presence.

11. He now scarcely wished for freedom, for in the world he had met with nothing but cruelty and oppression, while here all was affection and peace. But his pleasure with his rats was not of long continuance: at the end of two years he was removed to another room in a distant part of the prison, whither his rats, of course, could not follow him. He wept bitterly at thus parting with the friendly creatures, and, for some time, felt the pains of imprisonment to be more severe than they ever appeared before.

12. We thus see how painful is complete solitude, and how gladly a human being will associate with any kind of company, rather than be altogether alone. The story also shows that, in certain circumstances, the creatures which we most loathe and despise may be of service to us.

V. — THE SCHOLAR'S PILGRIMAGE.^m

1. NOTHING could be more easy and agreeable than my condition when I was first summoned to set out on the road to learning, and it was not without letting fall a few ominous tears that I took the first step. Several companions of my own age accompanied me in the outset, and we travelled pleasantly together a good part of the way.

2. We had no sooner entered upon our path, than we were accosted by three diminutive strangers. These we presently discovered to be the advance-guard of a Lilliputian^a army, which was seen advancing towards us in battle array. Their forms were singularly grotesque: some were striding across the path, others standing with their arms a-kimbo; some hanging down their heads, others quite erect; some standing on one leg,

others on two; and one, strange to say, on three; another had his arms crossed, and one was remarkably crooked; some were very slender, and others as broad as they were long.

3. But, notwithstanding this diversity of figure, when they were all marshalled in line of battle they had a very orderly and regular^{as} appearance. Feeling disconcerted by their numbers, we were presently for sounding a retreat; but, being urged forward by our guide, we soon mastered the three who led the van, and this gave us spirit to encounter the main army, who were conquered to a man before we left the field. We had scarcely taken breath after this victory, when, to our no small dismay, we descried a strong reënforcement^{as} of the enemy, stationed on the opposite side. These were exactly equal in number to the former army, but vastly superior in size and stature; they were, in fact, a race of giants, though of the same species with the others, and were capitally accoutred^{as} for the onset.

4. Their appearance discouraged us greatly at first, but we found their strength was not proportioned to their size; and, having acquired much skill and courage by the late engagement, we soon succeeded in subduing them, and passed off the field in triumph. After this we were perpetually engaged with small bands of the enemy, no longer extended in line of battle, but in small detachments of two, three, and four in company. We had some tough work here, and now and then they were too many for us. Having annoyed us thus for a time, they began to form themselves into close columns,^{as} six or eight abreast; but we had now attained so much address, that we no longer found them formidable.

5. After continuing this route for a considerable way, the face of the country suddenly changed, and we began to enter upon a vast succession of snowy plains, where we were each furnished with a certain light weapon, peculiar to the country, which we flourished continually, and with which we made many light strokes, and some desperate ones. The waters hereabouts were dark and brackish, and the snowy surface of the plain was often defaced by them. Probably we were now on the borders of the Black Sea. These plains we travelled across and across for many a day.

6. Upon quitting this district, the country became far more dreary: it appeared nothing but a dry and sterile region, the soil being remarkably hard and slaty. Here we saw many curious figures, and we soon found that the inhabitants of this desert were mere ciphers. Sometimes they appeared in vast numbers, but only to be again suddenly diminished.

7. Our road, after this, wound through a rugged and hilly

country, which was divided into nine principal parts or districts, each under a different governor;⁶ and these again were reduced into endless subdivisions. Some of them we were obliged to decline. It was not a little puzzling to perceive the intricate ramifications of the paths in these parts. Here the natives spoke several dialects,¹⁰⁰ which rendered our intercourse with them very perplexing. However, it must be confessed that every step we set in this country was less fatiguing and more interesting. Our course at first lay all up hill; but when we had proceeded to a certain height, the distant country, which is most richly varied, opened freely to our view.

8. I do not mean at present to describe that country, or the different stages by which we advanced through its scenery. Suffice it to say, that the journey, though always arduous, has become more and more pleasant every stage; and, though, after years of travel and labor, we are still very far from the Temple of Learning, yet we have found on the way more than enough to make us thankful to the kindness of the friends who first set us on the path, and to induce us to go forward courageously and rejoicingly to the end of the journey.

JANE TAYLOR.

VI.—THE COMPLAINTS OF THE POOR.

"AND wherefore do the poor complain?" the rich man asked of me.
 "Come, walk abroad with me," I said, "and I will answer thee."
 'T was evening, and the frozen⁹¹ streets were cheerless to behold,
 And we were wrapt and coated well, and yet we were a-cold.

'We met an old bareheaded man, — his locks were few and white;
 I asked him what he did abroad in that cold winter's night.
 'T was bitter keen, indeed, he said, but at home no fire had he,
 And therefore he had come abroad to ask for charity.

'We met a young barefooted child, and she begged loud and bold;
 I asked her what she did abroad when the wind it blew so cold.
 She said her father was at home, and he lay sick abed;
 And therefore was it she was sent abroad to beg for bread.

'We saw a woman sitting down upon a stone to rest;
 She had a baby at her back, and another at her breast.
 I asked her why she loitered there, when the night-wind was so chill,
 She turned her head, and bade the child that screamed behind be still.

'She told us that her husband⁹² served, a soldier, far away,
 And therefore to her parish she was begging back her way.
 I turned me to the rich man then, for silently stood he; —

You asked me why the poor complain, and these have answered
 thee."

SOUTHEY.

VII. — PROVERBS OF ALL NATIONS.*

1 A good proverb^m is never out of season. A word once uttered can never be recalled. A wise man may appear like a fool in the company of a fool. A goose-quill^m is more dangerous than a lion's claw. A thousand probabilities will not make one truth. A great man will neither trample on a worm, nor cringe before a king. A jest is no argument, and loud laughter no demonstration. A crown will not cure the headache, nor a golden slipper the gout. Avoid a slander as you would a scorpion.

2. A wager is a fool's argument. A stumble may prevent a fall. A lie begets a lie, till they come to generations. A fault once denied is twice committed. A willing mind makes a light foot. A fool's bolt is soon shot. Be not misled by evil examples never think, "others do it, too." "Bear and forbear" is good philosophy. Better to live well than long. Better to be untaught than to be ill-taught. Books^m alone can never teach the use of books. Brevity is the soul of wit. By the approval of evil, you become guilty of it. By learning to obey, you will know how to command. By the street of "By-and-by"^m one arrives at the house of "Never."

3. Begin and end with God. Beauty is the flower, but virtue is the fruit, of life. By entertaining good thoughts, you will keep out evil ones. Between virtue and vice is no middle path. By doing nothing, we learn to do ill. Combat vice in its first attack, and you will come off conqueror. Cunning and treachery often proceed from want of capacity. Cater frugally for the body, if you would feed the mind sumptuously. Choleric men sin in haste and repent at leisure. Common fame^m is often a common liar. Confine your tongue, lest it confine you.

4. Constant occupation prevents temptation. Credit lost is like a broken looking-glass. Charity should begin at home, but not end there. Covetous men are bad sleepers. Consider each day your last. Curses^m, like chickens, always come home to roost. Deem every day of your life a leaf in your history. Do good with what thou hast, or it will do thee no good. Defile not thy mouth with impure words. Despise none; despair of none. Diet cures more than the doctor. Dissembled holiness

* It will be found a good intellectual exercise for pupils, to question them on the meaning of these proverbs, which the editor has carefully compiled from a great variety of sources. Several explanatory references to the index have been made, as hints to teachers, and to stimulate thought on the part of pupils.

is double iniquity. Drunkenness is an egg from which all vices may be hatched.

5. Deliver your words not by number, but by weight. Do nothing you would wish to conceal. Death hath nothing terrible in it but what life has made so. Each day is a new life: regard it, therefore, as an epitomé^m of the whole. Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other. Entertain no thoughts which you would blush at in words. Economy is itself a great income. Fortune often makes a feast, and then takes away the appetite.

6. Fear not death so much as an evil course of life. Fling him into the Nile,^m and he will come up with a fish in his mouth. Fortune can take nothing from us but what she gave. Few, that have any merit of their own, envy that of others. Force without forecast is little worth. Gaming finds a man a dupe and leaves him a knave. Gluttony kills more than the sword. Heaven helps him who helps himself. He is the best gentleman who is the son of his own deserts.^m He who will not be ruled by the rudder^m must be ruled by the rock. His is a happy memory which forgets nothing so soon as his injuries. He that shows his passion tells his enemy where to hit him.

7. He is a wise man who is willing to receive instructions from all men. He is a mighty man who subdueth his evil inclinations. He is a rich man who is delighted with his lot. He keeps his road well who gets rid of bad company. He is an ill boy that goes, like a top, no longer than he is whipped. He that "will consider of it" takes time to deny you handsomely. Happy he who happy thinks. He who hath good health is young, and he is rich who owes nothing. He that would know what shall be, must consider what has been. Hungry men call the cook lazy. He who sows brambles must not go barefoot.

8. If the counsel be good, no matter who gave it. Industry is Fortune's right hand, and Frugality her left. If you wish a thing done, go; if not, send. If you would enjoy the fruit, pluck not the blossom. It is easy to go afoot when one leads one's horse by the bridle. In a country of blind people the one-eyed is king. It is an ill wind that blows nobody good. If God be with us, who can be against us? Keep good company, and be one of the number. Know thyself. Knowledge is the treasure of the mind, and discretion the key to it. Levity in manner leads to laxity in principles.

9. Learning is wealth to the poor, and an ornament to the rich. Let pleasures be ever so innocent, the excess is criminal. Light griefs are loquacious. Less of your courtesy, and more of your coin. Let not the tongue forerun the thought. Lying^m

rides on debt's back. Much coin, much care; much meat, much malady. Men may be pleased with a jester, but they never esteem him. Many soldiers are brave at table, who are cowards in the field. None but the contemptible are apprehensive of contempt. Never speak to deceive, nor listen to betray. Never despair. Never open the door to a little vice, lest a great one should enter too.

10. Out of debt, out of danger. Peace and Honor are the sheaves of Virtue's harvest. Purchase the next world with this: so shalt thou win both. Perspicuity is the garment which good thoughts should wear. Praise a fair day at night. Pride will have a fall. Do not put your finger in the fire, and say it was your fortune. Punishment is lame, but it comes. Ponder again and again on the divine law; for all things are contained therein. Prayer should be the key of the day, and the lock of the night. Rule the appetite, and temper the tongue. Scholarship, without good breeding, is but tiresome pedantry. Say not, "when I have leisure I will study;" lest thou shouldst not have leisure. Show method in thy study, if thou wilt acquire true wisdom.

11. To profane one's lips with unchaste expressions, is like bringing swine into the sanctuary. The loquacity of fools is a lecture to the wise. The offender never pardons. The shortest answer is *doing the thing*. The sting of a reproach is the truth of it. To err is human; to forgive, divine. The best throw of the dice is to throw them away. There are those who despise pride with a greater pride. The perfection of art is to conceal art. The crime, not the scaffold, makes the shame. The hog never looks up to him that thrashes down the acorns. There is no worse robber than a bad book. The sweetest wine makes the sharpest vinegar. The raven^{er} cried to the crow, "Avaunt, blackamoor!" The less wit a man has, the less he knows he wants it. The feet of retribution^{er} are shod with wool. The best way to see divine light is to put out thine own candle.

12. Understanding without wealth is like feet without shoes; wealth without understanding is like shoes without feet. Use soft words and hard arguments. Virtue that parleys^{er} is near a surrender. Vows made in storms are too often forgotten in calms. When men speak ill of you, live so that nobody will believe them. Want of punctuality is a species of falsehood. What sculpture is to a block of marble, education is to the mind. Wherever there is flattery, there is sure to be a fool. Wit is folly unless a wise man has the keeping of it. When the wine is in, the wit is out.

13. What greater torment than the consciousness of having known the will of our Creator and yet disobeyed it! Wine is a

turncoat : first a friend, and last an enemy. "Welcome death," quoth the rat, when the trap snapped. When good cheer is lacking,⁹⁹ false friends will be packing. Wisdom and virtue go hand in hand. Walk in the way of uprightness, and shun the way of darkness. When a man's coat⁹⁹ is threadbare, it is easy to pick a hole in it. Winter discovers what summer conceals. Were⁹⁹ it not for hope, the heart would break. Who thinks to deceive God, has already deceived himself.

14. A bad workman quarrels with his tools. A creaking door hangs long on its hinges. A fault confessed is half redressed. An evil lesson is soon learned. Be slow to promise, and quick to perform. Don't measure other people's corn by your bushel. Catch the bear before you sell his skin. First deserve, and then desire. He lacks most that longs most. He liveth long who liveth well. He that reckons without his host must reckon again. In a calm sea every man is a pilot. Live not to eat, but eat to live. Many go out for wool and come home shorn. The best physicians are Dr. Diet, Dr. Quiet, and Dr. Merryman. Man proposes, God disposes.

VIII. — THE ASS AND THE LAMB : A FABLE.⁹⁹

1. "How hard is my fate ! What sorrows await,"
Said the Ass to the Sheep, " my deplorable state !
" Cold, naked, ill-fed, I sleep in a shed,
Where the snow, wind and rain, come in over my head.
2. " All this day did I pass in a yard without grass ;
What a pity that I was created an Ass !
As for master, he sat by the fire with the Cat,
And they both look as you do, contented and fat.
3. " Your nice coat⁹⁹ of wool, so elastic and full,
Makes you much to be envied, — ay, more than the Bull."
" How can you pretend," said her poor bleating friend,
" To complain ! Let me silence to you recommend.
4. " My sorrows are deep," continued the Sheep,
And her eyes looked as if she were ready to weep ;
" I expect — 't is no fable — to be dragged from the stable,
And to-morrow, perhaps, cut up for the table.
5. " Now you — with docility, strength and civility —
Will live some years longer, in all probability.
So no envy, I beg, — for I'll bet you an egg,
You will carry the spinach⁹⁹ to eat with my leg."

FROM THE FOLIAE.

IX. — A VOLUNTEER²¹ BULL-FIGHT.

1. I REMEMBER once seeing, when a lad at school, a fight between two bulls. Although I could not have been more than eight years of age at the time, I shall never forget the spectacle. It happened in this wise.²² Close by the school-house — a very unpretending edifice it was* — ran a deep and rapid river. Across it had been thrown a high wooden bridge, the hand-railing of which time and the winds and the weather had entirely destroyed. The land on opposite sides of the stream was owned by different persons, and farmed by them respectively. One bright summer day, — I remember it as it were yesterday, — the hour of noon had arrived, and a frolicsome, fun-seeking troop of school-boys were let loose for an hour's recreation.

2. All at once, the bellowing and roaring of two bulls, that had broken out of their enclosures on each side of the river, attracted our attention. The animals were not yet in sight of each other, but were approaching along the highway at a rate of speed which would cause them to meet near the centre of the high bridge which I have described, and beneath which, at some thirty feet, ran the river between steep banks. The more daring of us gathered near the bridge, lining it, to see the anticipated fight. We were not disappointed. Nearer and nearer to each other approached the proud, pawing combatants.²³ Ba'shan²⁴ never produced two brutes of fiercer aspect. They lashed their sides with their tails; they tore the ground with their feet. Occasionally they knelt down, trying to gore the earth with their horns. And as yet they were concealed, each from the other, by the ascent towards²⁵ the bridge at either end.

3. Presently, as they simultaneously ascended the respective abutments,²⁶ they came full in sight of each other. The roar was mutual, and actually tremendous. Every urchin²⁷ of us sprang into the fields and ran. Finding, however, that we were not pursued, we as hastily retraced our steps. There they were, the ferocious duellists, quite as sensibly employed as some of their human imitators! Front to front, their horns locked, every muscle strained, they were fighting as only bulls can fight. It seemed an even match. Now²⁸ one would press back his opponent a few paces, and presently you would hear quick, sharp, short steps, and his adversary would be pressed back in return. The struggling was hard, was long, was savage. For a while neither obtained an advantage.

* Bear in mind that the dash is sometimes used by modern writers in place of the marks of Parenthesis. See ¶¶ 140, 165, Part I.

4. Hitherto they had been pushing each other lengthwise of the bridge; suddenly they began to wheel,¹⁰⁴ and, in a moment, were facing each other breadthwise. Thus they were at right angles¹⁰⁵ with the length of the old bridge, which shook, and creaked, and rocked again, with their tramping and their terrible strife. It was the work of a single moment:—one of the beasts, — I never could tell which, — one of them, however, as if conscious of his position, made a violent, a desperate lunge forward, and pressed his antagonist back — back — back — till there was but another step of plank behind him, — between him and nothing! The moment was one of intense interest to us juvenile spectators. Never was the amphitheatre¹⁰⁶ of Rome the scene of a more exciting combat. Another step backward, — yes, the unfortunate bull has been forced to take it! Back he is pressed, and over he goes.

5. Such a sight I never saw, — I probably shall never see again. Imagine a bull pitched backward from a bridge, and falling, at least thirty feet, over and over! He turned once or twice, probably, — I thought he turned over fifty times, there seemed such a confusion of horns and feet, revolving, flying through the air! But down he went; the water was deep, and he disappeared, leaving a whirlpool¹⁰⁸ of foam behind him, and making the river undulate far and wide with the concussion¹⁰⁷ of his ponderous bulk.

6. The other bull did not laugh — merely because bulls, as I supposed, could not. But we laughed and shouted our applause. There stood the victor,¹⁰⁹ looking directly down into the abyss below, into which he had hurled his unlucky foe. He stood, however, but a moment; and then, as if frightened at the prospect, began to snort and step backward. Back, back he retreated, with his head in the same pugnacious attitude as when in combat, — back — still another step back — and over he too went on the opposite side of the bridge, performing just as many and as ludicrous somersets as his adversary had done a minute before.

7. It was a scene to remember; and the performance called forth immense applause from the group of juvenile amateurs¹¹⁰ who witnessed it. In about five minutes both bulls might be seen, well sobered by their ducking, dripping wet, scratching up the steep, gravelly banks, each on his own side of the river. "Those bulls will never fight any more," said a boy behind me. His prediction turned out correct; for two more peaceably disposed bulls than they were, ever afterwards, could not have been found.

X. — THE DAFFODILS.

- 1 I WANDERED lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils;²
Beside the lake, beside the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.
2. Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky² way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay;
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance
3. The waves beside them danced, but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee; —
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company:
I gazed — and gazed — but little thought
What wealth that show to me had brought.
- 4 For oft, when on my couch I lie,
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

WORDSWORTH.

XI. — RESIGNATION TO GOD'S WILL.

1. He sendeth sun, he sendeth shower, —
Alike they 're needful to the flower;
And joys and tears alike are sent
To give the soul fit nourishment.
As comes to me or cloud or sun,
Father! thy will, not mine, be done,
2. Can loving children e'er reprove
With murmurs whom they trust and love?
Creator, I would ever be
A trusting, loving child to thee;
As comes to me or cloud or sun,
Father! thy will, not mine, be done.
3. O, ne'er will I at life repine;
Enough that thou hast made it mine.

Where falls the shadow cold of death,
I yet will sing, with parting breath,
As comes to me or shade or sun,
Father! thy will, not mine, be done.

SARAH FLOWER ADAMS.

XII. — THE FOLLY OF CASTLE-BUILDING.^m

1. ALNASCHAR, says the fable, was a very idle fellow,ⁿ who never would set his hand to any business during his father's life. His father, dying, left to him the value of an hundred drachmas^o in Persian money. Alnaschar, in order to make the best of it, laid it out in glasses, bottles, and the finest earthenware. These he piled up in a large open basket, and having made choice of a very little shop, placed the basket at his feet, and leaned his back upon the wall, in expectation of customers. As he sat in this posture, with his eyes upon the basket, he fell into a most amusing train of thought, and was overheard by one of his neighbors, as he talked to himself. "This basket," says he, "cost me at the wholesale merchant's an hundred drachmas, which is all I have in the world.

2. "I shall quickly make two hundred of it, by selling it in retail. These two hundred drachmas will in a little while rise to four hundred, which of course will amount in time to four thousand. Four thousand drachmas cannot fail of making eight thousand. As soon as by this means I am master of ten thousand, I will lay aside my trade of a glass-man, and turn jeweller. I shall then deal in diamonds, pearls, and all sorts of rich stones. When I have got together as much wealth as I can well desire, I will make a purchase of the finest house I can find. I shall then begin to enjoy myself and make a noise in the world. I will not, however, stop there, but still continue my traffic, till I have got together an hundred thousand drachmas.

3. "When I have thus made myself master of an hundred thousand drachmas, I shall naturally set myself on the footing of a prince, and will demand the Grand Vizier's^p daughter in marriage, after having represented to that minister the information which I have received of the beauty, wit, discretion and other high qualities, which his daughter possesses. I will let him know, at the same time, that it is my intention to make him a present of a thousand pieces of gold on our marriage night. As soon as I have married the Grand Vizier's daughter, I will make my father-in-law a visit with a grand train and equipage; and when I am placed at his right hand, — where I shall be, of course, if it

be only to honor his daughter, — I will give him the thousand pieces of gold which I promised him, and afterwards, to his great surprise, will present him another purse of the same value, with some short speech, as, ‘Sir, you see I am a man of my word; I always give more than I promise.’

4. “When I have brought the princess to my house, I shall take particular care to breed her in a due respect for me. To this end, I shall confine her to her own apartment, make her a short visit, and talk but little to her. Her women³⁷ will represent to me that she is inconsolable by reason of my unkindness and beg me with tears to caress her, and let her sit down by me; but I shall still remain inexorable, and will turn my back upon her. Her mother will then come and bring her daughter to me, as I am seated upon my sofa. The daughter, with tears in her eyes, will fling herself at my feet, and beg of me to receive her into my favor. Then will I, to imprint in her a thorough veneration for my person, draw up my legs and spurn her from me with my foot, in such a manner that she shall fall down several paces from the sofa.”

5. Alnaschar was entirely swallowed up in this chimerical³⁷ vision, and could not forbear acting with his foot what he had in his thoughts. So that, unluckily striking his basket of brittle ware, which was the foundation of all his grandeur, he kicked his glasses to a great distance from him into the street, and broke them into ten thousand pieces.

ADDISON.

XIII. — SELECT APOLOGUES.³⁸

1. — CLASS³⁸ OPINIONS.

A LAMB strayed for the first time into the woods, and excited much discussion³⁷ among other animals. In a mixed company³⁸ one day, when he became the subject of a friendly gossip, the goat praised him. “Pooh!” said the lion, “this is too absurd. The beast is a pretty beast enough, but did you hear him roar? I heard him roar, and, by the manes of my fathers, when he roars he does nothing but cry ba-a-a!” And the lion bleated his best in mockery, but bleated far from well.

“Nay,” said the deer. “I do not think so badly of his voice. I liked him well enough until I saw him leap. He kicks with his hind legs in running, and, with all his skipping, gets over very little ground.” — “It is a bad beast altogether,” said the tiger. “He cannot roar, he cannot run, he can do nothing — and what wonder? I killed a man yesterday, and, in politeness

to the new comer, offered him a bit ; upon which¹⁰⁸ he had the impudence to look disgusted, and say, 'No, sir, I eat nothing but grass.' " So the beasts criticized the lamb, each in his own way ; and yet it was a good lamb, nevertheless.

2.—THE SWORD AND THE PEN.

The sword of the warrior¹⁰⁹ was taken down for the purpose of being polished. It had not been long out of use. The rust was rubbed off, but there were spots that would not go — they were of blood. The sword was placed on the table near the pen of the warrior's secretary. The pen took advantage of the first breath of air to move a little further off. "Thou art right," said the sword. "I am a bad neighbor." — "I fear thee not," replied the pen, "I am more powerful than thou art ; but I love not thy society." — "I exterminate," said the sword. — "And I perpetuate," answered the pen ; "where are thy victories, if I recorded them not ? Even where thou thyself shalt one day be — in the Lake of Oblivion."

3.—THE HUMMING-BIRD AND THE BUTTERFLY.

A humming-bird met a butterfly, and, being pleased with the beauty of its person and the glory of its wings, made an offer of perpetual friendship. "I cannot think of it," was the reply, "as you once spurned me, and called me a crawling dolt." — "Impossible !" exclaimed the humming-bird, "I always entertained the highest respect for such beautiful creatures as you." — "Perhaps you do now," said the other ; "but when you insulted me I was a caterpillar. So let me give you a piece of advice : never insult the humble,¹¹⁰ as they may some day become your superiors."

4.—THE WOLF AND THE KID.

A very stupid wolf (they are not all so¹¹¹), having a good appetite, found a kid, which had lost its way. "Little friend," said the carnivorous¹¹² animal, "I meet you at a good time : you will make me a very good supper ; for I assure you that I have neither breakfasted nor dined to-day." — "If I must die," replied the poor kid, "I beg that you will first sing me a song ; I hope that you will not refuse me this favor ; it is the first that I ever asked of you. I have heard that you are a perfect musician."

The wolf, like a fool, cajoled by this flattery, attempted to sing, but only howled. At this noise the shepherds came running with their dogs and put him to flight. "Very well," said

the wolf, as he scampered away ; " I have got my deserts :²² this will teach me another time to keep to my trade of a butcher, and not attempt to play the musician."

5. — THE WOLF ON HIS DEATH-BED.

A wolf lay at the last gasp, and was reviewing his past life " It is true," said he, " I am a great sinner, but yet, I hope, not one of the greatest. I have done evil, but I have also done much good. Once, I remember, a bleating lamb, that had strayed from the flock, came so near to me that I might easily have throttled it ; but I did it no harm. At the same time, I listened with the most astonishing indifference to the gibes²³ and scoffs of a sheep, although I had nothing to fear from dogs."

" I can testify to all that," said his friend the fox, who was helping him prepare for death. " I remember perfectly all the circumstances. It was just at the time when you were so dreadfully choked with that bone²⁴ which the good-natured crane afterwards drew out of your throat."

6. — THE TWO BEES.

One fine morning in May, two bees set forward in quest of honey ; the one wise and temperate, the other careless and extravagant. They soon arrived at a garden enriched with aromatic herbs, the most fragrant flowers, and the most delicious fruits. They regaled themselves for a time on the various dainties set before them ; the one loading his thighs at intervals with wax for the construction of his hive, the other revelling in sweets, without regard to anything but present gratification. At length they found a wide-mouthed vial, that hung filled with honey beneath the bough of a peach-tree. The thoughtless epicure,²⁵ in spite of all his friend's remonstrances, plunged headlong into the vessel, resolving to indulge himself in all the pleasures of sensuality.

The philosopher,²⁶ on the other hand, sipped with caution ; but, being suspicious of danger, flew off to fruits and flowers, where, by the moderation of his meals, he improved his relish for the true enjoyment of them. In the evening, however, he called for his friend, to inquire whether he would return to the hive ; but found him surfeited²⁷ in sweets which he was as unable to leave as to enjoy. Clogged in his wings, enfeebled in his legs, and his whole frame ener'vated, he was but just able to bid his friend adieu,²⁸ and to lament, with his latest breath, that, though a taste of pleasure may quicken the relish of life, an unrestrained indulgence is inevitable destruction.

7.—THE PARTIAL JUDGE.

A farmer came to a neighboring⁹⁹ lawyer, expressing great concern for an accident which, he said, had just happened. "One of your oxen," continued he, "has been gored by an unlucky bull of mine; and I should be glad to know how I am to make you reparation."—"Thou art a very honest fellow," replied the lawyer, "and wilt not think it unreasonable that I expect one of thy oxen in return."—"It is no more than justice," quoth the farmer, "to be sure. But, what did I say?—I mistake. It is your bull that has killed one of my oxen."—"Indeed!" says the lawyer; "that alters the case: I must inquire into the affair; and if——"—"And IF!" said the farmer—"the business, I find, would have been concluded without an IF, had you been as ready to do justice to others as to exact it from them."

8.—THE COURT OF DEATH.

Death, the king of terrors, was determined to choose a prime minister;¹⁰⁰ and his pale courtiers, the ghastly¹⁰¹ train of diseases, were all summoned to attend, when each preferred his claim to the honor of this illustrious office. Fever urged the numbers he destroyed; cold Palsy set forth his pretensions by shaking all his limbs; and Dropsy, by his swelled, unwieldy carcass; Gout hobbled up, and alleged his great power in racking every joint;¹⁰² and Asthma's¹⁰³ inability to speak was a strong though silent argument in favor of his claim. Stone¹⁰⁴ and Colic pleaded their violence; Plague his rapid progress in destruction; and Consumption, though slow, insisted that he was sure.

In the midst of this contention, the court was disturbed by the noise of music, dancing, feasting and revelry; when immediately entered a lady, with a confident air, and a flushed countenance, attended by a troop of cooks and bacchanals:¹⁰⁵ her name was INTemperance.¹⁰⁶ She waved her hand, and thus addressed the crowd of diseases: "Give way, ye sickly band of pretenders, nor dare to vie with my superior merits in the service of this great monarch. Am not I your parent? Do ye not derive the power of shortening human life almost wholly from me? Who, then, so fit as myself for this important office?" The grisly monarch grinned a smile of approbation, placed her at his right hand, and she immediately became his principal favorite and prime minister.

9.—DISHONESTY PUNISHED.

An usurer,¹⁰⁷ having lost a hundred dollars in a bag, promised a reward of ten dollars to the person who should restore it. The

finder brought it to him, and demanded the reward. The usurer loath to give the reward, now that he had the bag, alleged, as soon as the bag was opened, that it contained, when he lost it, a hundred and ten dollars. Being called before the judge, he unwarily acknowledged that the seal was broken open in his own presence, and that the amount in the bag was but a hundred dollars.

"You say," said the judge, "that the bag you lost had a hundred and ten dollars in it?"—"Yes, sir."—"Then," replied the judge, "this cannot be your bag, as it contained but a hundred dollars; therefore the plaintiff²² must keep it till the true owner appears; and you must look for your bag where you can find it."

XIV. — ADORATION AMID NATURAL SCENES.

1. THE turf shall be my fragrant shrine;²³
My temple, Lord! that arch of thine;
My censor's breath the mountain airs,
And silent²⁴ thoughts my only prayers.
2. My choir²⁵ shall be the moonlit waves,
When murmuring homeward to their caves,
Or when the stillness of the sea,
Even more than music, breathes of Thee.
3. I'll seek by day some glade unknown,
All light and silence, like thy throne!
And the pale stars shall be at night
The only eyes that watch my rite.²⁶
4. Thy heaven,²⁷ on which 't is bliss to look,
Shall be my pure and shining book,
Where I shall read, in words of flame,
The glories of thy wondrous name.
5. I'll read thy anger in the rack²⁸
That clouds a while the day-beam's track;
Thy mercy in the azure hue
Of sunny brightness breaking through!
6. There 's nothing bright, above, below,
From flowers that bloom to stars that glow
But in its light my soul can see
Some feature²⁹ of the Deity.
7. There 's nothing dark, below, above,
But in its gloom I trace thy love,
And meekly wait that moment when
Thy touch shall turn all bright again.³⁰

XV. — THE SPARTAN BOY.*

1. WHEN I the memory repeat of the heroic actions great, which, in contempt of pain and death, were done by men who drew²⁸ their breath in ages past, I find no deed that can in fortitude²⁹ exceed the noble boy, in Sparta³⁰ bred, who in the temple ministered.

2. By the sacrifice he stands, the lighted incense in his hands; through the smoking censer's lid dropped a burning coal which^{30a} slid into his sleeve, and passèd in between the folds, e'en to the skin.

3. Dire was the pain which then he proved, but not for this his sleeve he moved, or would the scorching ember shake out from the folds, lest it should make any confusion, or excite disturbance at the sacred rite;³¹ but close he kept the burning coal, till it eat itself a hole in his flesh. The standers-by saw no sign, and heard no cry. All this he did in noble scorn, and for he was a Spartan born.

4. Young student³² who this story readeest, and with the same thy thoughts now feedest, thy weaker nerves might thee forbid to do the thing the Spartan did; thy feebler heart could not sustain such dire extremity of pain. But in this story thou mayest see what may useful prove to thee. By this example thou wilt find, that to the ingenuous mind shame can greater anguish bring than the body's suffering; that pain is not the worst of ills, — not when it the body kills; that in fair religion's cause, for thy country, or the laws, when occasion dire shall offer, 't is reproachful not to suffer.

MISS LAMB.

XVI. — PRACTICAL JOKES.

1. THE youth who resorts for amusement to hazardous practical jokes must be poorly off in resources of mirth. The most deplorable results have often followed the indulgence³³ of this foolish propensity. Children have been seriously injured³⁴ for life, and sometimes killed, by attempts to frighten them by means of masks, white sheets, and other contrivances. A boy

This poem is printed as prose, that the pupil may exercise his own ear for harmony in supplying the metrical divisions. Let him first acquaint himself with what is said in paragraphs 156, 31 and 164, in respect to inversion, the disarcasis, the suspension of the voice at the end of lines, &c.

once told his little sister, in sport, that the rag-man was coming to carry her off. Afterwards, when the rag-man really came, the child was so terrified that she sickened and died in consequence.

2. An instance is related by Allston²¹ of a collegian who undertook to frighten his fellow-student²² by appearing at midnight, dressed in white, in his sleeping-room. The victim of this stupid jest, roused from sleep, and seeing the white figure in his room, took a pistol from beneath his pillow,²³ and threatened to fire. The figure did not move. The student fired, but, as the charge made no impression, he was so overcome with horror that he fell back a hopeless maniac. The practical joker had extracted the balls from the pistol before venturing upon his heartless experiment.

3. What numberless accidents have resulted from the levelling of fire-arms at persons, by practical jokers, young and old ! The youth who, forewarned of the danger, still resorts to this practice, and who, to annoy or terrify another, aims at him a gun or pistol, should be treated as little better than one who wants but opportunity to become a murderer. It is not merely levity, but wickedness," to court such risks.

4. "There are many good-natured fellows," says the author of *Lacon*,²⁴ "who have paid the forfeit²⁵ of their lives to their love of bantering²⁶ and raillery. No doubt they have had much diversion, but they have purchased it too dear. Although their wit and their brilliancy may have been often extolled, yet it has at last been extinguished forever, and by a foe, perhaps, who had neither the one nor the other, but who found it easier to point a sword than a repartee.

5. "I have heard of a man, in the province of Bengal,²⁷ who had been a long time very successful in hunting the tiger ; his skill gained him great éclat,²⁸ and had insured him much diversion ; at length he narrowly escaped with his life. He then relinquished the sport, with this observation : 'Tiger-hunting is very fine amusement, so long as we hunt the tiger ; but it is rather awkward when the tiger takes it into his head to hunt us.'

6. "Again ;²⁹ this skill in small wit, like skill in small arms, is very apt to beget a confidence which may prove fatal³⁰ in the end. We may either mistake the proper moment (for even cowards have their fighting days), or we may mistake the proper man. A certain Savoyard³¹ got his livelihood by exhibiting a monkey and a bear. He gained so much applause from his tricks with the monkey, that he was encouraged to practise some of them upon the bear ; he was dreadfully lacerated, and, on being rescued with great difficulty from the gripe of Bruin,³² he exclaimed, 'What a fool was I not to distinguish between a

monkey and a bear! A bear, my friends, is a very grave kind of a personage, and, as you plainly see, does not understand a joke!"

7. The fate of Gonello, the jester, is memorable in the history of practical jokes. He was the son of a glover in Florence,^m and born between the years 1390 and 1400. Having been received into the service of Nic'olo the Third, Marquis of Ferrara,ⁿ as a buffoon or jester, he became a great favorite. But at last the marquis falling ill of a quartanⁿ ague, the court physician recommended that his excellency should be suddenly submerged in cold water, without warning or preparation.

8. Poor Gonello generously undertook to carry out the prescription; and, one day, as the marquis was strolling along the bank of a river, Gonello ran up, and pushed him suddenly into the water. On being pulled out, the marquis was so enraged that he would listen to no explanation of the jester's conduct. Gonello fled from the city to Padua;ⁿ and the marquis issued an edict against him, proclaiming sentence of death "should he again set foot on Ferrara ground."

9. As Gonello soon heard, however, that the marquis (thanks to his ducking) was fast recovering his health and good humor,ⁿ and as it was not a practical joke, but an act of humanity, that the jester had intended, he determined, in spite of the edict, to return to Ferrara. But, that he might go as much in character as possible, keeping within the letter of the law at the same time, he procured a cart filled with earth from Padua, and, standing upon it, entered Ferrara, protesting that the edict could not apply to him, as it was on "Ferrara ground" only that he was liable to be arrested, whereas he could prove that he stood on Paduan soil.

10. This special^m pleading did not, however, avail. He was hurried off to prison; the last rites^m of religion were administered to him; and the next day he was brought forth, in the presence of an immense assemblage, to the scaffold. Poor fellow! He thought it a very hard case that such a tragedy should succeed so much mirth as he had been the means of dispensing. Commending his soul to Heaven,ⁿ he forgave all his enemies, laid his head upon the block, and told the executioner to do his work quickly.

11. With a grin upon his countenance, that functionary approached, made a flourish with his axe, and then dexterously slipping it out of sight, seized a pail of water, and emptied it on the bare throat of the prisoner. The assembled crowd burst into shouts of exultation and joy. But why does Gonello remain motionless, with his head on the block? Is he attempt-

ing another joke, by feigning to be asleep? Alas! he is dead! Yes; the mortal life of the jester of Ferrara terminated there. He was the victim of a practical joke, but a crueller one than he had ever himself attempted. The marquis was overwhelmed with grief by the disastrous result, and paid every honor to the memory of the unfortunate Gonello.

XVII. — CONTRASTED SOLILOQUIES.

1. "ALAS!" exclaimed a silver-headed sage, "how narrow is the utmost extent of human science! — how circumscribed the sphere of intellectual exertion! I have spent my life in acquiring knowledge; but how little do I know! The further I attempt to penetrate the secrets of nature, the more I am bewildered and benighted. Beyond a certain limit, all is but confusion or conjecture; so that the advantage of the learned over the ignorant consists greatly in having ascertained how little is to be known.

2. "It is true that I can measure the sun, and compute the distances of the planets; I can calculate their periodical movements, and even ascertain the laws by which they perform their sublime revolutions; but, with regard to their construction, and the beings which inhabit them, what do I know more than the clown?

3. "Delighting to examine the economy of nature in our own world, I have analyzed the elements, and have given names to their component parts. And yet, should I not be as much at a loss to explain the burning of fire, or to account for the liquid quality of water, as the vulgar, who use and enjoy them without thought or examination?

4. "I remark that all bodies, unsupported, fall to the ground; and I am taught to account for this by the law of gravitation.^m But what have I gained here more than a term? Does it convey to my mind any idea of the nature of that mysterious and invisible chain, which draws all things to a common centre? I observe the effect, I give a name to the cause; but can I explain or comprehend it?

5. "Pursuing the track of the naturalist,ⁿ I have learned to distinguish the animal, vegetable and mineral kingdoms, and to divide these into their distinct tribes and families; but can I tell, after all this toil, whence a single blade of grass derives its vitality? Could the most minute researches enable me to discover the exquisite pencil that paints and fringes the flower of the field? Have I ever detected the secret that gives their brilliant dye to the rubyⁿ and the emerald,ⁿ or the art that enamels the delicate shell?

6. "I observe the sagacity of animals; I call it instinct, and speculate upon its various degrees of approximation to the reason of man. But, after all, I know as little of the cogitations of the brute as he does of mine. When I see a flight of birds overhead, performing their evolutions, or steering their course to some distant settlement, their signals and cries are as unintelligible to me as are the learned languages to the unlettered rustic; I understand as little of their policy and laws, as they do of Blackstone's^m Commentaries.

7. "But, leaving the material creation, my thoughts have often ascended to loftier subjects, and indulged in metaphysical^m speculation. And here, while I easily perceive in myself the two distinct qualities of matter and mind, I am baffled in every attempt to comprehend their mutual dependence and mysterious connection. When my hand moves in obedience to my will, have I the most distant conception of the manner in which the volition^m is either communicated or understood? Thus, in the exercise of one of the most simple and ordinary actions, I am perplexed and confounded if I attempt to account for it.

8. "Again, how many years of my life were devoted to the acquisition of those languages by the means of which I might explore the records of remote ages, and become familiar with the learning and literature of other times! And what have I gathered from these, but the mortifying fact that man has ever been struggling with his own impotence, and vainly endeavoring to overleap the bounds which limit his anxious inquiries?

9. "Alas! then, what have I gained by my laborious researches, but a humbling conviction of my weakness and ignorance? How little has man, at his best estate, of which to boast! What folly in him to glory in his contracted powers, or to value himself upon his imperfect acquisitions!"

10. "Well," exclaimed a young lady, just returned from school, "my education is at last finished!—indeed, it would be strange if, after five years"⁴¹ hard application, anything were left incomplete. Happily, that is all over now; and I have nothing to do but to exercise my various accomplishments.

11. "Let me see!—As to French, I am mistress of that, and speak it, if possible, with more fluency than English. Italian I can read with ease, and pronounce very well; as well, at least, as any of my friends,—and that is all one need wish for in Italian. Music I have learned till I am perfectly sick of it. But, now that we have a grand piano, it will be delightful to play when we have company; I must still continue to practise a

little; — the only thing, I think, that I need now improve myself in. And then there are my Italian songs! which everybody allows I sing with taste; and, as it is what so few people can pretend to, I am particularly glad that I can.

12. "My drawings are universally admired, — especially the shells and flowers, which are beautiful certainly: besides this, I have a decided taste in all kinds of fancy ornaments. And then my dancing and waltzing, in which our master himself owned that he could take me no further; — just the figure for it, certainly! it would be unpardonable if I did not excel.

13. "As to *common* things, — geography, and history, and poetry, and philosophy, — thank my stars, I have got through them all! so that I may consider myself not only perfectly accomplished, but also thoroughly well informed. — Well, to be sure, how much I have fagged through! — the only wonder is, that one head can contain it all!"

JANE TAYLOR.

XVIII. — THE POOR EXILE.

1. MAY Heaven guide the poor exile!¹ He goes wandering over the earth. I have passed through various countries; their inhabitants have seen me, and I have seen them; but we have not known each other. The exile is everywhere alone! When at the decline of day I saw the smoke of some cottage rise from the bosom of a valley, I said, "Happy is he who returns at evening to his fireside, and seats himself among those he loves!" The exile is everywhere alone!

2. Whence come those clouds driven by the storm? It drives me along like them. But what matters it? The exile is everywhere alone! Those trees are noble, those flowers are beautiful; but they are not the flowers nor the trees of my country; to me they say nothing. The exile is everywhere alone! That stream flows gently over the meadow, but its murmur is not that which my childhood heard. To me it recalls no remembrances. The exile is everywhere alone!

3. Those songs are sweet; but the sorrows and the joys which they awake are not my sorrows nor my joys. The exile is everywhere alone! I have been asked, "Why weepest thou?" but when I have told, no one has wept; for no one understood me. The exile is everywhere alone! I have seen old men surrounded by children, as the olive by its branches; but none of those old men called me his son, none of those children called me his brother. The exile is everywhere alone.

4. I have seen young girls smile, with a smile as pure as the dawn, on him they had chosen for a husband; but not one smiled on me. The exile is everywhere alone! I have seen young men heart to heart, embrace each other, as if they wished to have only one existence; but not one pressed my hand. The exile is everywhere alone! There are friends, wives, fathers, brothers, only in one's own country. The exile is everywhere alone!

5. Poor exile! cease to lament. Every one is banished like thyself; every one beholds father, mother, wife, friend, pass away and vanish. Our country is not here below; man seeks for it here in vain; that which he mistakes for it is only a resting-place for a night. Heaven guide the poor exile! He goes wandering over the earth.

LAMENNAIS

XIX. — THE SEASONS.

1. WHEN Spring comes with suns and showers,
What gives beauty to the bowers?
Buds and flowers.
2. When the glowing Summer's born,
What pours¹⁵⁶ Nature from her horn?
Hay and corn
3. When mild suns in Autumn shine,
Then, O Earth, what gifts are thine?
Fruit and wine
4. When gray Winter comes, what glow
Makes the round earth sparkle so?
Ice and snow.
5. Hay and corn and buds and flowers,
Snow and ice and fruit and wine;
Spring and Summer, Fall and Winter,
With their suns and sleets and showers,
Bring in turn these gifts divine.
6. Spring blows, Summer glows,
Autumn reaps, Winter keeps.
Spring prepares, Summer provides,
Autumn hoards, Winter hides.
7. Come, then, friends, their praises sound;
Spring and Summer, Autumn, Winter,
Summer, Autumn, Winter, Spring,
As they run their yearly round,
Each in turn with gladness sing!
Time drops blessings as he flies,
Time makes ripe, and Time makes wise.

SCHOTTEL.

XX. — THOUGHT AND DEED.

1. FULL many a light thought man may cherish,
Full many an idle deed may do ;
Yet not a deed or thought shall perish,
Not one but he shall bless or rue.
2. When by the wind the tree is shaken,²¹
There's not a bough or leaf can fall,
But of its falling heed is taken
By One that sees and governs all.
3. The tree may fall and be forgotten,
And buried in the earth remain ;
Yet from its juices rank and rotten
Springs vegetating life again.
4. The world is with creation teeming,
And nothing ever wholly dies ;
And things that are destroyed in seeming
In other shapes and forms arise.
5. And nature still unfolds the tissue
Of unseen works by spirit wrought ;
And not a work but hath its issue
With blessing or with evil fraught.
6. And thou mayst seem to leave behind thee
All memory of the sinful past ;
Yet, O ! be sure thy sin shall find thee,
And thou shalt know its fruit at last

XXI. — THOUGHTS TO DWELL ON.

1. — LIFE.

THE mere lapse of years is not life. To eat, and drink, and sleep ; to be exposed to darkness and the light ; to pace around the mill of habit and turn the wheel¹⁰³ of wealth ; to make reason our book-keeper, and turn thought into an implement of trade,¹³¹ — this is not life. In all this, but a poor fraction of the consciousness of humanity is awakened ; and the sanctities still slumber which make it most worth while to be.

Knowledge, truth, love, beauty, goodness, faith, alone give vitality to the mechanism⁹⁷ of existence. The laugh of mirth which vibrates through the heart ; the tears which freshen⁹¹ the dry wastes within ; the music which brings childhood back ; the

prayer that calls the future near; the doubt which makes us meditate; the death which startles us with mystery; the hardships that force us to struggle; the anxiety that ends in trust, — these are the true nourishments²¹ of our natural being.

2. — ENDURING INFLUENCE OF HUMAN ACTIONS.

We see not in life the end of human actions. The influence never dies. In ever widening circle it reaches beyond the grave. Death removes us from this to an eternal world; time determines what shall be our condition in that world. Every morning, when we go forth, we lay the moulding hand on our destiny; and every evening, when we have done, we have left a deathless impression upon our character. We touch not a wire but vibrates in eternity — a voice but reports at the Throne of God. Let youth especially think of these things; and let every one remember that in this world character is in its formation-state — it is a serious thing to think, to speak, to act.

3. — Now.

"Now" is the constant syllable ticking from the clock of time. "Now" is the watch-word of the wise. "Now" is on the banner of the prudent. Let us keep this little word always in our mind; and, whenever anything presents itself to us in the shape of work, whether mental or physical, let us do it with all our might, remembering that "Now" is the only time for us. It is indeed a sorry way to get through the world by putting off a duty till to-morrow, saying, "Then I will do it." No! this will never answer. "Now" is ours; "then" may never be.

4. — FIDELITY IN LITTLE THINGS.

Great virtues²² are rare; the occasions for them are very rare: and, when they do occur, we are prepared for them; we are excited by the grandeur of the sacrifice; we are supported either by the splendor of the deed in the eyes of the world, or by the self-complacency that we experience from the performance of an uncommon action. Little things are unforeseen; they return every moment, they come in contact with our pride, our indolence,²³ our haughtiness, our readiness to take offence; they contradict our inclinations perpetually. It is, however, only by fidelity in little things that a true and constant love to God can be distinguished from a passing fervor of spirit.

5. — IMPERCEPTIBLE FORMATION OF HABITS.

Like flakes of snow that fall unperceived upon the earth, the seemingly unimportant events of life succeed one another. As

the snow gathers together, so are our habits formed; no single flake that is added to the pile produces a sensible change; no single action creates,¹²¹ however it may exhibit,¹²⁴ a man's character; but, as the tempest hurls the avalanche¹²¹ down the mountain, and overwhelms¹²⁴ the inhabitant¹²⁰ and his habitation, so passion, acting upon the elements of mischief, which pernicious habits have brought together by imperceptible accumulation may overthrow the edifice of truth and virtue.

6. — KINDNESS ITS OWN REWARD.

Good and friendly conduct may meet with an unworthy, with an ungrateful return, but the absence of gratitude¹²⁵ on the part of the receiver cannot destroy the self-approbation which recompenses the giver. And we may scatter the seeds of courtesy and kindness around us at so little expense! Some of them will inevitably fall on good ground, and grow up into benevolence in the mind of others, and all of them will bear fruit of happiness in the bosom whence they spring. Once blest are all the virtues always; twice blest sometimes.

XXII. — THE BOASTFUL SCHOLAR.

1. PROFESSOR PORSON, who was a very learned¹²¹ man, of some what odd character and appearance, was once travelling in a stage-coach, along with several persons who did not know who he was. A young student,¹²⁰ from Oxford,¹²¹ amused the ladies with a variety of talk, and, amongst other things, with a quotation, as he said, from Soph'oclēs.¹²¹ A Greek quotation, and in a coach too, roused the slumbering professor from a kind of dog-sleep in a snug corner of the vehicle.

2. Shaking his ears, and rubbing his eyes, "I think, young gentleman," said he, "you favored us just now with a quotation from Sophocles; I do not happen to recollect it there." "O, sir," replied our tyro,¹²¹ "the quotation is word for word as I have repeated it, and in Sophocles, too; but I suspect, sir, that it is some time since you were at college."

3. The professor, applying his hand to his great-côat, and taking out a small pocket edition of Sophocles, quietly asked him if he would be kind enough to show him the passage in question in that little book. After rummaging the leaves for some time, the youth replied, "Upon second thoughts, I now recollect that the passage is in Eurip'idēs."¹²¹ "Then, perhaps, sir," said the professor, putting his hand again into his pocket, and handing

him a similar edition of Euripides, "you will be so good as to find it for me in that little book."

4. The young Oxonian^m returned again to his task, but with no better success. The tittering of the ladies informed him that he had got into a dilemma^m. At last, "Bless me, sir," said he, "how dull I am! I recollect now; yes, yes, I perfectly remember that the passage is in *Æschylus*." The inexorable professor returned again to his inexhaustible pocket, and was in the act of handing him an *Æschylus*, when our astonished student vociferated, "Stop the coach!—holloa, coachman! let me out, I say, instantly,—let me out! There's a fellow here has got the whole Bodleian^m library^m in his pocket."

XXIII. — LEARNING TO WRITE.

1. The winter I was nine years old, I made another advance toward^m the top of the ladder, in the circumstance of learning to write. I desired and pleaded to commence the chirographical^m art the summer, and, indeed, the winter before; for others of my own age were at it thus early. But my father said that my fingers were hardly stout enough to manage a quill from his geese; but that, if I would put up with the quill of a hen, I might try. This pithy satire put an end to my teasing.

2. Having previously had the promise of writing this winter, I had made all the necessary preparations days before school was to begin. I had bought me a new birch ruler, and had given a third of my wealth—four cents—for it. To this I had appended, by a well-twisted flaxen string, a plummet of my own running, whittling, and scraping. I had hunted up an old pewter inkstand, which had come down from the ancestral eminence of my great grandfather, for aught I knew; and it bore many marks of a speedier and less honorable descent, to wit, from table or desk to the floor.

3. I had succeeded in becoming the owner of a penknife;—not that it was likely to be applied to its appropriate use, that winter, at least; for such beginners generally used the instrument to mar that kind of *pens* they wrote *in*, rather than to make or mend those they wrote *with*. I had selected one of the fairest quills out of an enormous bunch. Half a quire of foolscap^m had been folded into the shape of a writing-book by the maternal hand, and covered with brown paper nearly as thick as a sheepskin.

4. Behold me now, on the first Monday^m in December,^m start-

ing for school with my new and clean writing-book buttoned under my jacket, my inkstand in my pocket, a bundle of necessary books in one hand, and in the other my ruler and swinging plummet, which I flourished in the air and around my head, till the sharpened lead made its first mark on my own face. My long, white-feathered goose-quill was twisted into my hat-band, like a plummy badge of the distinction to which I had arrived, and of the important enterprise before me.

5. On arriving at the school-house I took a seat higher up and more honorable than the one I occupied the winter before. At the proper time, my writing-book, which with my quill I had handed to the master on entering, was returned to me, with a copy set, and paper ruled and pen made. My copy was a single straight mark at the first corner of my sheet of paper. "A straight mark! who could not make so simple a thing as that?" thought I. I waited, however, to see how the boy next to me, a beginner also, should succeed, as he had got ready a moment¹ before me.

6. Never shall I forget the first chirographical² exploit of this youth. That inky image will never fade from my memory, so long as a single trace of early experience is left on its tablet. The fact is, it was an epoch³ in my life: something great was to be done, and my attention was intensely awake to whatever had a bearing on this new³ and important trial of my powers. I looked to see a mark as straight as a ruler, having its four corners as distinctly defined as the angles of a parallelogram.⁴

7. But, O me! what a spectacle! What a shocking contrast to my anticipation! That mark had as many crooks as a ribbon in the wind, and nearer eight angles than four; and its two sides were nearly as rough and as notched as a fine handsaw; and, indeed, the mark somewhat resembled it in width, for the fellow⁵ had laid in a store of ink sufficient to last the journey of the whole line. "Shame on him!" said I, internally. "I can beat that, I know."

8. I began by setting my pen firmly on the paper, and I brought a mark half-way down with rectilinear⁶ precision. But by this time my head began to swim, and my hand to tremble. I was, as it were, in vacancy, far below the upper ruling, and as far above the lower. My self-possession failed; my pen diverged to the right, then to the left, crooking all the remainder of its way, with as many zig-zags as could well be in so short a distance. Mine was as sad a failure as my neighbor's. I covered it over with my fingers, and did not jog him with a "see there," as I had vainly anticipated.

9. So much for pains-taking,—now for chance. By good luck

the next effort was quite successful. I now dashed on, for better or worse, till in one half-hour I had covered the whole page. In the afternoon a similar copy was set, and I dashed on again, as if I had taken so much writing by the job, and my only object was to save time. Now and then there was quite a reputable mark; but, alas for him whose perception of the beautiful was particularly delicate, should he get a glimpse of these sloughs⁸⁸ of ink!

10. The third morning, my copy was the first⁸⁹ element of the *m* and *n*, or what in burlesque is called a hook. On the fourth, I had the last half of the same letters, or the trammel; and indeed they were the similitudes⁹⁰ of hooks and trammels, forged in a country plenteous in iron, and by the youngest apprentice at the hammer and anvil. In this way I went through all the small letters, as they are called. Then I must learn to make the capitals, before entering on joining hand. Capital letters!⁹¹ They were capital offences against all that is graceful, indeed decent, yea⁹² tolerable, in that art which is so capable of beautiful forms and proportions.

11. I came next to joining hand, about three weeks after my commencement; and joining hand indeed it was! It seemed as if my hooks and trammels were overheated in the forge, and were melted into one another; the shapeless masses so clung together at points where they ought to have been separate,⁹³ and so very far were they from all resemblance to conjoined yet distinct and well-defined characters.

12. Thus I went on, a perfect little prodigal in the expenditure of paper, ink, pens and time. The first winter I splashed two, and the next three writing-books with inky puddle, in learning coarse hand; and, after all, I had gained not much in penmanship, except a workmanlike assurance and celerity of execution, such as is natural to an old hand at the business.

BURTON.

XXIV. — THE LIFE-BOAT.

1. QUICK! man the life-boat!⁹⁴ See yon bark,
That drives before the blast!
There's a rock a-head, the fog is dark,
And the storm comes thick and fast.
Can human power, in such an hour,
Avert the doom that's o'er her?
Her main'-mast is gone, but she still drives on
To the fatal reef⁹⁵ before her.
The life-boat! Man the life-boat!

2. Quick ! man the life-boat ! hark ! the gun
 Booms²¹ through the vapory air ;
 And see ! the signal flags are on,
 And speak the ship's despair.
 That forked³¹ flash, that pealing crash,
 Seemed from the wave to sweep her :
 She 's on the rock, with a terrible shock —
 And the wail comes louder and deeper.
 The life-boat ! Man the life-boat !
3. Quick ! man the life-boat ! See — the crew³²
 Gaze on their watery grave :
 Already, some, a gallant few,
 Are battling with the wave ;
 And one there stands, and wrings his hands,
 As thoughts of home come o'er him ;
 For his wife and child, through the tempest wild,
 He sees on the heights before him.
 The life-boat ! Man the life-boat !
4. Speed, speed the life-boat ! Off she goes !
 And, as they pulled the oar,
 From shore and ship a cheer arose
 That startled ship and shore.
 Life-saving ark ! yon fated bark
 Has human lives within her ;
 And dearer than gold is the wealth untold
 Thou 'lt save if thou canst win her.
 On, life-boat ! Speed thee, life-boat !
5. Hurra ! the life-boat dashes on,
 Though darkly the reef may frown ;
 The rock is there — the ship is gone
 Full twenty fathoms down.
 But, cheered by hope, the seamen cope
 With the billows single-handed :
 They are³³ all in the boat ! — hurra ! they 're afloat ! —
 And now they are safely landed,
 By the life-boat ! Cheer the life-boat !

XXV. — THE SNOW OF WINTER.

1. WHAT can surpass, in festal³⁰ magnificence, a clear winter morning, when all things are firm with the cold ? The early sunbeams play upon the glittering frost. The crystal icicles, like pendulous³⁴ diamonds, adorn every branch. Hills, valleys³⁴ and plains, are robed in a pure attire of snow, upon the delicate and

icy points of which¹⁰⁸ the hues of the rainbow seem dancing. The once variegated¹⁰⁹ and wide-spreading landscape is transformed, by its white and dazzling mantle, into a scene simple and uniform as some exquisite marble statue. What profound stillness far and near! What a hush in the forest, as if the very winds were frozen!

2. And yet it is not the universal stillness which broods over the snow-clad plains, not the icy jewels which adorn both twig and branch, not the mirror-like surface of the ice on river and lake, which are worthy of our admiring wonder; but the creative power of the Father of the universe, and the plenitude¹¹⁰ of His divine goodness. Thus did David contemplate¹¹¹ the wonders of nature. Ever did his adoring soul ascend from the incomprehensible grandeur of creation, to the Omnipotent Creator. "Great is the Lord," he sang, "and great is His power; yea,"¹¹² and His wisdom is infinite." "He giveth snow like wool, and scattereth the hoar frost like ashes." "He casteth His ice like morsels: who is able to abide His frost?"

3. Yes, great is He, and incomprehensible, as He governs!¹¹³ But how few are they who are sensible of the greatness and mysterious wonder displayed in the benevolent¹¹⁴ appearances of nature! And yet, each single snow-flake, as it floats down from its cloud, is a subject for wonder, and proclaims He is great, and incomprehensible, as He governs! How do these mighty masses of delicately frozen water originate in the chambers of the heavens?¹¹⁵ Who holds these weighty volumes of snow, under which the branches of the trees are broken, and many huts are hidden¹¹⁶ from sight; volumes which in the aggregate weigh many thousand tons, yet which float with feathery lightness, long invisible, in the expanse of the heavens, in order that they may not sink to earth till the proper time, and then so softly as to be rendered harmless, and which give a nourishing warmth to the seeds of the fields, the food of the ensuing year for man and beast?

4. If we examine with minuteness the falling snow, we will observe, particularly if the air be calm, that each flake consists of a number of exceedingly delicate particles of ice, which are united together with wonderful regularity. Thus they usually form little, six-cornered, and finely-united stars, the half-transparent crystals of which are exquisitely pointed. Now they resemble fur with its regularly shooting points; now they assume the form of feathers; and now they may be likened unto fibrous flowers, as if of braid and moss. So extremely delicate are these heavenly images, that the gentlest breeze severs them, and gives them another form.

5. With whatever penetration man may contemplate, and with whatever ingenuity he may endeavor to account for the origin, in the heights of the atmosphere,⁴¹ of these myriads of starry crystals of inimitable beauty and wondrous shape, there must ever remain to the inquirer an unanswerable *how*? ZSCHOKKE.

XXVI. — THE TWO ROADS.

1. It was New Year's night. An aged man was standing at a window.⁴² He mournfully raised his eyes towards⁴³ the deep blue sky, where the stars were floating like white lilies on the surface of a clear calm lake. Then he cast them on the earth, where⁴⁴ few more helpless beings than himself were moving towards their inevitable goal—the tomb.⁴⁵ Already he had passed sixty of the stages which lead to it, and he had brought from his journey nothing but errors and remorse. His health was destroyed, his mind unfurnished, his heart sorrowful, and his old age devoid of comfort.

2. The days of his youth rose up in a vision before him, and he recalled the solemn⁴⁶ moment⁴⁷ when his father had placed him at the entrance of two roads, one leading into a peaceful, sunny land, covered with a fertile harvest, and resounding with soft, sweet songs; while the other conducted the wanderer into a deep, dark cave, whence there was no issue,⁴⁸ where poison flowed instead of water, and where serpents hissed and crawled.

3. He looked towards the sky, and cried out, in his anguish: — “O, youth, return! O, my father, place me once more at the crossway of life, that I may choose the better road!” But the days of his youth had passed away, and his parents were with the departed. He saw wandering lights float over dark marshes, and then disappear. “Such,” he said, “were the days of my wasted life!” He saw a star⁴⁹ shoot from Heaven, and vanish in darkness athwart the church-yard. “Behold an emblem of myself!” he exclaimed; and the sharp arrows of unavailing remorse struck him to the heart.

4. Then he remembered his early companions, who had entered life with him, but who, having trod the paths⁵⁰ of virtue and industry, were now happy and honored on this New Year's night. The clock in the high church-tower struck, and the sound, falling on his ear, recalled the many tokens of the love of his parents for him, their erring son; the lessons they had taught him; the prayers they had offered up in his behalf. Overwhelmed with shame and grief, he dared no longer look towards

that Heaven where they dwelt. His darkened eyes dropped tears, and, with one despairing effort, he cried aloud, "Come back, my early days! Come back!"

5. And his youth *did* return; for all this had been but a dream, visiting his slumbers on New Year's night. He was still young; his errors only were no dream. He thanked God fervently that time was still his own; that he had not yet entered the deep, dark cavern, but that he was free to tread the road leading to the peaceful land where sunny harvests wave.

6. Ye who still linger on the threshold of life, doubting which path to choose, remember that when years shall be passed, and your feet shall stumble on the dark mountain,⁸⁸ you will cry bitterly, but cry in vain, "O, youth, return! O, give me back my early days!"

RICHTER.

XXVII. — THE PRESENT⁹¹ TIME.

1. Of Memory many a poet sings;
And Hope hath oft inspired the rhyme;
But who the charm of music brings
To celebrate the present⁹² time?
2. Let the past guide, the future cheer,
While youth and health are in their prime
But, O, be still thy greatest care
That awful⁹³ point — the present time!
3. Fulfil the duties⁹⁴ of the day —
The next may hear thy funeral-chime;
So shalt thou wing thy glorious way,
Where all shall be the present time.

XXVIII. — THE BLIND STREET-FIDDLER.

1. An Orpheus!⁹⁵ an Orpheus! — he works on the crowd,
He sways them with harmony merry and loud;
He fills with his power all their hearts to the brim —
Was aught ever heard like his fiddle and him?
2. What an eager assembly! what an empire is this!
The weary have life, and the hungry have bliss;
The mourner is cheered, and the anxious have rest,
And the guilt-burthened soul is no longer opprest.
3. That errand-bound 'prentice⁹⁶ was passing in haste —
What matter? he's caught — and his time runs to waste.

The newsman³³ is stopped, though he stops on the fret,
And the half-breathless lamplighter — he's in the net!

4. The porter sits down on the weight which he bore;
The lass with her barrow wheels¹⁰³ hither her store; —
If a thief could be here, he might pilfer at ease; —
She sees the musician, 't is all that she sees!
5. He stands backed by the wall; — he abates not his din,
His hat gives him vigor, with boons²¹ dropping in,
From the old and the young, from the poorest, — and there
The one-pennied²¹ boy has his penny to spare.
6. O, blest are the hearers, and proud be the hand
Of the pleasure it spreads through so thankful a band;
I am glad for him, blind as he is; — all the while
If they speak 't is to praise, and they praise with a smile.
7. That tall man, a giant in bulk and in height, —
Not an inch of his body is free from delight;
Can he keep himself still, if he would? O, not he!
The music stirs in him like wind through a tree.
8. Mark that cripple! — but little would tempt him to try
To dance to the strain and to fling his crutch by! —
That mother! whose spirit in fetters is bound
While she dandles the babe in her arms to the sound.
9. Now, coaches and chariots! roar on like a stream;
Here are twenty souls happy as souls in a dream;
They are deaf to your murmurs — they care not for you,
Nor what ye are flying, nor what ye pursue!

WORDSWORTH

XXIX. — GLADIATORIAL COMBAT WITH A TIGER.

1. INSIDE of the great amphitheatre²¹ of Alexandria,²¹ sixty thousand spectators were assembled; and an equal number surrounded the outside. The hum of voices, the uproar which proceeded from this immense assemblage, resembled the noise of the ocean in a storm. Indeed, the amphitheatre itself might be compared to a vessel, the hold of which has been invaded by the waves and filled to overflowing, while, outside, other waves are climbing its sides and dashing over its deck. A horrible roaring, responded to by the cries of the multitude,²¹ announced the arrival of a tiger who had just been let out of his cage.

2. At one of the extremities of the arena,²¹ a man lay couched half-naked upon the sand, and apparently asleep, so little interest did he seem to take in the affair which was vehe

mently agitating the crowd. This man, while the tiger, impatient to encounter his expected prey, rushed from side to side through the empty arena, leaned himself unconcernedly upon his elbow, his eyes languid and heavy, like those of a hay-maker, who, fatigued with toil on a warm summer-day, throws himself on the grass and is about falling asleep.

3. Meanwhile,⁶ from the crowded benches a number of eager spectators called upon the munerator, or intendant of the games, to bring forward the victim; for either the tiger had not discovered him, or had disdained to touch him, seeing him so resigned and passive. The officers of the arena, armed with long pikes, hastened to obey the will of the cruel and bloody-minded people, and with the sharpened ends of their weapons stirred up the gladiator.⁷

4. No sooner did he feel the puncture of their lances, than he rose with a cry so wild and terrible that the savage beasts, shut up in the cells of the vast amphitheatre, responded with a howl of affright. Snatching at one of the lances with which his skin had been pricked, he wrested it, by a single effort, from the hand which held it, broke it into two pieces, threw one at the intendant's head, prostrating him by the blow, and then, retaining the sharpened remainder of the lance, went, provided with this weapon, to meet his ferocious foe.

5. When the gladiator had first¹⁰¹ risen from the sand, and offered to the multitude the spectacle of the shadow cast by his colossal¹² stature, a murmur of astonishment⁹¹ ran through the crowd, and more than one voice, calling him by name, recounted anecdotes of his prowess in the circus and his exploits in moments of popular sedition. The multitude were well content: tiger and gladiator were worthy of each other.

6. In the mean time, the gladiator advanced with measured steps to the very centre of the arena, turning occasionally toward the imperial box, and letting fall his arms with a rude show of obeisance,²² or scooping with the point of his lance the earth which he was about to crimson with gore. As it was contrary to custom for criminals to be armed, several voices exclaimed: "No arms for the bestia'ry!"¹² The bestiary without arms!" But he, brandishing the fragment which he had retained, and exhibiting it to the multitude, exclaimed between his teeth, with pale lips, and a hoarse voice, almost stifled with rage, "Come and take it!"

7. The cries having redoubled, however, he haughtily raised his head, skimmed his glance over the whole assembly, smiled on them disdainfully, and then, breaking anew²³ between his hands the weapon he had been called upon to lay down, threw the rem-

nants at the head of the tiger, who was, at the moment, sharpening his teeth and claws against the so'cle²¹ of a column.²² Here was a defiance! The animal, feeling himself struck, turned his head, and, seeing his adversary standing in the middle of the arena, rushed with a single bound towards²³ him. But the gladiator avoided the assault by stooping nearly to a level with the earth; and the tiger, with a howl of rage, fell some paces distant from the mark at which he had aimed in his spring.

8. Rising to his feet, the gladiator, by the same manœuvre,²⁴ thrice baffled the fury of his savage enemy. At length the tiger approached him with slow, cautious, cat-like steps. The eyes of the beast glittered like flame; his tail was straight, his tongue already bloody, and he showed his teeth, and protruded his nose, as if to snuff his prey with the more certainty. But this time it was the gladiator who made a leap. At the moment the beast drew²⁵ near to seize him, he cleared him by a bound which called down the furious applauses of the spectators, already mastered by the emotions which this extraordinary struggle excited.

9. At length, after having for some time fatigued his ferocious foe, the gladiator, more wearied by the exclamations of the crowd than by the delays of a combat which had seemed so unequal at the outset, awaited with firm-set foot the approach of the tiger. The latter ran panting towards him, with a howl of satisfaction. A cry of horror, perhaps of joy also, escaped at the same time from the occupants of all the benches, as the animal, raising himself on his hind legs, placed his fore-paws²⁶ on the naked shoulders of the gladiator, and thrust forward his jaws to devour him. But the gladiator bent backward to protect his head, and seizing, with both his stiffened arms, the animal's silken neck, he squeezed it with such force, that the tiger, without letting go his hold, struggled violently to throw up his head, and let the air reach his lungs, the passage to which was closed, as if by a vice, by the gladiator's hands.

10. The gladiator, however, perceiving that with his loss of blood his strength was failing him, under the tenacious claws of his antagonist, now redoubled his efforts to hasten the termination of the contest; for, with its prolongation, his chances were diminishing every moment. Erecting himself on his feet, and bearing with all his weight on his enemy, whose legs bent under the pressure, he broke the ribs of the animal, and made the jammed chest give forth a gurgling sound, followed by an effusion of blood and foam from the tightened throat.

11. Then, all at once, half-raising himself, and disengaging his shoulders, a shred of flesh from which remained attached to one of the animal's claws, the victor placed a knee upon the

tiger's palpitating flank, and pressed upon him with a force which the prospect of victory redoubled. The gladiator felt the tiger struggle a moment under him; and, tightening his pressure, he saw the beast's muscles stiffen, and his head, one moment lifted, fall upon the sand, his jaws half-opened and covered with foam, his teeth locked, and his eyes extinct.

12. A general acclamation from the spectators ensued;⁹⁵ and the gladiator, whose triumph had reanimated his strength, rose to his feet, and, seizing the monstrous carcass, threw it far from him, as a trophy, beneath the imperial box.

ORIGINAL TRANSLATION FROM THE FRENCH

XXX. — THE GOVERNMENT⁹⁶ OF THE THOUGHTS.

1. LET us consider our thoughts as so much company, and inquire, which of them one would wish to exclude and send away, — which to let in and receive?¹²³ It is much easier to prevent disagreeable visitants from entering, than to get rid of them when they are entered. It will be a great matter, therefore,⁹⁸ to have a trusty porter at the gate, — to keep a good guard at the door by which bad thoughts come in, and to avoid those occasions which commonly excite them.

2. In the first place, then, it may be taken for granted, no one would choose to entertain guests that were peevish and discontented with everything. Their room is certainly much better than their company. They are uneasy in themselves, and will soon make the whole house so; like wasps, that not only are restless, but will cause universal uneasiness, and sting the family. Watch, therefore, against⁹⁷ all thoughts of this kind, which do but chafe and corrode the mind to no purpose. It is equally a Christian's interest and duty⁹⁹ to learn, in whatsoever state he is, therewith to be content.

3. There is another set of people, who are not the most comfortable companions in the world; such as are evermore anxious about what is to happen, — fearful of everything, and apprehensive of the worst. Open not the door to thoughts of this complexion; since, by giving way to tormenting fears and suspicions of some approaching danger, or troublesome event, you not only anticipate but double the evil you fear; and undergo much more from the apprehension of it before it comes, than from the whole weight of it when it is present. Are not all these events under the direction of a wise and gracious Providence?¹²⁶ Learn to trust God and be at peace. "In quietness and peace shall be your strength."

4. You esteem it a dreadful thing to be obliged to live with persons who are passionate and quarrelsome. You undoubtedly judge right; it is like living in a house that is on fire. Dismiss therefore, as soon as may be, all angry and wrathful thoughts. They canker the mind, and dispose it to the worst temper in the world,—that of fixed malice and revenge. Never ruminate upon past injuries and provocations. Anger may steal into the heart of a wise man, but rests only in the bosom of fools. The apostle's precept is, "let not the sun go down upon your wrath." The Pythagoreans,³⁸ a sect of heathen philosophers, are said to have practised it literally; who, if at any time in a passion they had broken out into abusive language, before sunset, gave each other their hands, and with them a discharge from all injuries, and so parted friends. Above all things, be sure to set a guard on the tongue, while the angry fit is upon you. In anger, as well as in a fever, it is good to have the tongue kept smooth and clean.

5. Whoever has been much conversant with the world, must have often met with silly, trifling,³⁹ and unreasonable people, who will talk forever about nothing. How far preferable is solitude⁴⁰ to such society! There are silly, trifling, and unreasonable thoughts, as well as persons; such are always about, and, if care be not taken, they will get into the mind we know not how, and seize and possess it before we are aware. There is little difference whether we spend the time in sleep, or in these waking dreams. They ought to be dismissed, because they keep out better company.

6. There is something particularly tiresome in your projectors and castle-builders, who will detain you for hours with relations of their probable and improbable schemes. One should never be at home to this sort of visitants.⁴¹ Give your porter, therefore, directions to be in a more special manner upon his guard against all wild and extravagant thoughts, all vain and fantastical imaginations. It is unknown how much time is wasted by many persons in these airy and chimerical⁴² schemes, while they neglect their duty to God and man, and even their own worldly interest; thus losing the substance by grasping at the shadow,⁴³ and dreaming themselves princes, till they awake beggars.

7. There is one sort of guests who are no strangers to the mind of man. These are gloomy and melancholy thoughts. There are times and seasons when, to some, everything appears dismal and disconsolate, though they know not why. A black cloud hangs hovering over their minds, which,⁴⁴ when it falls in showers through their eyes, is dispersed, and all is serene again. This is often purely mechanical, and owing either to some fault

in the bodily constitution,⁶⁶ or some accidental disorder in the animal frame. It comes on in a dark month, a thick sky, and an east wind. Constant employment and a cheerful friend are two excellent remedies. Certain,⁶⁷ however, it is, that, whatever means can be devised, they should instantly and incessantly be used to drive away such dreary and desponding imaginations.

8. It is needless to say that we should repel all impure thoughts; because, if we possess a fair character, and frequent⁶⁸ good company, it is to be hoped they will not have the assurance to knock at our door. Lastly — with abhorrence reject immediately all profane and blasphemous thoughts. When the body is disordered, the mind will be so too; and thoughts will arise in it of which no account can be given. But let those who are thus afflicted know, for their comfort, the bare thoughts will not be imputed to them for sins, while they do not cherish and encourage them, but, on the contrary, exert all their endeavors to expel and banish them; which, with prayers and help from above, will not fail of success in the end.

9. These, then, are the thoughts against which you should carefully guard: such as are peevish and discontented, anxious and fearful, passionate and quarrelsome, silly and trifling, vain and fantastical, gloomy and melancholy, impure, profane, and blasphemous. A formidable band! to whose importunity, more or less, every one is subject. Reason, aided by the grace of God, must watch diligently at the gate, either to bar their entrance, or drive them away forthwith when entered, not only as impertinent, but mischievous intruders, that will otherwise forever destroy the peace and quiet of the family.

10. The best method, after all, perhaps, is to contrive matters so as always to be preëngaged when they come; engaged with better company; and then there will be no room for them. For, other kinds of thoughts there are, to which, when they stand at the door and knock, the porter should open immediately; which you should let in and receive, retain and improve, to your soul's health and happiness.

11. The grand secret in this, as in many other cases, is employment. An empty house is everybody's property. All the vagrants about the country will take up their quarters in it. Always, therefore, have something to do, and you will always have something to think about. God has placed every person in some station; and every station has a set of duties belonging to it. Did we not forget⁶⁹ or neglect these, evil thoughts would sue⁷⁰ for admission in vain. Indeed, they would not come near our dwelling, any more than idle, vain, profligate people would think of visiting and teasing a man who labored constantly for his daily bread.

12. And let no one imagine, as too many are apt to do, that it is a matter of indifference what thoughts he entertains in his heart, since the reason of things concurs with the testimony of Scripture, to assure us that "the thought of foolishness," when allowed by us, "is itself sin." Therefore, in the excellent words of an excellent poet,

"Guard well thy thoughts — our thoughts are heard in heaven."

"Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the
of life."

HORNE (ABRIDGED) ..

XXXI. — SELECT PASSAGES IN VERSE.

1. — ULYSSES¹⁴ DOG. — *Anon.*

WHEN wise Ulysses,¹⁴ from his native coast
Long kept by wars, and long by tempests tost,
Arrived at last, poor, old, disguised, alone,¹⁵¹ —
To all his friends, and even his queen, unknown';
Changed as he was with age, and toils, and cares,
Furrowed his reverend face, and white¹⁰⁸ his hairs';
In his own palace forced to ask his bread',
Scorned by those slaves his former bounty fed',
Forgot of all his own domestic crew';
The faithful dog alone his master knew':
Unfed, unhoused, neglected, on the clay,
Like an old servant, now cashiered,¹⁴ he lay:
And, though even then expiring on the plain,
Touched with resentment⁹¹ of ungrateful man,
And longing to behold his ancient lord again, —
Him when he saw, he rose, and crawled to meet, —
'T was all he could, — and fawned, and licked his feet
Seized with dumb joy; then, falling by his side,
Owned his returning lord, looked up, and died.

2. — FEIGNED COURAGE. — *Miss Lamb.*

Horatio, of ideal courage vain,
Was flourishing in air his father's cane;
And, as the fumes of valor swelled his pate,
Now thought himself this hero, and now that;
"And now," he cried, "I will Achilles¹⁴ be;
My sword I brandish; see the Trojans flee!
Now I'll be Hector,¹⁴ when his angry blade
A lane through heaps of slaughtered Grecians made!
And now, by deeds still braver, I'll evince
I am no less than Edward¹⁴ the Black Prince.
Give way, ye coward French!" As thus he spoke,
And aimed in fancy a sufficient stroke

To fix the fate of Cressy or Poitiers²²
 (The Muse relates the hero's fate with tears¹²³),
 He struck his milk-white hand against a nail,
 Saw his own blood, and felt his courage fail.
 Ah! where¹²⁴ is now that boasted valor flown,
 That in the tented field so late was shown?
 Achilles weeps, great Hector hangs his head,
 And the Black Prince goes whimpering²⁴ to bed.

3. — BEAUTY. — *Gay.*

What is the blooming tincture of the skin
 To peace of mind and harmony²⁴ within?
 What the bright sparkling of the finest eye
 To the soft soothing of a calm reply?
 Can comeliness²¹ of form, or shape, or air,
 With comeliness of words or deeds compare?
 No! those¹¹⁸ at first the unwary heart may gain,
 But these, these only, can¹²⁶ the heart retain.

4. — THE PLEASURES OF MEMORY. — *Rogers.*

Hail, Memory, hail! In thy exhaustless mine,
 From age to age, unnumbered treasures shine!
 Thought, and her shadowy brood, thy call obey,
 And Place and Time are subject to thy sway!
 Thy pleasures most we feel when most alone, —
 The only pleasures we can call our own.
 Lighter than air, Hope's summer-visions die,
 If but a fleeting cloud obscure the sky;
 If but a beam of sober Reason play,
 Lo! Fancy's fairy frost-work melts away.
 But can the wiles of Art, the grasp of Power,
 Snatch the rich relics of a well-spent hour!
 These, when the trembling spirit wings her flight,
 Pour round her path a stream of living light,
 And gild those pure and perfect realms of rest,
 Where Virtue triumphs, and her sons are blessed.⁴⁸

5. — AMBITION. — *Byron.*

He who ascends to mountain-tops²⁷ shall find
 The loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds and snow:
 He who surpasses or subdues mankind
 Must look down on the hate of those below.
 Though high above the sun of glory glow,
 And far beneath the earth and ocean spread,
 Round him are icy rocks, and loudly blow
 Contending tempests¹⁰⁰ on his naked head;
 And thus reward the toils which to those summits led.

6. — DEFIANCE. — *Young.*

Torture⁸⁸ thou mayst, but thou shalt ne'er despise me
 The blood will follow where the knife is driven,
 The flesh will quiver where the pincers tear ;
 And sighs and cries by nature grow on pain :
 But these are foreign⁸⁹ to the soul : not mine
 The groans that issue,⁹⁰ or the tears that fall ;
 They disobey me. On the rack I scorn thee.

7. — AFFECTIONATE REMEMBRANCE. — *Wordsworth.*

She dwelt among the untrodden ways beside the springs of Dove.
 A maid whom there were none to praise, and very few to love :
 A violet by a mossy stone, half hidden⁹¹ from the eye !
 Fair as a star when only one is shining in the sky.
 She lived unknown, and few could know when Lucy ceased to be
 But she is in her grave, and, O, the difference to me !

XXXII. — ON COMPRESSION IN SPEECH AND WRITING.

1. TALK to the point, and stop when you have reached it. The faculty some possess of making one idea cover a quire of paper is not good for much. Be comprehensive in all you say and write. To fill a volume⁹² upon nothing is a credit to nobody. There are men who get⁹³ one idea into their heads, and but one, and they make the most of it. You can see it, and almost feel it, when⁹⁴ in their presence.⁹⁵ On all occasions it is produced, till it is worn as thin as charity.

2. They remind us of a blunderbuss discharged at a humming-bird. You hear a tremendous⁹⁶ noise, see a volume of smoke, but you look in vain for the effects. The bird is scattered to atoms. Just so with the idea. It is enveloped in a cloud, and lost amid the rumblings of words and flourishes. Short letters, sermons, speeches, and paragraphs, are favorites with us. Commend us to the young man who wrote to his father, "Dear sir, I am going to be married ;" and also to the old gentleman, who replied, "Dear son, do it." Such are the men for action ; they do more than they say.

3. Eloquence, we are persuaded, will never flourish in any country where the public taste is infantile enough to measure the value of a speech by the hours it occupies, and to exalt copiousness and fertility to the absolute disregard of conciseness. The efficacy and value of compression can scarcely be overrated. The common air, we beat aside with our breath, compressed, has

the force of gunpowder, and will rend the solid rock ; and so it is with language.

4. A gentle stream of persuasiveness may flow through the mind, and leave no sediment : let it come at a blow, as a cataract, and it sweeps all before it. It is by this magnificent compression that Cicero^m confounds Catiline^m, and Demosthēnēs^m overwhelms Æschinēs^m ; by this that Mark Antony, as Shakspeare makes him speak, carries the heart away with a bad cause. The language of strong passion is always terse^m and compressed ; genuine conviction uses few words : there is something of artifice and dishonesty in a long speech.

5. No argument is worth using, because none can make a deep impression, that does not bear to be stated in a single sentence. Our marshalling of speeches, essays, and books, according to their length, deeming that a great work which covers a great space, — this “ inordinate appetite for printed paper,” which devours so much and so indiscriminately that it has no leisure for fairly tasting anything, — is pernicious to all kinds of literature, but fatal to oratory. The writer who aims at perfection is forced to dread popularity and steer wide of it ; the orator who must court popularity is forced to renounce the pursuit of genuine and lasting excellence.

XXXIII. — TURNING THE GRINDSTONE.

1. WHEN I was a little boy, I remember, one cold winter's morning, I was accosted by a smiling^m man with an axe on his shoulder. “ My pretty boy,” said he, “ has your father a grindstone ? ” — “ Yes, sir,” said I. — “ You are a fine little fellow,” said he ; “ will you let me grind my axe on it ? ” Pleased with the compliment^m of “ fine little fellow,” “ O yes, sir,” I answered. “ It is down in the shop.” — “ And will you, my man,” said he, patting me on the head, “ get me a little hot water ? ” How could I refuse ? I ran, and soon brought a kettle full. “ How old are you ? and what's your name ? ” continued he, without waiting for a reply ; “ I am sure you are one of the finest lads that ever I have seen ; will you just turn a few minutes for me ? ”

2. Tickled with the flattery, like a little fool, I went to work, and bitterly did I rue the day. It was a new axe, and I toiled and tugged till I was almost tired to death. The school-bell rang, and I could not get away ; my hands were blistered, and the axe was not half ground. At length, however, it was sharp-

ened ; and the man turned to me with, "Now, you little rascal, you've played truant ; scud to the school, or you'll buy it!" — "Alas!" thought I, "it was hard enough to turn a grindstone, this cold day ; but now to be called a little rascal, is too much."

3. It sank deep in my mind ; and often have I thought of it since. When I see a merchant over polite to his customers, — begging them to take a little brandy, and throwing his goods on the counter, — thinks I, That man has an axe to grind. When I see a man flattering the people, making great professions of attachment to liberty, who is in private life a tyrant, methinks, Look out, good people ! that fellow would set you turning grindstones. When I see a man hoisted⁹⁶ into office by party spirit, without a single qualification to render him either respectable or useful — alas ! methinks, deluded people, you are doomed for a season to turn the grindstone for a booby.

FRANKLIN.

XXXIV. — THE PRESENT IN VIEW OF THE FUTURE.

1. The smallest thing becomes respectable when regarded as the commencement⁹¹ of what has advanced, or is advancing, into magnificence. The first rude settlement of Romulus⁹² would have been an insignificant circumstance, and might justly have sunk into oblivion,⁹⁷ if Rome had not at length commanded the world. The little rill near the source of one of the great American rivers is an interesting object to the traveller⁹³ who is apprised as he steps across it, or walks a few miles along its banks, that this is the stream which runs so far, and which gradually swells into so immense a flood.

2. So, while¹⁰⁸ I anticipate the endless progress of life, and wonder through what unknown scenes it is to take its course, its past years lose that character of vanity which would seem to belong to a train of fleeting, perishing moments, and I see them assuming⁹⁸ the dignity of a commencing eternity. In them I have begun to be that conscious existence which I am to be through infinite duration ; and I feel a strange emotion of curiosity about this little life, in which I am setting out on such a progress ; I cannot be content without an accurate⁹⁴ sketch of the windings thus far of a stream which is to bear me on forever.

3. I try to imagine how it will be to recollect,¹⁰⁰ at a far distant point, what I was when here ; and wish, if it were possible, to retain, as I advance, the whole course of my existence

within the scope of clear reflection ; to fix in my mind so very strong an idea of what I have been^{as} in this original^{so} period of my time, that I shall most completely possess this idea in ages too remote for calculation.

JOHN FOSTER.

XXXV. — HYMN.

How are thy servants blest, O Lord ! How sure is their defence !
Eternal wisdom is their guide, their help Omnipotence.^{at}
In foreign realms and lands remote, supported by thy care,
Through burning climes I passed unhurt, and breathed the tainted air

Thy mercy sweetened every toil, made every region please ;
The hoary Alpine^{at} hills it warmed, and smoothed the Tyrrhene^{at} seas.
Think, O my soul, devoutly think, how, with affrighted eyes,
Thou saw'st the wide-extended deep in all its horrors rise.

Confusion dwelt in every face, and fear in every heart,
When waves on waves, and gulfs on gulfs, o'ersaw the pilot's art.
Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord, thy mercy set me free,
Whilst in the confidence of prayer my faith took hold on thee.

For, though in dreadful whirls we hung, high on the broken wave,
I knew thou wert not slow to hear, nor impotent to save.
The storm^{at} was laid, the winds retired, obedient to thy will ;
The sea, that roared at thy command, at thy command was still.

In midst of dangers, fears, and death, thy goodness^{at} I 'll adore,
And praise thee for thy mercies past, and humbly^{at} hope for more.
My life, if thou preserv'st my life, thy sacrifice shall be ;
And death, if death must be my doom, shall join my soul to thee.

ADDISON.

XXXVI. — THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD.

They grew in beauty, side by side ; they filled one house with glee
Their graves are severed far and wide, by mount, and stream, and sea
The same fond mother bent at night o'er each fair, sleeping brow ;
She had each folded flower in sight — where are those dreamers now !

One, 'midst the forests of the West, by a dark stream is laid ; —
The Indian^{at} knows his place of rest, far in the cedar shade.
The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one ; — he lies where pearls lie deep
He was the loved of all, yet none o'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where southern vines are dressed⁴⁸ above the noble slain :
 He wrapt his colors round his breast on a blood-red field of Spain.
 And one—o'er her the myrtle showers its leaves by soft winds fanned
 She faded midst Italian flowers—the last of that bright band !

And, parted thus, they rest who played beneath the same green tree ;
 Whose voices mingled as they prayed around one parent knee !
 They that with smiles lit up the hall, and cheered with song the hearth :^{*}
 Alas for love, if thou wert all, and naught beyond, O earth !

MRS. HEIMANS

XXXVII.—FALL OF A MOUNTAIN IN SWITZERLAND.

1. THE summer of 1806 had been remarkably stormy, and the copious rains had loosened the soil of the mountain of Rossberg, overlooking the valley of Goldau ;¹ but as late as the 2d of September nothing had occurred to presage² the danger which menaced us. About two o'clock in the afternoon of that day, I told Louisa, the eldest of my daughters, to go and draw³ some water from the spring. She took a pitcher and went ; but returned in a minute with the news⁴ that the spring had stopped flowing. As I had only to cross the garden to satisfy myself in regard to this phenomenon,⁵ I went, and found that the spring was in truth dried up.

2. I was about to give three or four thrusts with the spade into the soil, to discover the cause of this disappearance, when the earth seemed to tremble under my feet. I left the spade upright in the ground. What was my astonishment, when¹⁰³ I saw it moving off by itself ! At the same time a flock of birds rose with sharp cries into the air. I looked up and saw immense rocks detaching themselves and rolling down the mountain.² I believed that I was seized with a vertigo.³ I turned to retrace my steps to the house. Between me and it a fissure⁴⁰ in the earth had been suddenly formed, the depth of which I could not measure. I leaped over it as if I were in a dream, and ran towards the house. It seemed as if the mountain were sliding from its base, and pursuing me.

3. Arrived before the door of my house, I met my father, who had just been filling his pipe. He had frequently predicted

* It will be remembered (see ¶ 32, Part I.) that the *ea* of *hearth* should be sounded like the *ea* of *heart*. To suit the rhyme, in this instance it may be sounded to correspond with the *ea* of *earth*. The last line in this poem is an instance of the inversion noticed in ¶ 156. The meaning is,—“Alas for love, if thou, O earth, wert all, and there were not another life beyond thee !” The line is elliptical as well as inverted. See ¶ 166.

the disaster which seemed now at hand. I told him that the mountain was staggering like a drunken⁹¹ man, and that it threatened to fall on us. "It will at least give me time to light my pipe," said he, reëntering⁴⁵ the house. At this moment,² something passed through the air, casting a huge shadow.⁶⁴ I looked up. It was a rock, which, launched like a ball from a cannon, fell upon a house some four hundred paces from the village, and crushed it to pieces.

4. My wife²¹ now appeared, turning the corner of the street, and leading three of our children. I ran towards her, took two of the children in my arms, and told her to follow me. "But, Marianna!" exclaimed she; "Marianna, who is in the house with Francisca!" I retained her by the arm, for, the same moment,⁹¹ the house whirled round upon itself like a reel. My father, who had just set foot on the threshold, was precipitated to the other side of the street. I drew my wife towards²¹ me, and compelled her to follow me. All at once there was a frightful noise, followed by a cloud of dust which covered the valley. My wife was torn forcibly from me. I turned—she had disappeared with the child!

5. There seemed something incomprehensible—something infernal in it. The earth had opened and closed under her feet. I should not have known what had become of her, but that one of her hands remained visible outside of the soil. I threw myself upon this hand, which the earth seemed to hold like a vice. I would not quit the place. But my children³⁰ cried for succor. I rose like one demented from the ground, took a child under either arm, and fled. Three times I felt the ground moving under my feet, and fell with my burthen. Three times I rose, and struggled forward.

6. At length it seemed no longer possible for me to keep standing. I tried to hold on to the trees, and the trees fell. I tried to support myself against²⁷ a rock, and the rock fled from me as if it were alive. I placed my children on the ground, and lay down beside them. An instant after, it was as if the last day of the creation had come. The whole mountain fell.

7. I remained thus with my poor children all the rest of the day, and a part of the night. We believed we were the last human beings alive in the world; but all at once we heard cries at some paces from us. They were from a young man of Bu'singen, who had been married that day. Returning from Art with the wedding party, at the moment of entering Goldau he had lingered behind to gather from a garden a bouquet²¹ of roses for his bride. When he looked for her again, village, wedding party, bride, all had disappeared like a flash; and the youth ran

about crying "Catherine!" — his bouquet of roses in his hand — like a spectre among the ruins. I called him. He approached, looked at us, and, seeing that she whom he sought was not with us, departed like a madman.

8. We arose, my children and I. Looking round, we perceived by the light of the moon a large crucifix which remained standing. We went towards²¹ it. An old man lay couched near the cross, in whom I recognized my father. I believed him dead, and rushed towards him. He started up. Then I asked him if he knew anything of what had transpired in the house, which he had reëntered at the moment of the *catas'trophë*. But he had seen nothing,²² except that Francisca, our cook, had taken little Marianna by the hand, telling her to flee, for the day of judgment had come. But at the same moment all was overturned, and he was hurled into the street. He knew²³ nothing more, having been stunned by his head's striking against a stone.²⁴ As soon as he recovered his consciousness, he bethought himself of the cross, came to it, prayed, and sank again insensible.

9. No description can give an adequate ideâ of the spectacle which presented itself when the day dawned. Three villages had disappeared. Two churches and a hundred houses were interred. Four hundred persons were buried alive. A fragment²⁵ of the mountain had rolled into the lake of Lowertz,²⁶ and, partly filling it up, had raised a body of water a hundred feet high and a league in extent, which had passed over the Isle of Schwanau,²⁷ and swept off the houses and inhabitants.²⁸ The chapel²⁹ of Olten, built of wood, was found floating, as if by a miracle, on the lake; the clock of Goldau, carried through the air, had fallen a quarter of a league from the church to which it belonged. Only seventeen persons among the population of the valley³⁴ survived this catastrophe.

ORIGINAL TRANSLATION FROM A. DUMAS.

XXXVIII. — THE SPIDER²¹ AND THE BEE: AN APOLOGUE.²²

1. UPON the highest corner of a large window²⁴ there dwelt a certain spider,²⁵ swollen up to the first magnitude²⁶ by the destruction of infinite numbers of flies, whose spoils lay scattered before the gates of his palace, like human bones²⁷ before the cave of some giant. The avenues to his castle were guarded with turnpikes and palisadoes, all after the modern²⁸ way of fortification. After you had passed several courts you came to the centre, wherein you might behold the constable himself in his own lodg-

ings, which had windows fronting to each avenue, and ports to sally out upon all occasions of prey or defence.

2. In this mansion he had for some time dwelt in peace and plenty, without danger to his person by swallows from above, or to his palace by brooms from below, when it was the pleasure of fortune to conduct thither a wandering bee, to whose curiosity a broken pane in the glass had discovered itself; and in he went, where, expatiating a while, he at last happened to alight upon one of the outward walls of the spider's citadel, which, yielding to the unequal weight, sank down to the very foundation. Thrice he endeavored to force his passage, and thrice the centre shook. The spider within, feeling the terrible convulsion, supposed at first¹⁰² that nature was approaching to her final dissolution. However, he at length valiantly resolved to issue¹⁰¹ forth and meet his fate.

3. Meanwhile, the bee had acquitted himself of his toils, and, posted securely at some distance, was employed in cleansing his wings and disengaging them from the ragged remnants of the cobweb. By this time the spider was adventured out, when, beholding the chasm,¹⁰⁷ the ruins, and dilapidations of his fortress, he was very near at his wits¹⁰⁴ end. He stormed and swore like a madman, and swelled till he was ready to burst.¹⁰¹ At length, casting his eye upon the bee, and wisely gathering causes from events (for they knew¹⁰³ each other by sight),¹⁰⁵ "A plague upon you," said he, "for a giddy puppy! Is it you, with a vengeance,¹⁰³ that have made this litter here? Could you not look before you? Do you think I have nothing else to do but to mend and repair after you?"

4. "Good words, friend," said the bee (having now pruned himself, and being disposed to be droll). "I'll give you my hand and word to come near your kennel¹⁰⁰ no more; I was never in such a confounded pickle since I was born."—"Sir'rah,"¹⁰² replied the spider, "if it were not for breaking an old custom in our family, never to stir abroad against an enemy, I should come and teach you better manners."—"I pray have patience,"¹⁰¹ said the bee, "or you'll spend your substance; and, for aught I see, you may stand in need of it all toward¹⁰⁴ the repair of your house."—"Rogue, rogue!" replied the spider, "yet methinks you should have more respect to a person whom all the world allows to be so much your better."

5. "By my tröth," said the bee, "the comparison will amount to a very good jest; and you will do me the favor to let me know the reasons that all the world is pleased to use in so hopeful a dispute." At this the spider, having swelled himself into the size and posture¹⁰⁰ of a disputant, began his argument in the

true spirit of controversy, with resolution to be heartily scurrilous²¹ and angry; to urge on his own reasons without the least regard to the answers or objections of his opposite;²² and fully predetermined in his mind against all conviction.

6. "Not to disparage myself," said he, "by the comparison with such a rascal, what art thou but a vagabond,²³ without house or home, without stock or inheritance? born to no possession of your own but a pair of wings and a drone-pipe. Your livelihood is a universal plunder upon nature. A freebooter over fields and gardens; for the sake of stealing, you will rob a nettle as easily as a violet.²⁴ Whereas, I am a domestic animal, furnished with a native stock²⁵ within myself. This large castle (to show my improvements in the mathematics)²⁶ is all built with my own hands,¹⁰⁰ and the materials extracted altogether out of my own person."

7. "I am glad," answered the bee, "to hear you grant at least that I am come honestly by my wings and my voice; for then, it seems, I am obliged to Heaven alone for my flights and my music; and Providence would never have bestowed on me two such gifts, without designing them for the noblest ends. I visit, indeed, all the flowers and blossoms of the field and garden; but whatever I collect thence enriches myself, without the least injury to their beauty, their smell, or their taste. Now, for you and your skill in architecture²⁷ and other mathematics, I have little to say. In that building of yours there might, for aught I know, have been labor and method enough; but, by woful²⁸ experience for us both, it is too plain the materials are naught; and I hope you will henceforth take warning, and consider duration²⁹ and matter, as well as method and art.

8. "You boast, indeed, of being obliged³⁰ to no other creature, but of drawing³¹ and spinning out all from yourself; that is to say, if we may judge of the liquor in the vessel³² by what issues out, you possess a good plentiful store of dirt and poison³³ in your breast; and, though I would by no means lessen or disparage your genuine stock of either, yet I doubt you are somewhat obliged, for an increase of both, to a little foreign³⁴ assistance. Your inherent portion of dirt does not fail of acquisitions, by sweepings exhaled³⁵ from below; and one insect furnishes you with a share of poison to destroy another. So that, in short, the question comes all to this: whether¹⁰³ is the nobler being of the two, that which, by a lazy contemplation of four inches round, by an overweening pride, feeding and engendering³⁶ on itself, turns all into venom, producing nothing at all but flybane and a cobweb; or that which, by a universal range, with long search, much study, true judgment, and distinction of things, brings some honey and wax "

SWIFT.

XXXIX.—CLIMATE OF THE CATSKILL^m MOUNTAINS.

1. I SHALL never forget²⁹ my first view of these mountains.^m It was in the course of a voyage up the Hudson,^m in the good old times, before steamboats and railroads had driven all poetry and romance³⁰ out of travel.³⁰ Such an excursion in those days was equal to a voyage to Europe at present, and cost almost as much; but we enjoyed the river then. My whole voyage up the Hudson was full of wonder and romance. I was a lively boy, somewhat imaginative, of easy faith, and prone to relish everything which partook of the marvellous. Among the passengers on board of the sloop was a veteran Indian^m trader, on his way to the lakes to traffic with the natives. He had discovered my propensity, and amused himself throughout the voyage by telling me Indian legends and grotesque³¹ stories about every noted place on the river.

2. The Catskill^m Mountains, especially, called forth a host of fanciful traditions. We were all day tiding^m along in sight of them, so that he had full time to weave his whimsical³² narratives. In these mountains, he told me, according to Indian belief, was kept the great treasury of storm and sunshine for the region of the Hudson. An old squaw³³ spirit had charge of it, who dwelt on the highest peak of the mountain. Here she kept Day and Night shut up in her wigwam, letting out only one of them at a time. She made new moons every month, and hung them up in the sky, cutting up the old ones for stars. The great Manitou,^m or master spirit, employed her to manufacture clouds: sometimes she wove them out of cobwebs, gossamers, and morning dew,³⁴ and sent them off, flake after flake, to float in the air and give light summer showers;—sometimes she would brew up black thunder-storms, and send down drenching rains, to swell the streams, and sweep everything away.

3. He had many stories, also, about mischievous spirits, who infested the mountains in the shape of animals, and played all kinds of pranks upon Indian hunters, decoying them into quagmires and morasses, or to the brinks of torrents³⁵ and precipices. All these were doled out to me as I lay on the deck, throughout a long summer's day, gazing upon these mountains, the ever-changing shapes and hues of which appeared to realize the magical influences in question. Sometimes they seemed to approach; at others, to recede. During the heat of the day they almost melted into a sultry haze. As the day declined they deepened in tone; their summits were brightened by the last rays of the sun, and, later in the evening, their whole outline was printed in

deep purple against an amber sky. As I beheld them thus shifting continually before my eye, and listened to the marvellous legends of the trader, a host of fanciful notions was conjured into my brain, which have haunted it ever since.

4. As to the Indian superstitions concerning the treasury of storms and sunshine, and the cloud-weaving spirits, they may have been suggested by the atmospherical^m phenomena^m of these mountains, the clouds which gather round their summits, and the thousand aerial effects which indicate the changes of weather over a great extent of country. They are epit'omēs of our variable climate, and are stamped with all its vicissitudes.^o And here let me say a word in favor of those vicissitudes, which are too often made the subject of exclusive repining. If they annoy us occasionally by changes from hot to cold, from wet to dry, they give us one of the most beautiful climates in the world.

5. They give us the brilliant sunshine of the south of Europe, with the fresh verdure of the north. They float our summer sky with clouds of gorgeous tints or fleecy whiteness, and send down cooling showers to refresh the panting earth and keep it green. Our seasons are all poetical; the phenomena of our heavens are full of sublimity and beauty. Winter with us has none of its proverbial gloom. It may have its howling winds, and chilling frosts, and whirling snow-storms; but it has also its long intervals of cloudless sunshine, when the snow-clad earth gives redoubled brightness to the day; when, at night, the stars beam with intensest lustre, or the moon floods the whole landscape with her most limpid radiance.

6. And then the joyous outbreak of our Spring, bursting at once into leaf and blossom, redundant^o with vegetation, and vociferous with life! And the splendors of our Summer; its morning voluptuousness and evening glory; its airy palaces of sun-gilt clouds piled up in a deep azure sky; and its gusts of tempest of almost tropical grandeur, when the forked lightning and the bellowing thunder volley^o from the battlements of heaven and shake the sultry atmosphere!^m And the sublime melancholy of our Autumn, magnificent in its decay, withering down the pomp and pride of a woodland country, yet reflecting back from its yellow forests the golden serenity of the sky! Surely we may say that, in our climate, "the heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth forth his handiwork: day unto day uttereth speech; and night unto night showeth knowledge."

IRVING.

XL. — SELECT PASSAGES IN VERSE.

1. — HAPPINESS. — *Keble.*

THERE are¹⁰⁰ in this rude stunning tide
 Of human care and crime,
 With whom the melodies abide
 Of the everlasting chime ;
 Who carry music in their heart,
 Through dusty lane and wrangling mart,
 Plying their daily toil with busier feet,
 Because their secret souls a holy strain repeat.

2. — FRIENDSHIP. — *Wordsworth.*

Small service is true service while it lasts ;
 Of friends, however humble, scorn not one :
 The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
 Protects the lingering dew-drop³³ from the sun.

3. — COMFORT IN ADVERSITY. — *Southey.*

Methinks, if ye would know
 How visitations of calamity
 Affect the pious soul, 't is shown you there !
 Look yonder at that cloud, which, through the sky,
 Sailing alone, doth cross in her career
 The rolling moon ! — I watched it as it came,
 And deemed the deep opaque²¹ would blot her beams
 But, melting like a wreath of snow, it hangs
 In folds of wavy silver round, and clothes
 The orb with richer beauties than her own ;
 Then, passing, leaves her in her light serene !

4. — FUTURITY.⁴⁰ — *Dryden.*

Too curious man, why dost thou seek to know
 Events, which, good or ill, foreknown are woe ?
 The all-seeing Power that made thee mortal gave
 Thee everything a mortal state should have ;
 Foreknowledge only is enjoyed by Heaven,
 And, for his peace of mind, to man forbidden ;
 Wretched were life, if he foreknew his doom ;
 Even joys foreseen give pleasing hope no room,
 And griefs assured are felt before they come.

5. — SHORTSIGHTEDNESS OF MAN. — *Trench.*

A dew-drop, falling on the ocean-wave,
 Exclaimed, in fear, " I perish in this grave ;"
 But, in a shell received, that drop of dew
 Unto a pearl of marvellous beauty grew ;

And, happy now, the grace did magnify
Which thrust it forth — as it had feared — to die;
Until again, "I perish quite," it said,
Torn by rude diver from its ocean bed:
O, unbelieving! — So it came to gleam
Chief jewel in a monarch's diadem.

6. — INDEPENDENCE. — *Thomson.*

I care not, Fortune, what you me¹³⁶ deny;
You cannot rob me of free Nature's grace;
You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
Through which Aurora²¹ shows her brightening face;
You cannot bar²² my constant feet to trace
The woods and lawns, by living stream, at eve:
Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,
And I their toys to the great children leave;
Of Fancy, Reason, Virtue, naught can me bereave!

7. — THE MORAL LAW. — *Wordsworth.*

All true glory rests,
All praise of safety, and all happiness,
Upon the moral law. Egyptian Thebes,²³
Tyre by the margin of the sounding waves,
Palmy'ra central in the desert, fell,
And the arts died by which they had been raised.
Call Archimēdēs²⁴ from his buried tomb²⁵
Upon the plain of vanished Syracuse,²⁶
And feelingly the sage shall make report
How insecure, how baseless in itself,
Is that philosophy whose sway is framed
For mere material instruments: — how weak
Those arts and high inventions, if unproped
By Virtue.

8. — THE RUINED CITY.

I asked of Time, from whom those temples rose.
That, prostrate by his hand, in silence lie.
His lips disdained the mystery¹³⁷ to disclose.
And, borne on swifter wing, he hurried by! —
"These broken columns,²⁷ whose?" I asked of Fame:
(Her kindling breath gives life to works sublime¹³¹) —
With downcast looks of mingled grief and shame,
She heaved the uncertain²⁸ sigh, and followed Time.
Wrapt in amazement, o'er the mouldering pile
I saw Oblivion pass, with giant stride;
And, whilst his visage wore Pride's scornful smile,
"Haply *thou* know'st; — then, tell me whose!" I cried, —
"Whose these vast domes that even in ruin shine?" —
"I reckon not whose," he said; "they *now* are mine!"

XLI. — JOHN POUNDS, THE COBBLER.

1. JOHN POUNDS was one of those good Samaritans^m of whom every generation apparently produces some examples. Born on the 17th of July, in the year 1766, at Portsmouth in England, he was apprenticed, when twelve years of age, to a shipwright, with whom he served three years of his term, when a serious accident happened to the boy. Falling one day from a considerable height into one of the dry docks,ⁿ he dislocated his thigh, and was in other respects very grievously injured. Time and surgical ingenuity sufficed to restore him to a tolerable state, but he was crippled in such a manner as to be unfitted to resume^o his trade; and so John Pounds became a cobbler.

2. He lived a lonely kind of life. Having no household society,^p and being little disposed to go abroad in quest of entertainment, he relieved his involuntary solitude by rearing^q and domesticating all kinds of singing birds and harmless animals; teaching some of them a variety of amusing tricks, and accustoming those of opposite^r propensities to live together in harmony. He would sit with a cat upon one shoulder, and a canary-bird on the other, charming away fear from the one, and curbing destructive inclinations in the other.

3. The notion of undertaking the gratuitous education^s of poor children seems to have been suggested accidentally to John Pounds. A brother of his, who was a seafaring man with a large family, had amongst the rest a feeble little boy, with deformed feet. John benevolently took charge of this lad, cured him of his deformity, and taught him to read. Thinking it would be well for the boy to have a companion in study, he took another, and then another poor child under his care, until at length he became a sort of ragged schoolmaster-general to all the poorer population; and, in a spirit of noble disinterestedness, performed a most serviceable work in his generation.

4. He might be seen, day after day, in his small workshop, about six feet wide, and eighteen in length, in St. Mary-street, Portsmouth, seated on his stool, mending shoes, and attending at the same time to the studies of a busy crowd of ragged children, clustering around him. Sometimes there would be assembled in his shop as many as forty boys and girls, the latter of whom he kept a little apart from the rest. In receiving pupils,^t he made choice^u of those who seemed most in need of his reforming discipline. He had a decided predilection for "the little blackguards," and was frequently at great pains to attract such within his door. He was once seen following a young vaga-

bond²² of this stamp, and endeavoring to entice him to come to school with the bribe of a baked potato.²⁴

5. His methods of tuition were somewhat original.²⁰ He collected all sorts of refuse²² hand-bills and scraps of printed and written paper, which he found lying anywhere uselessly about, and with these he contrived to teach reading and spelling. With the younger children his manner was particularly pleasant. He would ask them the names of different²¹ parts of their body, make them spell the words, and signify their uses. For instance, taking hold of a child's hand, he would say, "What do you call this?" and, having received his answer, direct him to spell the word. Then, giving the hand a playful slap, he would ask, "What do I do?" and teach him next to spell the word expressive of the act.

6. Should this remind any one of Mr. Squeers's²² analogous method of teaching a boy to spell "horse,"²³ and then, by way of emphatic illustration, sending him to rub such an animal down, that he might the better remember his lesson, it will be proper to recollect the different pretensions of the parties, and not to confound an ignorant charlatan²² with an honest and benevolent person, who performs his work with conscientious consideration, and according to the extent of his ability and means.

7. Writing and arithmetic were taught by John Pounds to the elder pupils, in a manner to give them a creditable degree of skill in those branches. Many²⁵ of the boys he taught to mend their shoes, to cook their food, and perform a variety of useful services for themselves and others. Not only did he superintend their sports and personal habits, but the generous and considerate teacher likewise exerted himself in curing their bodily ailments, such as chilblains, and coughs, and the manifold cuts and bruises to which the children of the poor are continually exposed. Often²³ he shared his own scanty and homely provisions with destitute and forsaken²¹ children. He acknowledged universal kinship with the neglected and unhappy.

8. The sort of education which John Pounds was enabled to give was doubtless very imperfect; but it was infinitely preferable to none at all. He had ample assurances that his steadfast labors, adhered to through a long life, were not fruitless. Coming home from foreign service or a distant voyage, often would some tall soldier, or rough jovial sailor, now grown up out of all remembrance, call to shake hands with him, and confess the benefits he had received from his instruction. These were proud occasions for the poor and modest cobbler. Other recompense than this he had scarcely any. So quietly and unobtrusively had he all along pursued his purpose, that comparatively few

persons, of the respectable sort in the world's estimation, knew²¹ anything of his proceedings.

9. It was the wish of John Pounds that his labors might terminate only with his life. The thought of lingering out any portion of his days uselessly and helplessly was a painful one for him to entertain; and it was his hope to go off suddenly, in the way, as he said, "in which¹⁰³ a bird drops from his perch." The desire of his soul was granted. On the first¹⁰¹ of January,²² 1839, he expired suddenly, from a rupture of one of the large vessels⁹⁹ of the heart, at the house of a gentleman whom he had called upon to thank for certain⁹⁷ acts¹⁰⁰ of kindness recently rendered to his establishment.

10. A little boy who was with him at the time carried the intelligence to his assembled school-fellows, who were all instantly overwhelmed with sorrow and consternation. Some of the younger ones returned to the house for several successive days, looking painfully about the room, and apparently unable to comprehend the reality of the loss they had sustained. Old and young, in a numerous and motley assemblage, followed his body to the grave, and saw him to his rest with tears and blessings.

11. One cannot sufficiently admire the heartiness and generosity of this poor man's labors. Patiently from year to year he went on, quietly performing these daily acts of charity and mercy, without needing or expecting anybody's approbation, or even conceiving that he was doing anything remarkable. A good man and a true one, he flung the benefits of his sympathy, and of such talents as he possessed, over all that seemed to need them; finding a joyful satisfaction in being useful to such as had no helper, and leaving, with an assured heart, the results of his endeavors to that universal Providence which heeds and nurtures whatever seeds of goodness⁸¹ are sown anywhere in the world. No slightest service to humanity can be lost, but successfully proclaims itself, or works silently to some benefit.

XLII. — THE SPRING SHOWER.

1. AWAY to that snug nook! For, the thick shower
Rushes on stridingly. Ay, now it comes,
With its first drips glancing about the leaves
Like snatches of faint music. Joyous thrush!
It mingles with thy song, and beats soft time
To thy exulting measure. Now it falls
Pattering, like the far voice of leaping rills;
And now it breaks upon the shrinking clumps
With a crash of many sounds. The thrush is still.

2. There are sweet scents about us : the violet²² hides
 On that green bank ; the primrose sparkles there ;
 The earth is grateful to the teeming clouds,
 And yields a sudden²³ freshness to their kisses.
 But now the shower slopes off to the warm west,
 Leaving a dewy²⁴ track ; like falling pearls
 The big drops glisten²⁵ in the sunny mist.
 The air is clear again,²⁷ and the far woods
 In their early green shine out. Let 's onward, then,
 For the first blossoms peep about our path,
 The lambs are nibbling the short, dripping grass,
 And the birds are on the bushes.

XLIII. — "NOT TO MYSELF ALONE."

1. "Not to myself alone,"
 The little opening flower transported cries,
 "Not to myself alone I bud and bloom ;
 With fragrant breath the breezes I perfume,²⁸
 And gladden²⁹ all things with my rainbow dyes.
 The bee comes sipping, every eventide,
 His dainty fill ;
 The butterfly within my cup doth hide
 From threatening ill."
2. "Not to myself alone,"
 The circling star³⁰ with honest pride doth boast,
 "Not to myself alone I rise and set ;
 I write upon night's coronal³⁰ of jet
 His power and skill who formed our myriad host ;
 A friendly beacon³² at heaven's³⁰ open gate,
 I gem the sky,
 That man might ne'er forget,³⁰ in every fate,
 His home on high."
3. "Not to myself alone,"
 The heavy-laden bee doth murmuring hum,
 "Not to myself alone, from flower to flower,
 I rove the wood, the garden, and the bower,
 And to the hive at evening weary come ;
 For man, for man, the luscious food I pile
 With busy care,
 Content if he repay my ceaseless³¹ toil
 With scanty share."
4. "Not to myself alone,"
 The soaring bird with lusty pinion sings,
 "Not to myself alone I raise my song ;
 I cheer the drooping with my warbling tongue,
 And bear the mourner on my viewless wings ;

I bid the hymnless³³ churl my anthem learn,
 And God adore ;
 I call the worldling from his dross to turn,
 And sing and soar."

5. "Not to myself alone,"
 The streamlet whispers on its pebbly way,
 "Not to myself alone I sparkling glide ;
 I scatter health and life on every side,
 And strew³⁴ the fields with herb³⁴ and floweret gay.
 I sing unto the common, bleak and bare,
 My gladsome tune ;⁴⁰
 I sweeten and refresh the languid air
 In droughty³⁵ June."³⁶

6. "Not to myself alone :"—
 O man, forget not thou, — earth's honored priest,
 Its tongue, its soul, its life, its pulse, its heart, —
 In earth's great chorus³⁷ to sustain *thy* part !
 Chiefest of guests at Love's ungrudging feast,
 Play not the niggard ; spurn thy native clod,
 And *self* disown ;
 Live to thy neighbor ;³⁸ live unto thy God ;
 Not to thyself alone !

XLIV. — ON THE STUDY OF WORDS.

PART FIRST.

1. THERE are two theories³⁹ in regard to the origin of language. One would put language on the same level with the various arts and inventions with which man has gradually adorned and enriched his life. It might, I think, be sufficient to object to this explanation, that language would then be an *accident*⁴⁰ of human nature ; and, this being the case, that we should somewhere encounter tribes sunken so low as not to possess it ; even as there is no human art or invention, though it be as simple and obvious as the preparing of food by fire, but there are those who have fallen below its exercise.

2. But with language it is not so. There have never yet been found human beings — not the most degraded hōrde of South Africa Bushmen,⁴¹ or Papuan⁴² Cannibals⁴³ — who did not employ this means of intercourse with one another. Man starts with language as God's perfect gift, which he only impairs and forfeits⁴⁴ by slōth and sin, according to the same law¹⁰¹ which holds good in respect to every other of the gifts of Heaven.⁴⁵

3. The true answer to the inquiry, how language arose, is this that God gave man language, just as He¹⁴ gave him reason, and just because¹² He gave him reason. Yet³⁰ this must not be taken to affirm that man started at the first¹⁰² furnished with a full-formed vocabulary of words, and as it were¹³⁸ with his dictionary and first grammar ready-made to his hands.⁹⁷ He did not thus begin the world with names, but with the power of naming; for man is not a mere speaking-machine.³⁵ God did not teach him words, as one of us teaches a parrot, from without; but He gave him a capacity, and then evoked the capacity which he gave.

4. Here, as in everything else that concerns the primitive constitution,⁴⁰ the great original institutes of humanity, our best and truest lights are to be gotten from the study of the first three chapters²¹ of Gēnēsia. You will observe that there it is not God who imposed the first names on the creatures, but Adam; Adam, however, at the direct suggestion of his Creator.

5. Man makes his own language, but he makes it as the bee makes its cells, as the bird its nest. *How* this latent⁹¹ power evolved itself first, how this spontaneous generation of language came to pass, is a mystery, even as every act of creation is a mystery. Yet we may perhaps a little help ourselves to the realizing of what the process was, and what it was not, if we liken it to the growth of a tree springing out of and unfolding itself from a root,³⁰ and according to a necessary law; that root being the divine capacity of language with which man was created; that law being the law of highest reason with which he was endowed.

6. Language is full of instruction, because it is the embodiment of the feelings and thoughts and experiences of a nation, — yea, often⁸⁸ of many nations, and of all which through centuries²² they have attained to and won. “Language is the armory of the human mind, and at once contains the trophies of its past and the weapons of its future conquests.”

7. The mighty moral instincts¹⁰⁰ which have been working in the popular⁴⁰ mind have found therein their unconscious voice; and the single kinglier spirits, that have looked deeper into the heart of things, have oftentimes gathered up all they have seen into some one word which they have launched upon the world, and with which they have enriched it forever, — making in that new³⁸ word a region of thought to be henceforward in some sort the common heritage of all.

8. Language is the amber in which a thousand precious and subtle⁴⁵ thoughts have been safely embedded and preserved. It has arrested ten thousand lightning flashes of genius, which, unless thus fixed and arrested, might have been³⁸ as bright, but would

have also been as quickly passing and perishing, as the lightning. "Words convey the mental treasures of one period to the generations that follow; and, laden with this, their precious freight, they sail safely across gulfs of time in which empires have suffered shipwreck, and the languages of common life have sunk into oblivion."

9. And, for all these reasons, far more and mightier in every way is a language than any one of the works which may have been composed in it. For that work, great as it may be, is but the embodying of the mind of a single man; this,¹¹⁸ of a nation. The *Iliad*^m is great; yet not so great in strength or power or beauty as the Greek language. *Paradise Lost*^m is a noble possession for a people to have inherited; but the English tongue is a nobler heritage yet.

10. Great, then, will be our gains, if, having these treasures of wisdom and knowledge lying round about us, we determine that we will make what portion of them we can our own; that we will ask the words we use¹²⁰ to give an account of themselves,—to say whence they are, and whither¹²¹ they tend. Then shall we often rub off the dust and rust from what seemed but a common token, which we had taken and given a thousand times, esteeming it no better, but which now we shall perceive to be a precious coin, bearing the image and superscription^m of the great king.

11. Then shall we discover that there is a reality about words; that they are not merely arbitrary^m signs, but living powers; not like the sands of the sea, innumerable disconnected atoms, but growing out of roots, clustering in families, connecting and intertwining themselves with all that men have been doing and thinking and feeling, from the beginning of the world till now. We should thus grow in our feeling of connection with the past, and of gratitude^m and reverence towards^m it; we should estimate more truly, and therefore^m more highly, what it has done for us, all that it has bequeathed to us, all that it has made ready to our hands.

12. It was something for the children of Israë^l,^m when they came into Cānaⁿ,^m to enter upon wells which they digged not, and vineyards which they had not planted, and houses which they had not built; but how much greater a boon,^m how much more glorious a prerogative,^m for any one generation to enter upon the inheritance of a language which other generations by their truth and toil have made already a receptacle of choicest treasures, a storehouse of so much unconscious wisdom, a fit organ for expressing the subtlest distinctions, the tenderest sentiments, the largest thoughts, and the loftiest imaginations, which at any time the heart of men can conceive!

XLV. — ON THE STUDY OF WORDS. -

PART SECOND.

1. We are not to look for the poetry, which a people may possess, only in its poems, or its poetical customs, traditions,^m and beliefs. Many^m a single word also is itself a concentrated poem, having stores of poetical thought and imagery laid up in it. Examine^m it, and it will be found to rest on some deep analogy^m of things natural and things spiritual; bringing those^m to illustrate and to give an abiding form and body to these.

2. Let me illustrate that which I have been here saying somewhat more at length by the word "tribulation." We all know, in a general way, that this word, which occurs not seldom in Scripture^m and in the Liturgy,^m means affliction, sorrow, anguish; but it is quite worth our while^m to know *how* it means this, and to question the word a little closer. It is derived from the Latin^m "tribulum," — which was the thrashing instrument^m or roller whereby the Roman husbandman separated^m the corn from the husks; and "tribulatio," in its primary significance, was the act of this separation.

3. But some Latin writer of the Christian church appropriated the word and image for the setting forth of a higher truth; and sorrow, distress, and adversity, being the appointed means for the separating in men of their chaff from their wheat,^m of whatever in them was light and trivial and poor from the solid and the true, therefore he called these sorrows and griefs "tribulations," — thrashings, that is, of the inner spiritual man, without which there could be no fitting him for the heavenly^m garner.

4. How deep an insight into the failings of the human heart lies at the root of many words; and, if only we would attend to them, what valuable warnings many contain against subtle^m temptations and sins! Thus, all of us have probably, more or less, felt the temptation of seeking to please others by an unmanly assenting to their view of some matter, even when our own independent^m convictions would lead us to a different. The existence of such a temptation, and the fact that too many yield to it, are both declared in a Latin^m word for a flatterer, — "assentator," — that is, "an assenter;" one who has not courage to say No, when a Yes is expected from him.

5. What a mournful witness for the hard and unrighteous judgment we habitually form of one another lies in the word "prejudice"! The word of itself means plainly no more than a "judgment formed beforehand," without affirming anything as to whether that judgment be favorable or unfavorable to the person

about whom it is formed. Yet so predominantly do we form harsh, unfavorable judgments of others before knowledge and experience, that a "prejudice," or judgment before knowledge and not grounded on evidence, is almost always taken to signify *an unfavorable anticipation about one*; and "prejudicial" has actually acquired a secondary meaning of anything which is mischievous⁹⁸ or injurious.

6. Full, too, of instruction and warning is our present employment of the word "libertine." It signified, according to its earliest use in French and English, a speculative free-thinker in matters of religion, and in the theory of morals, or, it might be, of government.⁹⁹ But, as by a sure process *free-thinking* does and will end in *free-acting*, — as he who cast-off the one yoke will cast off the other, — so a "libertine" came, in two or three generations, to signify a profligate.

7. There is much, too, that we may learn from looking a little closely at the word "passion." We sometimes think of the "passionate" man as a man of strong will, and of real though ungoverned energy. But this word declares to us most plainly the contrary; for it, as a very solemn¹⁰⁰ use of it declares, means properly "suffering;" and a passionate man is not a man doing something, but one suffering¹⁰¹ something to be done on him.

8. When, then, a man or child is "in a passion," this is no coming out in him of a strong will, of a real energy, but rather the proof that, for the time at least, he has no will, no energy; he is suffering, not doing, — suffering his anger, or what other evil temper it may be, to lord over him without control. Let no one, then, think of passion as a sign of strength.

XLVI. — ON THE STUDY OF WORDS.

PART THIRD.

1. THERE are vast harvests of historic lore garnered often in single words; there are continually great facts¹⁰² of history which they at once declare and preserve. If you turn to a map of Spain,¹⁰³ you will take note, at its southern point and running out into the Straits of Gibraltar,¹⁰⁴ of a promontory, which from its position is admirably adapted for commanding the entrance of the Mediterranean¹⁰⁵ Sea, and watching the exit¹⁰⁶ and entrance of all ships.

2. A fortress stands upon this promontory, called now, as it was also called in the times of the Moorish domination in Spain, "Tari'fa;" the name, indeed, is of Moorish origin. It was the

custom of the Moors^m to watch from this point all merchant-ships going into or coming out of the Midland^m Sea ; and, issuing from this stronghold, to levy duties^o according to a fixed scale on all merchandise passing in and out of the straits ; and this was called, from the place where it was levied, "tarifa," or "tariff ;" and in this way we have acquired the word.

3. It is a signal evidence of the conservative powers of language, that we may oftentimes^{ss} trace in speech the records of customs and states of society which have now passed so entirely away as to survive nowhere else but in these words alone. For example, a "stipulation," or agreement, is so called, as many are strong to affirm, from "stip'ula," a straw, because it once was usual, when one person passed over landed property to another, that a straw from the land, as a pledge or representative of the property transferred, should be handed from the seller to the buyer, which afterward was commonly preserved with or inserted in the title-deeds.

4. Whenever we speak of arithmetic^m as the science of "calculation," we in fact allude to that rudimental period of the science of numbers when pebbles (cal'culi) were used, as now among savages they often are, to facilitate the practice of counting. In "library" we preserve a record of the fact that books were once written on the bark (liber) of trees.

5. No one now believes in astrology ; yet we seem to affirm as much in language ; for we speak of a person as "jovial," or "sāt'urnine," or "mercurial ;" "jovial," as being born under the planet Jupiter^m or Jove ; "saturnine," as born under the planet Sāt'urn ;^m and "mercurial," that is, light-hearted, as those born under the planet Mer'cury^m were accounted to be.

6. With how lively an interest shall we discover words to be of closest kin which we had never considered till now but as entire strangers to one another ! What a real increase will it be in our acquaintance with and mastery of English, to become aware of such relationship ! Thus "heaven"^{ss} is only the perfect of "to heave ;" and is so called because it is "heaved" or "heaven" up, being properly the sky as it is raised aloft. The "smith" has his name from the sturdy blows that he "smites" upon the anvil ; "wrong" is the perfect participle of "to wring," that which one has wrung or wrested from the right.

7. The "brunt" of the battle is the "heat" of the battle, where it "burns" the most fiercely. "Haft," as of a knife, is properly only the participle perfect of "to have," that whereby you "have" or hold it. Or, take two or three nouns adjective : "strong" is the participle past of "to string ;" a "strong" man means no more than one whose sinews^m are firmly "strung."

The "left" hand, as distinguished from the right, is the hand which we "leave;" inasmuch as for twenty times we use the right hand, we do not once employ the left; and it obtains its name from being "left" unused so often. "Wild" is the participle past of "to will;" a "wild" horse is a "willed" or self-willed horse, one that has never been tamed, or taught to submit its will to the will of another; and so with a man.

8. Do not suffer words to pass you by which at once provoke and promise to reward inquiry. Here is "conscience,"⁷⁴ a solemn word, if there be such in the world. This word is from the Latin words "con," with, and "scirē," to know. But what does that "con" intend? "Conscience" is not merely that which I know, but that which I know *with some one else*; for this prefix⁷⁵ cannot, as I think, be esteemed superfluous, or taken to imply merely that which I know *with or to myself*. That other knower whom the word implies is God, — his law making itself known and felt in the heart.

9. What a lesson the word "diligence" contains! How profitable is it for every one of us to be reminded, — as we *are*⁷⁶ reminded when we make ourselves aware of its derivation from "diligō," to love, — that the only secret of true industry in our work is love of that work!

10. These illustrations are amply enough to justify what I have asserted of the existence of a moral element in words. Must we not own, then, that there is a wondrous and mysterious world, of which we may hitherto have taken too little account, around us and about us; and may there not be a deeper meaning than hitherto we have attached to it lying in that solemn declaration, "By thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned!"⁷⁷

R. C. TRENCH.

XLVII. — THE STREAM THAT WAS MADE TO WORK.

1. THAT stream which runs through my garden gushes from the side of a furze-covered hill. For a long time it was a happy little stream; it traversed meadows⁷⁸ where all sorts of lovely wild-flowers bathed and mirrored themselves in its waters; then it entered my garden, and there I was ready to receive it. I had prepared green banks for it; on its edge and in its very bed I had planted those flowers which⁷⁹ all over the world love to bloom on the banks and in the bosom of pure streams.

2. It flowed through my garden, murmuring its plaintive song; then, fragrant⁸⁰ with my flowers, it left the garden, crossed

another meadow, and flung itself into the sea, over the precipitous sides of a cliff which it covered with foam. It was a happy stream; it had literally nothing to do beyond what I have said,—to flow, to bubble, to look limpid, to murmur amid flowers and sweet perfumes.⁸² But the world is ever jealous of the happiness of gentle indolence.

3. One day my brother Eugene, and Savage, the clever⁸³ engineer, were talking together on the banks of the stream, and to a certain degree abusing it. "There," said my brother, "is a fine good-for-nothing stream for you, forsooth! winding and dawdling about, dancing in the sunshine, and revelling in the grass, instead of working and paying for the place it takes up, as an honest stream should. Could it not be made to grind coffee or pepper?"—"Or tools?" added Savage.—"Or to saw boards?" said my brother. I trembled for the stream, and broke off the conversation, complaining that they were trampling on my forget-me-not bed. Alas! it was against these two alone that I could protect the devoted streamlet.

4. Before long there came into our neighborhood a man whom I noticed more than once hanging about the spot where the stream empties⁸⁴ itself into the sea. The fellow,⁸⁵ I plainly saw, was neither seeking for rhymes nor indulging in rêveries upon its banks; he was not lulling thought to rest with the gentle murmur of its waters. "My good friend," he was saying to the stream, "there you are,⁸⁶ idling and meandering about, singing to your heart's content, while¹⁰³ I am working and wearing myself out. I don't see why you should not help me a bit; as yet you know nothing of the work to be done, but I will soon show you. You will soon know how to set about it. You must find it dull to stay in this way, doing nothing; it would be a change for you to make files or grind knives."

5. Very soon¹³⁸ wheels of all kinds were brought to the poor stream. From that day forward it has worked and turned a great wheel, which turns a little wheel, which turns a grindstone: it still sings, but no longer the same gently-monotonous song in its peaceful melancholy. Its song is loud and angry now; it leaps and froths and works now,—it grinds knives! It still crosses the meadow, and my garden, and the next meadow; but there the man is on the watch for it, to make it work. I have done the only thing I could do for it. I have dug a new bed for it in my garden, so that it may idle longer there, and leave me a little later; but, for all that, it must go at last and grind knives. Poor stream! thou didst not sufficiently conceal thy happiness in obscurity;—thou hast murmured too audibly thy gentle music.

FROM THE FRENCH OF ALPHONSE FARRÉ.

XLVIII. — A RETROSPECTIVE²¹ REVIEW.

1. O, WHEN I was a tiny boy,
My days and nights were full of joy,
My mates were blithe and kind !
No wonder that I sometimes sigh,
And dash the tear-drop from my eye,
To cast a look behind !
2. A hoop was an eternal round
Of pleasure. In those days I found
A top a joyous thing ;
But now those past delights I drop ;
My head, alas ! is all my top,
And careful thoughts the string !
3. My kite,¹²¹ how fast and far it flew !
Whilst I, a sort of Franklin,²² drew
My pleasure from the sky !
'T was papered o'er with studious themes, —
The tasks I wrote, — my present²¹ dreams
Will never soar so high !
4. My joys are wingless all and dead ;
My dumps²² are made of more than lead
My flights soon find a fall.
My fears prevail, my fancies droop,
Joy never cometh with a hoop,
And seldom with a call !
5. My football 's laid upon the shelf ;
I am a shuttlecock myself
The world knocks to and fro ;
My archery is all unlearned,
And grief against myself has turned
My arrows and my bow !
6. No more in noontide sun I bask ;
My authorship 's an endless task ;
My head 's ne'er out of school.
My heart is pained with scorn and slight,
I have too many foes to fight,
And friends grow strangely cool !
7. No skies so blue or so serene
As then ; — no leaves look half so green
As clothed the playground tree ;
All things I loved are altered so ! —
Nor does it ease my heart to know
That change resides in me !

8. O, for the garb that marked the boy,
 The trousers made of corduroy,^m
 Well inked with black and red,
 The crownless hat, ne'er deemed an ill —
 It only let the sunshine still
 Repose upon my head !
9. O, for the lessons learned by heart !
 Ay, though the very birch's smart
 Should mark those hours again ;
 I 'd " kiss the rod," and be resigned
 Beneath the stroke, and even find
 Some sugar in the cane !
10. When that I was a tiny boy,
 My days and nights were full of joy,
 My mates were blithe and kind !
 No wonder that I sometimes sigh,
 And dash the tear-drop from my eye,
 To cast a look behind !

THOMAS MOORE

XLIX. — ADDRESS TO THE INDOLENT.

FROM "THE CASTLE" OF INDOLENCE."

1. Is not the field with lively culture green
 A sight more joyous than the dead morass^s !
 Do not the skies, with active ether clean,
 And fanned by sprightly zephyrs, far surpass
 The foul November^m fogs, and slumberous mass,
 With which sad Nature veils her drooping face !
 Does not the mountain-stream, as clear as glass,
 Gay dancing on, the putrid pool disgrace ! —
 The same in all holds true, but chief in human race.
2. It was not by vile loitering in ease
 That Greece^m obtained the brighter palm^m of art,
 That soft yet ardent Athens^m learnt to please,
 To keen^m the wit, and to sublime the heart, —
 In all supreme ! complete in every part !
 It was not thence majestic Rome^m arose,
 And o'er the nations shook her conquering dart !
 For sluggard's brow the laurel^m never grows ;
 Renown is not the child of indolent repose.
3. Had unambitious mortals minded naught
 But in loose joy their time to wear away, —
 Had they alone the lap of dalliance sought,
 Pleased on her pillow their dull heads to lay, —

Rude Nature's state had been our¹¹⁸ state to-day ;
 No cities e'er¹¹⁹ their towery fronts had raised,
 No arts had made us opulent and gay ;
 With brother-brutes the human race had grazed ;
 None e'er had soared to fame, none honored been, none praised.

4. But should your hearts to fame unfeeling be,
 If right I read, you pleasure all require :
 Then see how best may be obtained this fee,
 How best enjoyed this, nature's wide desire.
Toil, and be glad ! let Industry inspire
 Into your quickened limbs her buoyant¹²⁰ breath !
 Who does not act is dead ; — absorpt¹²¹ entire
 In miry sloth, no pride, no joy he hath ;
 O, leaden-hearted men, to be in love with death !
5. Ah ! what avail the largest gifts of Heaven,¹²²
 When drooping health and spirits go amiss !
 How tasteless then whatever can be given !
 Health is the vital principle of bliss,
 And exercise of health. In proof of this,
 Behold the wretch who slugs¹²³ his life away,
 Soon swallowed in disease's sad abyss,
 While he whom toil has braced, or manly play,
 Has light as air each limb, each thought as clear as day.
6. O, who can speak the vigorous joy of health, —
 Unclogged the body, unobscured the mind ?
 The morning rises gay, with pleasing stealth,
 The temperate evening falls serene and kind.
 In health the wiser brutes true gladness¹²⁴ find.
 See ! how the younglings frisk along the meads,
 As May¹²⁵ comes on, and wakes the balmy¹²⁶ wind ;¹²⁷
 Rampant with life, their joy all joy exceeds :
 Yet what but high-strung health this dancing pleasure¹²⁸ breeds
7. There are,¹²⁹ I see, who listen to my lay,
 Who wretched sigh for virtue, yet despair.
 " All may be done," methinks I hear them say,
 " Even death despised by generous actions fair, —
 All, but for those who to these bowers repair !
 Their every power dissolved in luxury,
 To quit of torpid sluggishness the lair,
 And from the powerful arms of sloth get free —¹³⁰
 'T is rising from the dead : — Alas ! — it cannot be ! "
8. Would you, then, learn to dissipate the band
 Of these huge threatening difficulties dire,¹³¹
 That in the weak man's way like lions stand,
 His soul appall,¹³² and damp his rising fire !

Resolve,— resolve ! and to be men aspire.
Exert that noblest privilege,— alone
Here to mankind²² indulged : — control desire !
Let godlike Reason, from her sovereign throne,
Speak the commanding word, *I will* ! — and it is done.
THOMSON.

L. — THE TEACHINGS OF NATURE.

1. Among the disciples of Hillel, the wise teacher of the sons of Israël, was one named Sâboth, who was averse to labor; and he gave himself up to sloth and idleness. But Hillel sorrowed over the youth, and resolved to turn him from the error of his ways. For this purpose, he led him out into the valley of Hinnom, near Jerusalem.²³ There was here a stagnant pool, full of worms and insects, and covered with slimy weeds.

2. When they reached the valley, Hillel laid his staff upon the ground and said, "We will rest here on our way." But the youth wondered, and answered, "How, master! by this loathsome pool? Dost thou not see the poisonous vapor that ascends therefrom?"—"Thou art right, my son!" answered the teacher; "this pool is like the soul of the sluggard. Who would tarry near it?"

3. Hillel now led the youth to a barren field, upon which grew naught but thorns and thistles, that choked the wheat²⁴ and the healthful herbs. Hillel here leaned upon his staff, and said, "Behold, the soil of this field is good, and it is able to bring forth useful and salutary fruits. But it has been forgotten and neglected. Therefore it now produces prickly thorns and thistles, and poisonous weeds; snakes and toads dwell therein. In the pool thou didst see the soul,²⁵ here recognize the life of the sluggard."

4. Then Saboth was filled with shame and repentance, and he said, "Master, wherefore²⁶ dost thou lead me into these waste and dreary places? They are the rebuking emblems of my soul and of my life." And Hillel said, "As thou wouldst not hearken to my words, I have tried whether the voice of Nature would not speak with greater power to thee."

5. Saboth then clasped his teacher's hand, and said, "O, it has penetrated my heart, and thou wilt, henceforth, see that a new life has arisen within me." And so it was. Saboth became an active and industrious youth. Hillel then led him into a fair and fertile valley, by the banks of a clear stream, which flowed in pleasant windings between fruitful trees, flowering meadows, and dark-green bushes.

6. "Behold," said the old man to the delighted youth, "the emblem of thy new and active life! Nature, which hath warned thee, may now reward thee also."—"And mine own heart," replied the youth, with emotion, "and the approbation of my faithful teacher." The charms and beauty of Nature can truly delight him only who in her life views his own.

FROM THE GERMAN

LI. — A CHASE ON THE ICE.

1. DURING the winter of 1844, being in the northern part of Maine, I had much leisure for the sports of a new country. To none was I more passionately addicted than to skating. The sequestered lakes, frozen by intense^m cold, offer a wide plain to the lovers of this pastime. Often^s would I bind on my skates, and glide away up the glittering river, threading every mazy streamlet that flowed on toward^m the parent ocean, and feeling every pulse bound with the joyous exercise. It was during one of these excursions that an adventure befell me, that I can rarely think upon, even now, without a certain thrill of astonishment.^m

2. I had left a friend's house one evening, just before dusk, with the intention of skating a short distance up the noble Kennebec, which, under its icy crust, flowed directly before the door.³ The air was clear, calm, and bracing. The new moon silvered the lofty pines, and the stars twinkled with rare brilliancy from their dark-blue depths. In the stillness, the solitude and magnificence of the scene, there was an effect almost preternatural upon the mind. I had gone up the river nearly two miles, when, coming to a little stream which emptied into a larger, I turned in to explore its course. Fir and hemlock trees of a century's^m growth met overhead, and formed an evergreen archway, radiant with frost-work.

3. All was dark within; but I was young and fearless, and, as I peered into the unbroken forest,^m I laughed in very joyousness. My wild^m hurra rang through the woods, and I stood listening to the echo^m that reverberated again and again, until all was hushed. Occasionally from some tall oak a night-bird would flap its wings. I watched the owls^m as they fluttered by, and I held my breath to listen to their distant hooting.

4. All of a sudden,⁹¹ a sound arose, which seemed to proceed from the very ice beneath my feet. It was loud and tremendous at first, and ended in a long yell. I was appalled. Coming on the ear amid such an unbroken solitude, it sounded like a blast from an infernal trumpet. Presently I heard the twigs on the shore^m

snap as if from the tread of some animal. The blood rushed to my forehead with a bound that made my skin burn; but I felt a strange relief that I had to contend with things of earthly and not spiritual mould. My energies returned. The moon shone through the opening by which I had entered the forest, and, considering this the best direction for escape, I shot toward it like an arrow.

5. The opening was hardly a hundred yards distant, and the swallow could not have skimmed them more swiftly; yet, as I turned my eyes to the shore, I could see two dark objects dashing through the underbrush at a pace nearly double that of my own. By their great speed, and the short yells which they gave, I knew³ at once that they were of the much-dreaded species known as the gray wolf. The untamable fierceness and untiring strength of this animal,

“ With its long gallop, that can tire
The hound’s deep hate, the hunter’s fire,”

render it an object of dread to benighted travellers. The bushes that skirted the shore now seemed to rush by me with the velocity of light, as I dashed on in my flight.

6. The outlet was nearly gained; one second more, and I would be comparatively safe; but my pursuers⁴ suddenly appeared on the bank directly above me, which rose to the height of some ten feet. There was no time for thought; I bent my head and darted wildly forward. The wolves sprang, but, miscalculating my speed, sprang behind, while their intended prey glided out upon the river. Instinct turned me toward home. How my skates made the light icy mist spin from the glassy surface! The fierce howl of my pursuers again rang in my ears. I did not look back; I thought of the dear ones awaiting my return, and I put in play every faculty of mind and body for my escape. I was perfectly at home on the ice; and many were the days I had spent on my skates.

7. Every half-minute an alternate yelp from my pursuers told me they were close at my heels. Nearer and nearer they came; I could hear them pant. I strained every muscle⁵ in my frame to quicken my speed. Still I could hear close behind me the pattering of feet, when an involuntary motion on my part turned me out of my course. The wolves, unable to stop and as unable to turn, slipped and fell, sliding on far ahead, their tongues lolling out, their white tusks gleaming from their red mouths, their dark, shaggy breasts freckled with foam; and, as they slid on, they howled with redoubled rage.

8. The thought occurred to me, that by thus turning aside

whenever they came too near, I could avoid them ; for, from the peculiar formation of their feet, they cannot run on ice except in a right line. I immediately acted on this plan. The wolves, having regained their feet, sprang directly towards me. The race was renewed for twenty yards up the stream ; they were²⁹ already close on my back, when I glided round and dashed past them. A fierce howl greeted my evolution, and the wolves slipped upon their haunches, and again slid onward, presenting a perfect picture of baffled, blood-thirsty rage.

9. Thus I gained, at each turning, nearly a hundred yards. This was repeated two or three times, the wolves getting more excited every moment, until, coming opposite the house, a couple of stag-hounds, aroused by the noise, bayed furiously from their kennels. Quickly taking the hint, the wolves stopped in their mad career, turned skulkingly, and fled. I watched them till their dusky forms disappeared over a neighboring hill. Then, taking off my skates, I wended my way to the house, grateful to Providence for my escape, and determined never to trust myself again, if I could help it within the reach of a gray wolf.

LII.—THE PARTICULAR LADY.

1. I AM far from being opposed theoretically³¹ to habits of neatness and order ; but we sometimes see a good propensity carried so far as to interfere with the comfort of others. Did you ever live with a particular lady ?— one possessed not simply with the spirit, but the démon of tidiness, — who will give you a two hours³⁴ lecture upon the sin of an untied shoe-string, and raise a hurricane about your ears on the enormity of a fractured glove ? who will be struck speechless at the sight of a pin instead of a string, or set a whole house in an uproar, on finding a book on the table instead of in the book-case ? Those who have had the misfortune to meet with such a person will know how to sympathize with me. I have passed two whole months with a particular lady.

2. I had often received very pressing invitations to visit an old school-fellow, who is settled in a snug parsonage, about fifty miles from town ; but something or other was continually occurring to prevent me from availing myself of them. But, on the 17th of June (I shall never forget it, if I live to the age of old Parr³²), having a few spare weeks at my disposal, I set out for my chum's³³ residence. He received me with his wonted cordiality ; but I fancied that he looked a little more care-worn than

a man of thirty might be expected to look, — married as he is to the woman of his choice, and in the possession of an easy fortune.

3. Poor fellow! I did not know that his wife^m was a precisian.^m The first hint I received of the fact was from Mr. S., who, removing my hat from the first peg in the hall to the fourth, observed, "My wife is a little particular in these matters; the first peg is for my hat, the second for William's, the third for Tom's, and you can reserve the fourth, if you please, for your own: ladies, you know, do not like to have their arrangements interfered with."

4. I promised to do my best to recollect the order of precedence with respect to the hats, and walked up stairs, impressed with an awful veneration for a lady who had contrived to impose so rigid a discipline on a man formerly the most disorderly of mortals. I mentally resolved to obtain her favor by the most studious observance of her wishes.

5. I might as well have determined to be Emperor of China! Before the week was at an end, I was a lost man. I always reckon myself tolerably tidy; never leaving more than half my clothes on the floor of my dressing-room, nor more than a dozen books about any apartment I may happen to occupy for an hour. I do not lose more than a dozen handkerchiefs in a month; nor have more than a quarter of an hour's hunt for my hat or gloves, whenever I am going out in a hurry.

6. I found all this was but as dust in the balance. The first^m time I sat down to dinner, I made a horrible blunder; for, in my haste to help my friend to some asparagus,^m I pulled a dish a little out of its place, thereby deranging the exact hexagonal^m order in which the said dishes were arranged. I discovered my mishap on hearing Mr. S. sharply rebuked for a similar offence.

7. Secondly, I sat, the whole evening, with the cushion a full finger's length beyond the cane-work of my chair; and, what is worse, I do not know that I should have been aware of my delinquency, if the agony of the lady's feelings had not overpowered every consideration, and at last compelled her to burst forth, — "Excuse me, Mr. —,* but do, pray, put your cushion straight: it annoys me beyond measure to see it otherwise!"

8. My third offence was displacing the snuffer-stand from its central position between the candlesticks;^m my fourth, leaving a pamphlet I had been perusing on the pianoforte;^m its proper place being a table in the middle of the room, on which all books

* In reading aloud, the word *Blank* may be sometimes substituted (as in this instance) for a mark of Ellipsis. See ¶ 147, Part I.

In present use were ordered to repose; my fifth — but, in short, I should never have done, were I to enumerate every separate enormity of which I was guilty. My friend S.'s drawing-room has as good a right to exhibit⁴ a placard of "steel traps and spring guns" as any park I am acquainted with.

9. Even those "chartered libertines," the children and dogs, were taught to be as demure⁵ and hypocritical as the matronly tabby-cat⁶ herself, who sat with her two fore-feet together and her tail curled round her, as exactly as if she had been worked in an urn-rug, instead of being a living mouser. It was the utmost stretch of my friend's mār'ital⁷ authority to get his favorite spaniel admitted to the honor of the parlor;⁸ and even this privilege is only granted in his master's presence. If Carlo happens to pop his unlucky brown nose into the room when S. is from home, he retreats directly, with as much consciousness in his ears and tail as if he had been convicted of larceny in the kitchen, and anticipated the application of the broomstick.

10. As to the children, I believe that they look forward to their evening visit to the drawing-room⁹ with much the same sort of feeling. Not that Mrs. S. is an unkind mother, or, I should rather say, not that she means to be so; but she has taken it into her head that, as young people have sometimes short memories, it is necessary to put them verbally in mind of their duties, "from morn till dewy¹⁰ eve."

11. So it is with her servants. If one of them leaves a broom or a duster out of its place for a second, she hears of it for a month afterwards. I wonder how they endure it! I have sometimes thought that, from long practice, they do not heed it, as a friend of mine who lives in a bustling street in the city tells me he does not hear the noise of the coaches and carts in front of his house, nor even of a brazier¹¹ who hammers away in his near neighborhood from morning till night.

12. The worst of it is, that while Mrs. S. never allows a moment's peace to her husband, children or servants, she thinks herself a jewel of a wife; but such jewels are too costly for everyday wear. I am sure poor S. thinks so in his heart, and would be content¹² to exchange half-a-dozen of his wife's tormenting good qualities, for the sake of being allowed a little commonplace repose.

13. I never shall forget the delight I felt on entering my own house, after enduring her thralldom¹³ for two months. I absolutely revelled in disorder. I tossed my hat one way, my gloves another; pushed all the chairs into the middle of the room, and narrowly escaped cuffing my faithful Christopher, for offering to put it "in order" again, — "straightening," as they call it in

Cheshire. That awfulst "spirit of order!" For my own part, I do so execrate the phrase,st that if I were a member of the House of Commons, and the "order"st of the day were called for, I should make it a "rule" to walk out.

LIII. — THE FATHER'S RETURN FROM A FOREIGN LAND.

1. O joyful hour when to our longing home
 The long-expected wheels at length drew nigh!
 When the first sound went forth, "They come, they come!"
 And hope's impatience quickened every eye.
 "Never had man whom Heaven would heap with bliss
 More glad return, more happy hour, than this."
2. Aloft on yonder bench, with arms disspread,
 My boy stood, shouting there his father's name,
 Waving his hat around his happy head;
 And there, a younger group,st his sisters came;
 Smiling they stood with looks of pleased surprise,
 While tears of joy were seen in elder eyes.
3. Soon each and all came crowding round to share
 The cordial greeting, the belovedst sight;
 What welcomings of hand and lip were there!
 And when those overflowings of delight
 Subsided to a sense of quiet bliss,
 Life hath no purer, deeper happiness.
4. Bring forth the treasures now, — a proud display, —
 For rich as Eastern merchants we return!
 Behold the black Beguine,st the Sister gray,
 The Friarsst whose heads with sober motion turn;
 The Ark well-filled, with all its numerous hives,
 Noah, and Shem, and Ja'phet, and their wives; —
5. The tumbler,st loose of limb; the wrestlers twain;
 And many a toy beside of quaintst device,
 Which, — when his fleecyst troops no more can gain
 Their pasture on the mountains hoar with ice, —
 The German shepherd carves with curious knife,
 Earning in easy toil the food of frugal life.
6. It was a group which Richter,st had he viewed,
 Might have deemed worthy of his perfect skill;
 The keen impatience of the younger brood,
 Their eager eyes, and fingers never still;
 The hope, the wonder, and the restless joy
 Of those glad girls and that vociferous boy'

7. The aged friend serene, with quiet smile,
 Who in their pleasure finds her own delight ;
 The mother's heartfelt happiness the while ;
 The aunt's,²⁸ rejoicing in the joyful sight ;
 And he who, in his gayety of heart,
 With glib and noisy tongue performed the showman's part.
8. Scoff ye who will ! but let me, gracious Heaven,
 Preserve this boyish heart till life's last day !
 For so that inward light by nature given
 Shall still direct and cheer me on my way,
 And, brightening as the shades of age descend,
 Shine forth with heavenly radiance at the end.

SOUTHEY

 LIV. — THE CARRIER-PIGEON.²⁹

THE bird, let loose in Eastern skies, when hastening fondly home,
 Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies where idle warblers roam ;
 But high she shoots through air and light, above all low delay,
 Where nothing earthly bounds her flight, nor shadow dims her way

So grant me, God, from every care and stain of passion free,
 Aloft, through Virtue's purer air, to hold my course to thee ;
 No sin to cloud, no lure to stay³⁰ my Soul, as home she springs ; —
 Thy Sunshine on her joyful way, thy Freedom in her wings !

MOORE.

 LV. — ODE TO PEACE.

1. COME, Peace of Mind, delightful guest !
 Return, and make thy downy nest
 Once more in this sad heart ;
 Nor riches I, nor power, pursue,³¹
 Nor hold forbidden joys in view ;
 We therefore need not part.
2. Where wilt thou dwell, if not with me,
 From avarice and ambition free,
 And pleasure's fatal wiles ?
 For whom, alas ! dost thou prepare
 The sweets that I was wont to share, —
 The banquet of thy smiles ?
3. The great, the gay, shall they partake
 The Heaven that thou alone canst make !
 And wilt thou quit the stream
 12*

That murmurs through the dewy mead,
The grove, and the sequestered shed,
To be a guest with them !

4. For thee I panted, thee I prized,
For thee I gladly sacrificed
Whate'er¹⁴¹ I loved before ;
And shall I see thee start away,
And, helpless, hopeless, hear thee say —
Farewell ! we meet no more !¹⁴²

COWPER.

LVI. — SPIRIT THE MOTIVE POWER OF THE BODY.

1. A MACHINE is a combination of parts composed of material substances, solid or fluid, or both, as the case may be ; having certain definite forms and arrangements, and possessing certain capabilities of transmitting force or motion. Its objects are to move, press, sustain, combine, divide, or otherwise, those substances to which it is applied. But the machine itself, merely as such, cannot accomplish this.

2. It possesses not its own principle of motion ; it cannot urge its own levers,¹⁴³ or stretch its own cords, or turn its own wheels, or put its own fluids into circulation. The application of some efficient cause, extrinsic to and altogether distinct from the machine itself, is necessary to accomplish this. This extrinsic cause, whatever it be, from which the machine derives its motion and efficacy, is called the prime mover.

3. The point on which I desire now to fix your attention is, that this prime mover is altogether distinct from and independent of the machine ; that it possesses, or at least may possess, no property in common with it ; and that its existence, or non-existence, is not decided by the existence or non-existence of the machine.

4. The machine may be broken, destroyed, worn by age, or otherwise disabled, and yet the prime mover may still retain its original energy. Thus a steam-engine is moved by fire, a mill by wind or water ; the steam-engine may deteriorate by age, and the mill be broken by accident, and yet the fire, and the wind, and the water, will still preserve their powers.

5. These observations, which correctly describe a machine, may with propriety be applied to the human body. This body is also a combination of parts, composed of material substances, solid and fluid, having certain definite forms and arrangements, possessing certain capabilities of motion and force, destined and

~~presently fixed~~ admirably adapted to obey the dictation of its prime mover, the living principle, the immaterial spirit.²¹

6. So long as it pleases the Great Engineer who constructed this body to permit its connection with that intellectual spirit, so long will it obey the impulses which it receives; nor does the decay in this bodily machine infer any corresponding decay of the moving spirit, any more than the wear and tear of a steam-engine proves the destruction of the principle of heat which gives it motion.

7. Neither are we to infer, because this bodily machine, in its obedience to the vital spirit, acts mechanically, and follows all the ordinary properties and laws of matter, that, therefore, the spirit which moves it partakes of the nature of matter, or is answerable to its laws, any more than we should infer that the levers, wheels, pumps, chains, cords, and valves, of a steam-engine, are regulated by the laws which govern heat. On the contrary, I submit, it, to the candor²² of the most sceptical²³ materialist,²⁴ whether the whole tendency of analogy²⁵ does not directly overthrow the hypothesis,²⁶ that the principle of life is organic.²⁷

8. We are assured in the Scriptures²⁸ that in the first instance "God formed man of the dust of the ground;" that is to say, He created that curious and beautiful machine, the organized human body;—but that body was still an inert structure, without the principle of motion, or spontaneity.²⁹ A more noble work remained to be performed; the immaterial spirit, the divine essence, the prime mover of this machine, was to be applied; and, accordingly, we learn that God "breathed into his nostrils the breath of life;" and then, and not till then, "man became a living soul."

LARDNER.

LVII. — THE LION AND THE SPANIEL.

1. In the afternoon our company went again to the Tower to see the great lion and the little dog, as well as to hear the recent story of their friendship. They found the place thronged, and all were obliged to pay treble prices on account of the unprecedented novelty of the show; so that the keeper, in a short space, acquired a little fortune.

2. The great cage in the front was occupied by a beast, who, by way of preëminence, was called the king's lion; and, while he traversed the limits of his straitened dominions, he was attended by a small and very beautiful black spaniel,³⁰ who frisked and gambolled about him, and at times would pretend to snarl

condescension.

and bite at him; and again the noble animal, with an air of fond complaisance, would hold down his head, while the little creature licked his formidable chaps.^m Their history, as the keeper related it, was as follows:

3. It was customary for all who were unable or unwilling to pay their expenses to bring a dog or cat as an oblationⁿ to the beast in lieu^o of money to the keeper. Among others, a fellow had caught up in the streets this pretty black spaniel, who was accordingly thrown into the cage of the great lion. Immediately the little animal trembled, and shivered, and crouched, and threw itself on its back, and put forth its tongue, and held up its paws in supplicatory attitudes,^o as an acknowledgment of superior power, and praying for mercy.

4. In the mean time, the lordly brute, instead of devouring it, beheld it with an eye of philosophic inspection. He turned it over with one paw, and then turned it with the other; smelled of it, and seemed desirous of courting a further acquaintance. The keeper, on seeing this, brought a large mess of his own family dinner; but the lion kept aloof, and refused to eat, keeping his eye on the dog, and inviting him, as it were, to be his taster. At length, the little animal's fears being something abated, and his appetite^m quickened by the smell of the victuals,ⁿ he approached slowly, and with trembling ventured to eat. The lion then advanced gently and began to partake, and they finished their meal very lovingly together.

5. From this day the strictest friendship commenced between them, — a friendship consisting of all possible affection and tenderness on the part of the lion, and of the utmost confidence and boldness on the part of the dog; insomuch that he would lay himself down to sleep within the fangs and under the jaws of his terrible patron.

6. A gentleman who had lost the spaniel, and had advertised^s a reward of two guineas^m to the finder, at length heard of the adventure, and went to reclaim the dog. "You see, sir," said the keeper, "it would be a great pity to part such loving friends; however, if you insist upon having your property, you must even be pleased to take him yourself; it is a task that I would not engage in for five hundred guineas." The gentleman rose into great wrath, but finally chose to acquiesce rather than have a personal dispute with the lion.

7. As Mr. Felton had a curiosity to see the two friends eat together, he sent for twenty pounds of beef, which was accordingly cut in pieces, and given into the cage; when immediately the little brute, whose appetite happened to be eager at the time, was desirous of making a monopoly of the whole, and putting

his paws upon the meat, and grumbling and barking, he audaciously flew in the face of the lion. But the generous creature, instead of being offended with his impotent companion,^m started back, and seemed terrified at the fury of his attack, neither attempted to eat a bit till his favorite had tacitlyⁿ given permission.

8. When they were both gorged, the lion stretched and turned himself, and lay down in an evident posture for repose; but this his sportive companion would not admit. He frisked and gambolled about him, barked at him, would now scrape and tear at his head with his claws, and again seize him by the ear and bite and pull away; while the noble beast appeared affected by no other sentiment save that of pleasure and complacency. But let us proceed to the tragic catastrophe of this extraordinary^m story; a story still known to many, as delivered down by tradition from father to son.

9. In about twelve months the little spaniel sickened and died, and left his loving patron the most desolate^o of creatures. For a time the lion did not appear to conceive otherwise than that his favorite was asleep. He would continue to smell of him, and then would stir him with his nose, and turn him over with his paw; but, finding that all his efforts to awake him were vain, he would traverse his cage from end to end at a swift and uneasy pace, then stop and look down upon him with a fixed and drooping regard; and againⁿ lift his head on high, and open his horrible throat, and prolong a roar, as of distant thunder, for several minutes together.

10. They attempted, but in vain, to convey the carcass from him; he watched it perpetually, and would suffer nothing to touch it. The keeper then endeavored to tempt him with variety of victuals, but he turned with loathing from all that was offered. They then put several living dogs into his cage, and these he instantly tore piecemeal, but left their members^m on the floor.ⁿ His passion being thus inflamed, he would dart his fangs into the board, and pluck away large splinters, and again grapple at the bars of his cage, and seem enraged at his restraint from tearing the world to pieces.

11. Again, as quite spent, he would stretch himself by the remains of his beloved associate, and gather him in with his paws, and put him to his bosom; and then utter under-roars of such terrible melancholy as seemed to threaten all around, for the loss of his little playfellow,^m the only friend, the only companion, that he had upon earth.

HENRY BROOKS.

V. *Geneva*
LVIII. — THE IMPRISONMENT OF BONNIVARD.

1. FAILING in his enterprise for the liberation of Genève,¹¹ Bonnivard¹² was transported to the castle of Chillon,¹³ where a dreadful captivity awaited him. Bound by the middle of his body to a chain, the other end of which was attached to an iron ring in a pillar,¹⁴ he remained in this condition six years, free to move the length only of his chain, and able to recline only where¹⁵ it allowed him to extend himself.

2. The pavement was hollowed by his measured tread; but the thought that his captivity would perhaps avail nothing¹⁶ for the enfranchisement of his country, and that Geneva and he were doomed to perpetual fetters, must have been more wearing to his mind¹⁷ than his steps to the stone.

“ Chillon ! thy prison is a holy place,
And thy sad floor an altar ; for 't was trod,
Until his very steps have left a trace,
Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
By Bonnivard ! — May none those marks efface !
For they appeal from tyranny to God.”

3. How happened it, in this long night, which no day broke in upon, and where the silence was disturbed by no sound save that of the waves of the lake dashing against the walls of his dungeon, — how happened it that the mind did not overpower the body, or the body the mind ? Why was it that the jailer, on going his rounds some morning, did not find his prisoner either dead or mad ? One besetting — one eternal idea, — was it not enough to break the heart, or paralyze the brain ?

4. And, during this time, — during these six years, during this eternity, — not a cry, not a murmur, as his jailers testified, escaped from the prisoner ; although, without doubt, when the tempest was unloosed, — when the gale tore up the waves, when the rain and the blast lashed the walls, — he too had his utterance ; for then his voice might be lost in the great voice of nature ; for then God only could distinguish his cries and sobs ; and, the next day, his jailers, who had not feasted on his despair, would find him calm and resigned, — the tempest in his heart subdued¹⁸ and hushed, like that in the sky.

5. Ah ! without that — without that — would he not have dashed his brains out against the pillar to which he was chained ? Could he have awaited that day when his countrymen simultaneously burst into his prison to rescue and to honor him ? A hundred voices then exclaimed, “ Bonnivard, thou art free ! ” — “ And Genève ? ” — “ Is also free ! ”

ORIGINAL TRANSLATION.

LIX. — THE LAUNCH OF THE SHIP.

1. THEN the master,
With a gesture of command,
Waved his hand ;
And at the word,
Loud and sudden there was heard,
All around them and below,
The sound of hammers, blow on blow,
Knocking away the shores[—] and spurs.
And see ! she stirs !
She starts, — she moves, — she seems to feel
The thrill of life along her keel,
And, spurning with her foot the ground,
With one exulting, joyous bound,
She leaps into the ocean's arms !
2. And, lo ! from the assembled crowd
There rose a shout, prolonged and loud,
That to the ocean seemed to say,
"Take her, O bridegroom, old and gray,
Take her to thy protecting arms,
With all her youth and all her charms ! "
3. How beautiful[—] she is ! How fair
She lies within those arms, that press
Her form with many a soft caress
Of tenderness and watchful care !
Sail forth into the sea, O ship !
Through wind and wave, right onward steer !
The moistened eye, the trembling lip,
Are not the signs of doubt or fear.
4. Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State,
Sail on, O UNION, strong and great !
Humanity, with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate !
We know what master laid thy keel,
What workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope !
5. Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'T is of the wave, and not the rock ;
'T is but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale !

In spite of rock and tempest's¹⁰⁰ roar,
 In spite of false lights on the shore,
 Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
 Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee.
 Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
 Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
 Are all with thee, — are all with thee!

LONGFELLOW.

LX. — AFFECTATION.

1. WHY, Affectation, why this mock grimace?
 Go, silly thing, and hide that simpering face!
 Thy lisping prattle, and thy mincing gait,
 All thy false mimic fooleries, I hate;
 For thou art Folly's counterfeit, and she
 Who is right foolish hath the better plea;
 Nature's true idiot I prefer to thee.
2. Why that soft languish! Why that drawling tone?
 Art sick! art sleepy! — Get²⁰ thee hence, — begone!
 I laugh at all those pretty baby tears,
 Those flutterings, faintings, and unreal fears.
3. Can they deceive us! Can such mummeries move,
 Touch us with pity, or inspire with love!
 No, Affectation, vain is all thy art;
 Those eyes may wander over every part,
 They 'll never find their passage to the heart.

CUMBERLAND.

LXI. — HISTORICAL CHARACTERS.

1. ALEXANDER SEVERUS. — *Gibbon.*

ALEXANDER³⁰ rose early. The first moments of the day went consecrated to private devotion. But, as he deemed the service of mankind⁴⁰ the most acceptable worship of the gods, the greater part of his morning hours was employed in council, where he discussed public affairs, and determined private causes, with a patience and discretion above his years. The dryness of business was relieved by the charms of literature; and a portion of time was always set apart for his favorite studies of poetry, history, and philosophy.

The works of Virgil⁵⁰ and Horace,⁶⁰ the republics of Plāto⁷⁰ and Cicero,⁸⁰ formed his taste, enlarged his understanding, and gave him the noblest ideas of man and of government. The ex-

exercises of the body succeeded to those of the mind; and Alexander, who was tall, active, and robust, surpassed most of his equals in the gymnastic^m arts. Refreshed by the use of his bath, and a slight dinner, he resumed, with new vigor, the business of the day; and till the hour of supper, — the principal meal of the Romans, — he was attended by his secretaries, with whom he read and answered the multitude of letters, memorials, and petitions, that must have been addressed to the master of the greatest part of the world.

His table was served with the most frugal simplicity; and whenever he was at liberty to consult his own inclination, the company consisted of a few select friends, — men of learning and virtue. His dress was plain and modest; his demeanor, courteous^m and affable. At the proper hours, his palace was open to all his subjects; but the voice of a crier was heard, as in the Eleusinian^m mysteries, pronouncing the same salutary admonition, — "Let none enter these holy walls, unless he is conscious of a pure and innocent mind."

2. QUEEN ELIZABETH. — *Hume.*

There are few great personages in history who have been more exposed to the calumny of enemies, and the adulation of friends, than Queen Elizabeth;^m and yet there scarcely is any whose reputation has been more certainly determined by the unanimous consent of posterity. The unusual length of her administration, and the strong features of her character, were able to overcome all prejudices; and, obliging her detractors to abate much of their invectives, and her admirers somewhat of their panegyrics,^m have, at last, in spite of political factions, and, what is more, of religious animosities, produced a uniform judgment with regard to her conduct.

Few sovereigns of England^m succeeded to the throne in more difficult circumstances; and none ever conducted the government with such uniform success and felicity. Though unacquainted with the practice of toleration, the true secret for managing religious factions, she preserved her people, by her superior prudence, from those confusions in which theological controversy had involved all the neighboring nations; and though her enemies were the most powerful princes of Europe, — the most active, the most enterprising, the least scrupulous, — she was able, by her vigor, to make deep impressions on their states. Her own greatness, meanwhile, remained unimpaired.

The wise ministers and brave warriors^m who flourished under her reign share the praise of her success; but, instead of lessen-

ing the applause due to her, they ^{prostration} make great addition to it. They owed, all of them, their advancement to her choice; they were supported by her constancy; and, with all their abilities, they were never able to acquire any ^{domination} ~~unique~~ ascendancy over her. In her family, in her court, in her kingdom, she remained equally mistress; the force of the tender passions was great over her, but the force of her mind was still superior; and the ^{consequence} ~~consequence~~ which her victory ^{evidently} ~~visibly~~ cost her serves only to display the firmness of her resolution, and the loftiness of her ambitious sentiments. ^{impressions}

The fame of this princess, though it has surmounted the prejudices both of faction and bigotry, yet lies still exposed to another prejudice, which is more durable, because more natural, and which, according to the different views in which we survey her, is capable either of exalting beyond measure, or diminishing the lustre of her character. This prejudice is founded on the consideration of her sex.

When we contemplate her as a woman, we are apt to be struck with the highest admiration of her great qualities and extensive capacity; but we are also apt to require some more softness of disposition, some greater lenity of temper, some of those amiable weaknesses by which her sex is distinguished. But the true method of estimating her merit is, to lay aside all these considerations, and consider her merely as a rational being, placed in authority, and intrusted with the government of mankind.

3. HOWARD, ^{celebrated} THE PHILANTHROPIST. — *Burke*.

He has visited all Europe — not to survey the sumptuousness of palaces, or the stateliness of temples; not to make accurate measurements of the remains of ancient grandeur, nor to form a scale of the curiosities of modern art, nor to collect medals, or collate manuscripts; ^{new} ^{most efficacious} but to dive into the depths of dungeons, to plunge into the infection of hospitals, to survey the mansions of sorrow and pain; to take the gauge and dimensions of misery, depression, and contempt; to remember the forgotten, to attend to the neglected, to visit the forsaken, and compare and collate the distresses of all men in all countries. His plan is original; it is as full of genius as of humanity. It was a voyage of discovery; a circumnavigation of charity.

4. MILTON. — *Quarterly Review*.

It is impossible to refuse to Milton the honor due to a life of the sincerest piety and the most dignified virtue. No man ever lived under a more abiding sense of responsibility. No man ever

strove more faithfully to use time and talent "as ever in the great Taskmaster's eye." No man so richly endowed was ever less ready to trust in his own powers, or more prompt to own his dependence on "that eternal and propitious throne, where nothing is readier than grace and refuge to the distresses of mortal suppliants." His morality was of the loftiest order. He possessed a self-control which, in one susceptible of such vehement emotions, was marvellous. No one ever saw him indulging in those propensities which overcloud the mind and pollute the heart.

reliable No youthful excesses treasured up for him a suffering and remorseful old age. From his youth up he was temperate in all things, as became one who had consecrated himself to a life-struggle against vice, and error, and darkness, in all their forms. He had started with the conviction "that he who would not be frustrated of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things, ought himself to be a true poem; that is, a composition and pattern of the best and honorablest things;" and from this he never swerved. His life was indeed a true poem; or it might be compared to an anthem on his own favorite organ—high-toned, solemn, and majestic.

from February 22, 1792 died 1799
5. WASHINGTON. — Webster.

The character of Washington^m is among the most cherished contemplations of my life. It is a fixed star in the firmament of great names, shining without twinkling or obscuration, with clear, steady, benignant light. It is associated and blended with all our reflections on those things which are near and dear to us. If we think of the independence of our country, we think of him whose efforts were so prominent in achieving it; if we think of the constitution which is over us, we think of him who did so much to establish it, and whose administration of its powers is acknowledged to be a model for his successors. If we think of glory in the field, of wisdom in the cabinet,^m of the purest patriotism, of the highest integrity, public and private, of morals without a stain, of religious feelings without intolerance and without extravagance, the august⁷⁸ figure of Washington presents itself as the personation of all these ideas.

counterfeit

LXII. — ON THE ABUSE OF GENIUS.

real true
1. I HAVE endeavored to show that the intrinsic value of genius is a secondary consideration, compared to the use to which it is applied; that genius ought to be estimated chiefly by the

character of the subject upon which it is employed, or of the cause which it advocates; that it should be considered, in fact, as a mere instrument, a weapon, a sword, ^{which} may be used in a good cause, or in a bad one; may be wielded by a patriot, or a highwayman; may give protection to the dearest interests of society, or may threaten those interests with the irruption of pride, and profligacy, and folly, — of all the vices which compose the curse and degradation of our species.

2. I am the more disposed to dwell a little upon this subject, because I am persuaded that it is not sufficiently attended to, ¹³³ — nay, that in ninety-nine instances out of a hundred it is not attended to at all; ¹³⁴ — that works of imagination are perused for the sake of the wit which they display; which wit not only reconciles us to, but endears to us, opinions, and feelings, and habits, at war with wisdom and morality, — to say nothing of religion; — in short, that we admire the polish, the temper, and shape of the sword, and the dexterity with which it is wielded, though it is the property of a lunatic, or of a bravo; though it is brandished in the face of wisdom and virtue; and, at every wheel, ¹³⁵ threatens to inflict a wound that will disfigure some feature, or lop some member; or, with masterly adroitness, aims a death-thrust at the heart!

3. I would deprive genius of the worship that is paid to it for its own sake. Instead of allowing it to dictate to the world, I would have the world dictate to it, — dictate to it so far as the vital interests of society are affected. I know it is the opinion of many that the moral of mere poetry is of little avail; that we are charmed by its melody and wit, and uninjured by its levity and profaneness; and hence many a thing has been allowed in poetry, which would have been scouted, deprecated, rejected, had it appeared in prose; as if vice and folly were less pernicious for being introduced to us with an elegant and insinuating address; or as if the graceful folds and polished scales of a serpent were an antidote against the venom of its sting.

4. There is not a more prolific source of human error than that railing at the world which obtrudes itself so frequently upon our attention in the perusing of Lord Byron's poems, — that sickness of disgust which begins its indecent heavings whensoever the idea of the species forces itself upon him. The species is not perfect; but it retains too much of the image of its Maker, preserves too many evidences of the modelling of the Hand that fashioned it, is too near to the hovering providence of its disregarded but still cherishing Author, to excuse, far less to call for,

foreshadowing or justify, *abandoning* desertion, or *represents* disclaiming, or *sorrowful* reviling upon the part of any one of its members.

5. I know no more pitiable object than the man who standing upon the pigmy eminence of his own self-importance, looks around upon the species with an eye that never throws a beam of satisfaction on the prospect, but visits with a scowl whatsoever it lights upon. The world is not that reprobate world, that it should be cut off from the visitation of charity; that it should be represented as having no alternative but to inflict or bear. Life is not one continued scene of wrestling with our fellows. Mankind are not forever grappling one another by the throat. There is such a thing as the grasp of friendship, as the outstretched hand of benevolence, as an interchange of good offices, as a mingling, a crowding, a straining together for the relief or the benefit of our species.

deception 6. The moral he thus inculcates is one of the most baneful tendency. The principle of self-love, — implanted in us for the best, but capable of being *corruption* perverted to the worst of purposes, — by a fatal abuse, too often disposes us to indulge in this sweeping depreciation of the species; a depreciation founded upon some fallacious idea of superior value in ourselves, with which imaginary excellences we conceive the world to be at war. A greater source of error cannot exist.

KNOWLES.

LXIII. — CREATION.

1. The spacious firmament⁹¹ on high,
With all the blue ethereal¹⁴⁶ sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
The unwearied sun from day to day
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty Hand.
2. Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
3. What, though in solemn⁹⁰ silence all
Move round this dark terrestria ball?

What, though no real voice nor sound
 Amid their radiant orbs be found?
 In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice;
 Forever singing, as they shine,
 "The Hand that made us is Divine."

ADDISON

LXIV. — ASTRONOMY AND IMMORTALITY.

PART FIRST.

1. THE planet on which we live is twenty-five thousand miles in circumference, and its surface is diversified and adorned with oceans, continents, and islands, — with mountains, valleys, forests, and rivers; and over all is stretched the glorious canopy of the heavens, forever lovely with the golden light of the stars. The distance of the earth from the sun is, in round numbers, one hundred millions of miles; which is, of course, the radius^m or semi-diameter^m of its orbit.^m

2. This orbit, therefore, reaches through a circuitth of six hundred millions of miles, along which the earth passes at the rate of seventy thousand miles an hour. And it should be remembered that this earth of ours, instead of being something contrary to the visible heavens, is a *portion of them*; so that we are as truly *in* the heavens where we are, as we could be in any other point of space.

3. We are at this moment more than thirty-five thousand miles distant from the point in space where we were thirty minutes ago. We have actually travelled thirty-five thousand miles, beside being carried by the diurnal motion of the earth five hundred miles further east than we were half an hour ago! It is difficult to feel the reality of this, and yet it is as certain as figures.

4. Neptune, the outermost body of our solar family, is thirty times as far from the sun as we are, or three thousand millions of miles. From this we mount to the nearest fixed star, or the sun in our cluster next to us; and that is twenty millions of millions of miles distant from the earth.

5. And over this space it takes the light more than three years to come to us, travelling at the rate of two hundred thousand miles in a second. How overwhelming the thought! And yet this star is only the first mile-stone on the great highway that stretches along the measureless abysses of space.

6. This whole firmamentⁿ of ours, including the Milky^m Way

of which it is a part, is only one among the myriad⁴⁴ hosts of heaven! With all its innumerable suns and systems, and the tremendous voids that lie between, it is only one company in the grand army of God; a single cluster among multitudes of others of equal and greater magnitude and splendor.

7. And, if three thousand millions of miles separate⁵⁰ the sun from one of its planets, and twenty millions of millions of miles separate one sun from another, what, — the same stupendous scale being preserved,¹⁰ — what must be the breadth of that nameless profound which separates one firmament¹² from another, — which lies between those magnificent and mighty clusters, that, as the telescope²¹ is improved, rise upon the field²² of vision, troop behind troop, emerging forever out of the fathomless depths of space!

8. Verily, we are ready to exclaim, with the Psalmist,²³ “O Lord God Almighty, marvellous are thy works, and that¹¹⁸ my soul knoweth right well, — marvellous are thy works, and in wisdom and in power hast thou made them all.” And, were it not that we have the assurance that they are made in goodness as well as in wisdom and power, we should almost fear lest we should be overlooked and forgotten amid this endless wilderness of worlds; often we should take up that other cry of the Psalmist,⁶⁰ — “When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained, what is man, that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man, that thou visitest him!”

LXV. — ASTRONOMY AND IMMORTALITY.

PART SECOND.

1. AND yet, after all, it is man, it is mind, it is intelligent spirit,²⁴ that gives to this grand théâtre²⁵ of the material universe all its substantial use and worth, all its real glory! Without men and angels, without Mind to appreciate and enjoy it, to honor and glorify its Author, it would be like a splendid and costly panorama²⁶ without spectators.

2. It would be as if one should compose and have performed a magnificent oratorio²⁷ without an audience! And this brings us to the argument for the endless life of the soul, the immortality of Mind, which seems necessarily and logically to grow out of the infinitude of the material universe.

3. For what is this display of worlds and suns, of galaxies²⁸ and constellations²⁹ and clusters, without number and without

end, if the soul, so colossal^m in its powers, so fitted to explore, appreciate, and enjoy these wonders, and through which, only these and all else can glorify God, — if this is to perish at death and be no more forever?

4. Why is so glorious a work set out before it, and ability and energy given to perform it, but the time alone denied? For surely the present life, compared with the extent of the universe, is as a cipher to infinity. The mind has opportunity only to try its powers, to realize what it can do if time be given, and then it is crushed out, according to the gospel^m of unbelief, leaving the glorious work it could do all unfinished, — yea,^m scarcely begun!

5. Let us look at this: let us consider how much one can do toward a thorough acquaintance with our little planet, the earth, within the space of time allotted to the ordinary life of man. How much is it possible for us to accomplish in studying the surface of our globe, — its mountains, seas, rivers, plains, deserts, forests, and mines; its countless forms of animal and vegetable life, — beasts and birds, — fishes, reptiles, and insects, — plants, flowers, and fruits, — nations, languages, customs, modes of life, — history, science, and art, — and so through the encyclopædia^m of all knowledge possible to man in his present estate,¹³¹ — how much of this grand survey,^m in its endless details, is it possible for us to accomplish in a single lifetime?

6. Extend now this study and survey to the myriad millions of worlds and systems which we have glanced at in passing, and the myriad millions more, invisible, plunging through the fathomless profound of space. What time will be needful to this great work, — what time to behold, examine,^m and enjoy the nameless and numberless exhibitions of the Divine power, and wisdom, and goodness, spread out on this broad and magnificent theatre of the universe, — what time to become familiar with the order and arrangements, the harmonies and beauties, the life and history, of each one of these glittering orbs?¹³²

7. What time, but that which shall parallel this endless procession of suns and constellations? What life, but an unending one, will be long enough to look upon all the glorious wonders of Creative Power; and lift the veil from the beautiful mysteries which burn along the infinite abysses, and invite the gaze of the exulting astronomer, only to show him that they lie beyond the reach of all human efforts!

8. Is there not here, then, a presumptive proof of the endless life of the soul?¹³³ Has not God himself furnished us here an illustration of the great revelation of the gospel, that we live forever? Is He not consistent? Are not all his works in har-

mony? If he gives light, he gives an eye to use it. If he fills the world with a thousand delicious melodies, he forms the ear to enjoy them. If he creates us with animal needs and desires, he furnishes the means of gratifying them.

9. If he implants a religious element in man, he bestows the means of fitting culture; he gives us Revelation and Truth as an answer to the spiritual cry within. So in all things,—in all his works and arrangements,—there is relation, proportion, mutual harmony. And why should it fail in the case before us now?

LXVI. — GOD.

1. O THOU eternal One! whose presence bright*
 All space doth occupy, all motion guide, —
 Unchanged through Time's all-devastating flight,
 Thou only God! there is no God beside!
 Being above all beings! Mighty One!
 Whom none can comprehend and none explore.
 Who fill'st existence with *thyself* alone;
 Embracing all, supporting, ruling o'er, —
 Being whom we call God, and know no more!

2. In its sublime research, Philosophy^m
 May measure out the ocean deep, may count
 The sands or the sun's rays; but, God! for thee
 There is no weight nor measure; none can mount
 Up to thy mysteries; Reason's brightest spark,
 Though kindled by thy light, in vain would try
 To trace thy counsels, infinite and dark;
 And thought is lost ere^m thought can soar so high,
 Even like past moments in eternity.

3. Thou from primæval nothingness didst call¹²³
 First chāōs, then existence; Lord, on thee
 Eternity had its foundation; all
 Sprang forth from thee, — of light, joy, harmony,
 Sole origin; all life, all beauty, thine.
 Thy word created all, and doth¹²⁴ create;
 Thy splendor fills all space with rays divine.
 Thou art, and wert, and shalt be, glorious, great,
 Life-giving, life-sustaining Potentate!

* This first stanza affords an example of the inapplicability of rules of inflection. Many good readers will impart the rising inflection throughout in every line, even at the termination of the last; while others will introduce the falling inflection at every exclamation-point. The pupil will here experience the advantage of oral instruction from his teacher.

4. Thy chains the unmeasured universe surround,
 Upheld by thee, by thee inspired with breath.
 Thou the beginning with the end hast bound,
 And beautifully mingled life and death !
 As sparks mount upward from the fiery blaze,
 So suns are born, so worlds spring forth from thee ;
 And as the spangles in the sunny rays
 Shine round the silver snow, the pageantry
 Of heaven's bright army glitters in thy praise.

5. A million torches, lighted by thy hand,
 Wander unwearied through the blue abyss ;
 They own thy power, accomplish thy command,
 All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss.
 What shall we call them ! — Piles of crystal light !
 A glorious company of golden streams ?
 Lamps of celestial æther, burning bright !
 Suns lighting systems with their joyous beams ! —
 But thou to these art as the noon to night.

6. Yes ! as a drop of water in the sea,
 All this magnificence in thee is lost ;
 What are ten thousand worlds compared to thee ?
 And what am I, then ? — Heaven's unnumbered host,
 Though multiplied by myriads, and arrayed
 In all the glory of sublimest thought,
 Is but an atom in the balance, weighed
 Against thy greatness, — is a cipher brought
 Against infinity ! O, what am I, then ! — Naught.

7. Naught ! But the effluence of thy light divine,
 Pervading worlds, hath reached my bosom too ;
 Yes ! in my spirit doth thy Spirit shine,
 As shines the sunbeam in a drop of dew.⁸⁸
 Naught ! — but I live, and on hope's pinions fly
 Eager toward⁸⁹ thy presence ; for in thee
 I live, and breathe, and dwell ; aspiring high,
 Even to the throne of thy divinity.
 I am,¹¹⁷ O God, and surely *thou* must be !

8. Thou art ! directing, guiding all. Thou art !
 Direct my understanding, then, to thee ;
 Control my spirit, guide my wandering heart :
 Though but an atom 'mid immensity,
 Still I am something fashioned by thy hand !
 I hold a middle rank 'twixt heaven and earth,
 On the last verge of mortal being stand,
 Close to the realms where angels have their birth
 Just on the boundary of the spirit-land !

9. The chain of being is complete in me ;
 In me is matter's last gradation lost ;
 And the next step is spirit, — Deity !
 I can command the lightning, and am dust !
 A monarch, and a slave ! a worm, a god !
 Whence came I here, and how ! so marvellously
 Constructed and conceived ! Unknown ! — This clod
 Lives surely through some higher energy !
 For from itself alone it could not be !
10. Creator, yes ! thy wisdom and thy word
 Created *me* ! thou Source of life and good !
 Thou Spirit of my spirit, and my Lord !
 Thy light, thy love, in their bright plenitude, •
 Filled me with an immortal soul, to spring
 O'er the abyss of death, and bade it wear
 The garments of eternal day, and wing
 Its heavenly flight beyond this little sphere,⁶⁰
 Even to its Source — to thee — its Author, there.
11. O thoughts ineffable ! O visions blest !
 Though worthless our conceptions all of thee,
 Yet shall thy shadowed image fill our breast,
 And waft its homage to thy Deity.
 God ! thus alone my lowly thoughts can soar ;
 Thus seek thy presence, Being wise and good !
 'Midst thy vast works admire, obey, adore !
 And when the tongue is eloquent no more,
 The soul shall speak in tears of gratitude.

DERZHAVIN, TRANSLATED BY BOWRING

LXVII. — EXPRESSION IN READING.

1. 'T is not enough the voice be sound and clear, —
 'T is modulation¹¹⁷ that must charm the ear.
 When desperate heroines grieve with tedious moan,
 And whine¹⁰⁸ their sorrows in a see-saw tone,
 The same soft sounds of unimpassioned woes
 Can only make the yawning hearers doze.
2. *That* voice all modes of passion can express
 Which marks the proper word with proper stress ;
 But none emphatic can the reader call,
 Who lays an equal emphasis¹¹⁸ on *all*.
3. Some o'er the tongue the labored measures roll
 Slow and deliberate as the parting toll ;
 Point every stop, mark every pause so strong,
 Their words like stage-processions stalk along.

All affectation but creates disgust,
And even in speaking we may seem *too* just.

4. In vain for them the pleasing measure flows,
Whose recitation runs it all to prose ;
Repeating what the poet sets not down,
The verb disjoining from its friendly noun,
While pause, and break, and repetition join^{ed}
To make a discord in each tuneful line.
5. Some placid natures fill the allotted scene
With lifeless drone, insipid and serene ;
While others thunder every couplet o'er,
And almost crack your ears with rant and roar.
6. More nature oft and finer strokes are shown
In the low whisper than tempestuous tone :
And Hamlet's hollow voice and fixed amaze
More powerful terror to the mind conveys,
Than he, who, swollen with big impetuous rage,
Bullics the bulky phantom off the stage.
7. He who in earnest studies o'er his part
Will find true nature cling about his heart.
The modes of grief are not included all
In the white handkerchief and mournful drawl ,
A single look more marks the internal woe
Than all the windings of the lengthened O !
Up to the face the quick sensation flies,
And darts its meaning from the speaking eyes ;
Love, transport, madness, anger, scorn, despair,
And all the passions, all the soul is there.

LLOYD.

LXVIII. — THE RETURN OF THE DOVE.

1. THERE was hope in the Ark at the dawning of day,
When o'er the wide waters the Dove flew away ;
But when ere the night she came wearily back
With the leaf she had plucked on her desolate track,
The children of Noah knelt down and adored,
And uttered in anthems their praise to the Lord.
O, bird of glad tidings ! O, joy in our pain !
Beautiful Dove ! thou art welcome again.
2. When Peace has departed the care-stricken breast,
And the feet of the weary one languish for rest ;
When the world is a wide-spreading ocean of grief,
How blest the return of the Bird and the Leaf !

Reliance on God is the Dove to our Ark,
And Peace is the olive she plucks in the dark.
The deluge abates, there is sun after rain —
Beautiful Dove! thou art welcome again!

MACKAY.

LXIX. — THE COMPLAINT OF A STOMACH. *Saturday.*

1. BEING allowed for once to speak, I would fain take the opportunity to set forth how ill, in all respects, we stomachs are used. From the beginning to the end of life, we are either afflicted with too little or too much, or not the right thing, or things which are horribly disagreeable to us; or are otherwise thrown into a state of discomfort. I do not think it proper to take up a moment in bewailing the Too Little, for that is an evil which is never the fault¹²⁷ of our masters, but rather the result of their misfortunes; and indeed we would sometimes feel as if it were a relief from other kinds of distress, if we were put upon short allowance for a few days. But we conceive ourselves to have matter for a true bill against mankind in respect of the Too Much, which is always a voluntarily-incurred evil. *Disagreeable, indigestible, &c.*

2. What a pity that in the progress of discovery we can not establish some means of a good understanding between mankind and their stomachs; for really the effects of their non-acquaintance are most vexatious. Human beings seem to be, to this day, completely in the dark (as to what they ought to take at any time, and err almost as often from ignorance as from depraved appetite. Sometimes, for instance, when we of the inner house are rather weakly, they will send us down an article that we only could deal with when in a state of robust health. Sometimes, when we would require mild semi-farinaceous or vegetable diet, they will persist in all the most stimulating and irritating of viands. *Indigestible*

3. What sputtering we poor stomachs have when mistakes of that kind occur! What remarks we indulge in, regarding our masters! "What's this, now?" will a stomach-genius say; "an, detestable stuff! What an everlasting fool that man is! Will he never learn? Just the very thing I did not want. If he would only send down a bowl of fresh leek soup, or barley broth, there would be some sense in it:" and so on. If we had only been allowed to give the slightest hint now and then, like faithful servants as we are, from how many miseries might we have saved both our masters and ourselves!

4. I have been a stomach for about forty years, during all of which time I have endeavored to do my duty faithfully and punctually.

tually. My master, however, is so reckless, that I would defy any stomach of ordinary ability and capacity to get along pleasantly with him. The fact is, like almost all other men, he, in his eating and drinking, considers his own pleasure only, and never once reflects on the poor wretch who has to be responsible for the disposal of everything down stairs. Scarcely on any day does he fail to exceed the strict rule of temperance; nay, there is scarcely a single meal which is altogether what it ought to be, either in its constituents or its general amount. My life is therefore one of continual worry and fret; I am never off the drudge from morning till night, and have not a moment in the four-and-twenty hours that I can safely call my own.

5. My greatest trial takes place in the evening, when my master has dined. If you only saw what a mess this said dinner is, — soup, fish, flesh, fowl, ham, curry, rice, potatoes, table-beer, sherry, tart, pudding, cheese, bread, all mixed up together. I am accustomed to the thing, so don't feel much shocked; but my master himself would faint at the sight. The slave of duty in all circumstances, I call in my friend Gastric Juice,²¹ and to it we set, with as much good-will as if we had the most agreeable task in the world before us. But, unluckily, my master has an impression very firmly fixed upon him that our business is apt to be vastly promoted by an hour or two's drinking; so he continues at table amongst his friends, and pours me down some bottle and a half of wine, perhaps of various sorts, that bothers Gastric Juice and me to a degree which no one can have any conception of.

6. In fact, this said wine undoes our work almost as fast as we do it, besides blinding and poisoning us poor genii into the bargain. On many occasions I am obliged to give up my task for the time altogether; for, while this vinous shower is going on I would defy the most vigorous stomach in the world to make any advance in its business worth speaking of. Sometimes things go to a much greater length than at others; and my master will paralyze us in this manner for hours, — not always, indeed, with wine, but occasionally with punch, one ingredient of which — the lemon — is particularly odious to us ministers of the interior. All this time I can hear him jollifying away at a great rate, drinking healths to his neighbors, and ruining his own.

7. I am a lover of early hours — as are my brethren generally. To this we are very much disposed by the extremely hard work which we usually undergo during the day. About ten o'clock, having, perhaps, at that time, got all our labors past, and feeling fatigued and exhausted, we like to sink into repose, not to be again disturbed till next morning at breakfast-time. Well, how it may be with others I can't tell; but so it is, that

my master never scruples to rouse me up from my first sleep, and give me charge of an entirely new meal, after I thought I was to be my own master for the night. This is a hardship of the most grievous kind.

8. Only imagine an innocent stomach-genius, who has gathered his coal, drawn on his night-cap, and gone to bed, rung up and made to stand attention to receive a succession of things, all of them superfluous and in excess, which he knows he will not be able to get off his hands all night. Such, O mankind, are the woes which befall our tribe in consequence of your occasionally yielding to the temptation of "a little supper." I see turkey and tongue in grief and terror. Macaroni fills me with frantic alarm. I behold jelly and trifle follow in mute despair. O that I had the power of standing beside my master, and holding his unreflecting hand, as he thus prepares for my torment and his own!

9. Here, too, the old mistaken notion about the need of something stimulating besets him, and down comes a deluge of hot spirits and water, that causes every villicle in my coat to writhe in agony, and almost sends Gastric Juice off in the sulks to bed. Nor does the inebriated man rest here. If the company be agreeable, rummer will follow upon rummer, while I am kept standing, as it were, with my sleeves tucked up, ready to begin, but unable to perform a single stroke of work.

10. I feel that the strength which I ought to have had at my present time of life has passed from me. I am getting weak, and peevish, and evil-disposed. A comparatively small trouble sits long and sore upon me. Bile, from being my servant, is becoming my master; and a bad one he makes, as all good servants ever do. I see nothing before me but a premature old age of pains and groans, and gripes and grumbings, which will, of course, not last over long; and thus I shall be cut short in my career, when I should have been enjoying life's tranquil evening, without a single vexation of any kind to trouble me.

11. Were I of a rancorous temper, it might be a consolation to think that my master — the cause of all my woes — must suffer and sink with me; but I don't see how this can mend my own case; and, from old acquaintance, I am rather disposed to feel sorry for him, as one who has been more ignorant and imprudent than ill-meaning. In the same spirit let me hope that this true and unaffected account of my case may prove a warning to other persons how they use their stomachs; for they may depend upon it that whatever injustice they do to us in their days of health and pride will be repaid to themselves in the long-run — our friend Madam Nature being an inveterately accurate accountant, who makes no allowance for revokes or mistakes. CHAMBERS.

LXX. — THE PERMANENCE OF WORDS.

1. An eloquent but extravagant writer * has hazarded the assertion that "words are the only things that last forever." Nor is this merely a splendid saying, or a startling paradox,⁷⁰ that may be qualified by explanation into commonplace; but with respect to man and his works on earth it is literally true. Temples and palaces, amphitheatres⁷¹ and catacombs,⁷² — monuments⁷³ of power, and magnificence, and skill, to perpetuate the memory, and preserve even the ashes, of those who lived in past ages, — must, in the revolutions of mundane⁷⁴ events, not only perish themselves by violence or decay, but the very dust in which they perished be so scattered as to leave no trace of their material existence behind.

2. There is no security beyond the passing moment for the most permanent or the most precious of these; they are as much in jeopardy⁷⁵ as ever, after having escaped the changes and chances of thousands of years. An earthquake may suddenly engulf the pyramids⁷⁶ of Egypt, and leave the sand of the desert as blank as the tide would have left it on the sea-shore. A hammer in the hand of an idiot may break to pieces the Apollo Belvidere,⁷⁷ or the Venus de Medici⁷⁸, which are scarcely less worshipped as miracles of art in our day than they were by idolaters of old as representatives of deities.

3. Looking abroad over the whole world, after the lapse of nearly six thousand years, what have we of the past but the words in which its history is recorded? What, beside a few mouldering and brittle ruins, which time is imperceptibly touching down into dust, — what, beside these, remains of the glory, the grandeur, the intelligence, the supremacy, of the Grecian republics, or the empire of Rome? Nothing but the words of poets, historians, philosophers, and orators, who, being dead, yet speak, and in their immortal works still maintain their dominion over inferior minds through all posterity. And these intellectual sovereigns not only govern our spirits from the tomb by the power of their thoughts, but their very voices are heard by our living ears in the accents of their mother-tongues.

4. The beauty, the eloquence, and art, of these collocations of sounds and syllables,⁷⁹ the learned alone can appreciate, and that only (in some cases) after long, intense,⁸⁰ and laborious investigation; but, as thought can be made to transmute from one body of words into another, even through all the languages of

the earth, without losing what may be called its personal identity. *Sameness.*
 the great minds of antiquity continue to hold their ascendancy *Quintessence*
 over the opinions, manners, characters, institutions, and events of
 all ages and nations, through which their posthumous compositions
 have found way, and been made the earliest subjects of study,
 the highest standards of morals, and the most perfect examples
 of taste, to the master-minds in every state of civilized society. *Exemplars.*

5. Words are the vehicles *Coarser* by which thought is made visible
 to the eye and intelligible to the mind of another; they are the
 palpable forms of ideas, without which these would be intangible
 as the spirit that conceives or the breath that would utter them.
 And of such influence is speech or writing, as the conductor of
 thought, that, though all words do not "last forever,"—and it is
 well for the peace of the world, and the happiness of individuals,
 that they do not,—yet even here every word has its date and its
 effect; so that with the tongue or the pen we are continually
 doing good or evil to ourselves or our neighbors. *that is, of course, a warning*

6. On a single phrase, expressed in anger or affection, in
 levity or seriousness, the whole progress of a human spirit
 through life, — perhaps even to eternity, — may be changed from
 the direction which it was pursuing, whether ^{it is} right or wrong.
 For in nothing are the power and indestructibility of words more
 signally exemplified than in small compositions, such as stories,
 essays, ^{or} parables, ^{or} songs, proverbs, ^{or} and all the minor and more
 exquisite forms of composition. *Beautiful* It is a fact, not obvious, per-
 haps, but capable of perfect proof, that knowledge, in all eras
 which have been distinguished as enlightened, has been propa-
 gated more by tracts than by volumes. *increased & extended*

In the youth of the Roman com'monwealth, during a quar-
 rel between the patricians ^{or} and plebeians, ^{or} when the latter had
 separated themselves from the former, on the plea that they
 would no longer labor to maintain the unproductive class in in-
 dolent luxury, Menenius Agrippa, by the well-known fable ^{of} of a
 schism ⁱⁿ in the human body, in which the limbs mutinied against
 the stomach, brought the spectators to a sense of their duty and
 interest, and reconciled a feud which, had it been further in-
 flamed, might have destroyed the state, and turned the history
 of the world itself thenceforward into an entirely new channel,
 by interrupting the tide of events which were carrying Rome to
 the summit of dominion. The lesson which that sagacious
 patriot taught to his countrymen and contemporaries, ^{or} he taught
 to all generations to come. His fable has already, by more than
 a thousand years, survived the empire which it rescued from
 premature destruction.

8. The other instance of a small form of words, in which dwells, not an immortal only, but a divine spirit, is that prayer which our Saviour taught his disciples.^m How many millions and millions of times has that prayer been preferred by Christians of all denominations! So wide, indeed, is the sound thereof gone forth, that daily, and almost without intermission, from the ends of the earth, and afar off upon the sea, it is ascending to heaven like incense and a pure offering; nor needs it the gift of prophecy to foretell, that, though "heaven and earth shall pass away," these words of our blessed¹⁴ Lord "shall not pass away," till every petition in it has been answered, till the kingdom of God shall come, and his will be done in earth as it is in heaven.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

LXXI. — THE PUFFERS.

1. A pious Brahmin,^m it is written, made a vow that on a certain day he would sacrifice a sheep; and on the appointed morning he went forth to buy one. There lived in his neighborhood three rogues who knew of his vow, and laid a scheme for profiting by it. The first met him and said, "O, Brahmin, wilt thou buy a sheep? I have one fit for sacrifice." — "It is for that very purpose," said the holy man, "that I came forth this day."

2. Then the impostor opened a bag, and brought out of it an unclean beast, an ugly dog, lame and blind. Thereon the Brahmin cried out, "Wretch, who touchest things impure, and utterest things untrue! callest thou that cur a sheep?" — "Truly," answered the other, "it is a sheep of the finest fleece and of the sweetest flesh. O, Brahmin, it will be an offering most accept'able to the gods." — "Friend," said the Brahmin, "either thou or I must be blind."

3. Just then one of the accomplices came up. "Praised be the gods," said this second rogue, "that I have been saved the trouble of going to the market for a sheep! This is such a sheep as I wanted. For how much wilt thou sell it?" When the Brahmin heard this, his mind wavered to and fro, like one swinging in the air at a holy festival. "Sir," said he to the new comer, "take heed what thou dost; this is no sheep, but an unclean cur." — "O, Brahmin," said the new comer, "thou art drunk or mad."

4. At this time the third confederate drew near. "Let us ask this man," said the Brahmin, "what the creature is, and I

will stand by what he shall say." To this the others agreed, and the Brahmin called out, "O, stranger, what dost thou call this beast?" — "Surely, O, Brahmin," said the knave, "it is a fine sheep."

5. Then the Brahmin said, "Surely the gods have taken away my senses;" and he asked pardon of him who carried the dog, and bought it for a measure of rice and a pot of ghee,²² and offered it up to the gods, who, being wrōth at this unclean sacrifice, smote him with a sore disease in all his joints.²³

6. Thus, or nearly thus, if we remember rightly, runs the story of the Sanscrit²⁴ *Æsop*.²⁵ The moral, like the moral of every fable²⁶ that is worth the telling, lies on the surface. The writer evidently means to caution us against the practices of puffers, — a class of people who have more than once talked the public into the most absurd errors.

7. It is amusing to think over the history of most of the publications which have had a run during the last few years. The publisher is often the publisher of some periodical work. In this periodical work the first flourish of trumpets is sounded. The peal is then echoed and reëchoed by all the other periodical works over which the publisher, or the author, or the author's cōtérie,²⁷ may have any influence.

8. The newspapers are for a fortnight filled with puffs of all the various kinds which Sheridan has recounted, — direct, oblique, and collusive. Sometimes the praise is laid on thick, for simple-minded people. "Pathetic," "sublime," "splendid," "graceful, brilliant wit," "exquisite humor,"²⁸ and other phrases equally flattering, fall in a shower as thick and as sweet as the sugar-plums at a Roman carnival.²⁹

9. Sometimes greater art is used. A *sûnécure*³⁰ has been offered to the writer if he would suppress his work, or if he would even soften down a few of his incomparable portraits. A distinguished military and political character has challenged the inimitable satirist of the vices of the great; and the puffer is glad to learn that the parties have been bound over to keep the peace.

10. Sometimes it is thought expedient that the puffer should put on a grave face, and utter his *pānēgyric*³¹ in the form of admonition! "Such attacks on private character cannot be too much condemned. Even the exuberant wit of our author, and the irresistible power of his withering sarcasm, are no excuse for that utter disregard which he manifests for the feelings of others."

11. That people who live by personal slander should practise these arts is not surprising. Those who stoop to write calumnious books may well stoop to puff them; — and that the basest of

all trades should be carried on in the basest of all manners, is quite proper, and as it should be. But how any man who has the least self-respect, the least regard for his own personal dignity, can condescend to persecute the public with this rag-fair importunity, we do not understand.

12. Extreme poverty may, indeed, in some degree, be an excuse for employing these shifts, as it may be an excuse for stealing a leg of mutton. But we really think that a man of spirit and delicacy would quite as soon satisfy his wants in the one way as in the other.

MACAULAY.

LXXII. — HYMN OF THE HEBREW MAID.

1. WHEN Israë^l,^m of the Lord beloved,
 Out from the land of bondage came,
 Her fathers' God before her moved,
 An awful guide, in smoke and flame.
 By day, along the astonished lands,
 The cloudy pillar glided slow ;
 By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
 Returned the fiery column's glow.
2. Then rose the choral hymn of praise,
 And trump and timbrel^m answered keen ;
 And Zion's^m daughters poured their lays,
 With priest's and warrior's voice between.
 No portents now our foes amaze,
 Forsaken Israel wanders lone :
 Our fathers would not know Thy ways,
 And Thou hast left them to their own.
3. But, — present still, though now unseen ! —
 When brightly shines the prosperous day,
 Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen
 To temper the deceitful ray.
 And, O ! when stoops on Judah's^m path
 In shade and storm the frequent night,
 Be Thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
 A burning and a shining light !
4. Our harps we left by Babel's^m streams,
 The tyrant's jest, the Gentile's^m scorn ;
 No censer round our altar beams,
 And mute are timbrel, harp, and horn ;
 But Thou hast said, The blood of goat,
 The flesh of rams, I will not prize ;
 A contrite heart, a humble thought,
 Are mine accepted sacrifice.

SCOTT.

LXXIII. — THE BRAVE MAN.

1. Loud let the Brave Man's praises swell
 As organ blast, or clang of bell !
 Of lofty soul and spirit strong,
 He asks not gold, — he asks but song !
 Then glory to God, by whose gift I raise
 The tribute of song to the Brave Man's praise !
2. The thaw-wind came from the southern sea,
 Dewy and dark o'er Italy ;
 The scattered clouds fled far aloof,
 As flies the flock before the wolf ;
 It swept o'er the plain, and it strewed^{as} the wood,
 And it burst the ice-bands on river and flood.
3. The snow-drifts melt, till the mountain calls
 With the voice of a thousand water-falls ;
 The waters are over both field and dell, —
 Still doth the land-flood wax and swell ;
 And high roll its billows, as in their track
 They hurry the ice-crags, — a floating wrack.^{as}
4. On pillars stout, and arches wide,
 A bridge of granite stems the tide ;
 And midway o'er the foaming flood.
 Upon the bridge the toll-house stood ,
 There dwelleth the toll-man, with babes and wife ,
 O, toll-man ! O, toll-man ! quick ! flee for thy life !
5. Near and more near the wild waves urge ;
 Loud howls the wind, loud roars the surge ;
 The toll-man sprang on the roof in fright,
 And he gazed on the waves in their gathering might
 " All-merciful God ! to our sins be good !
 We are lost ! we are lost ! The flood ! the flood ! "
6. High rolled the waves ! In headlong track
 Hither and thither dashed the wrack !
 On either bank uprose the flood ;
 Scarce on their base the arches stood !
 The toll-man, trembling for house and life,
 Out-cries the storm with his babes and wife.
7. High heaves the flood-wreck, — block on block
 The sturdy pillars feel the shock ;
 On either arch the surges break,
 On either side the arches shake.
 They totter ! they sink 'neath the whelming wave !
 All-merciful Heaven, have pity and save !

8. Upon the river's further strand
 A trampling crowd of gazers stand ;
 In wild despair their hands they wring,
 Yet none may aid or succor bring ;
 And the hapless toll-man, with babes and wife,
 Is screaming for help through the stormy strife.

9. *When* shall the Brave Man's praises swell
 As organ blast or clang of bell ! —
 Ah ! name him *now*, he tarries long ;
 Name him at last, my glorious song !
 O ! speed, for the terrible death draws near ;
 O, Brave Man ! O, Brave Man ! arise, appear !

10. Quick gallops up, with headlong speed,
 A noble Count on noble steed !
 And, lo ! on high his fingers hold
 A purse well stored with shining gold.
 "Two hundred pistoles" for the man who shall save
 Yon perishing wretch from the yawning wave ! "

11. Who is the Brave Man, say, my song :
 Shall to the Count thy meed belong !
 Though, Heaven be praised, right brave he be,
 I know a braver still than he :
 O, Brave Man ! O, Brave Man ! arise, appear !
 O, speed, for the terrible death draws near !

12. And ever higher swell the waves,
 And louder still the storm-wind raves,
 And lower sink their hearts in fear, —
 O, Brave Man ! Brave Man ! haste, appear !
 Buttress and pillar, they groan and strain,
 And the rocking arches are rent in twain !

13. Again, ^{or} again before their eyes,
 High holds the Count the glittering prize ;
 All see, but all the danger shun, —
 Of all the thousand stirs not one.
 And the toll-man in vain, through the tumult wild,
 Out-screams the tempest with wife and child.

14. But who amid the crowd is seen,
 In peasant garb, with simple mien,
 Firm, leaning on a trusty staff,
 In form and feature tall and grave ?
 He hears the Count, and the scream of fear ;
 He sees that the moment of death draws near !

15. Into a skiff he boldly sprang ;
 He braved the storm that round him rang ;

He called aloud on God's great name,
 And backward a deliverer came.
 But the fisher's skiff seems all too small
 From the raging waters to save them all.

16. The river round him boiled and surged ;
 Thrice through the waves his skiff he urged,
 And back through wind and waters' roar,
 He bore them safely to the shore :
 So fierce rolled the river, that scarce the last
 In the fisher's skiff through the danger passed.

17. Who is the Brave Man ? Say, my song,
 To whom shall that high name belong ?
 Bravely the peasant ventured in,
 But 't was, perchance, the prize to win.
 If the generous Count had proffered no gold,
 The peasant, methinks, had not been so bold.

18. Out spake the Count, " Right boldly done !
 Here, take thy purse ; 't was nobly won "
 A generous act, in truth, was this,
 And truly the Count right noble is ;
 But loftier still was the soul displayed
 By him in the peasant-garb arrayed.

19. " Poor though I be, thy hand withhold ;
 I barter not my life for gold !
 Yon hapless man is ruined now ;
 Great Count, on him thy gift bestow."
 He spake from his heart in his honest pride,
 And he turned on his heel and ströde aside.

20. Then loudly let his praises swell
 As organ blast or clang of bell ;
 Of lofty soul and spirit strong,
 He asks not gold, he asks but song !
 So glory to God, by whose gift I raise
 The tribute of song to the Brave Man's praise !

FROM THE GERMAN OF BURGER.

LXXIV. — A PUPIL'S TRIBUTE TO HIS TEACHER.

1. JOHN HENDERSON was born at Limerick, in Ireland, but came to England³⁹ early in life with his parents. From the age of three years he discovered the pres'ages of a great mind. Without retracing the steps of his progression, a general idea may be formed of them from the circumstance of his having *professionally*

taught Greek and Latin in a public seminary at the age of twelve years. Some time after, his father commencing a boarding-school in the neighborhood of Bristol, young Henderson undertook to teach the classics;²¹ which he did with much reputation, extending, at the same time, his own knowledge in the sciences and general literature to a degree that rendered him a prodigy of intelligence.

2. At the age of eighteen, by an intensity of application of which few persons can conceive, he had not only thoughtfully perused all the popular English authors of a later date, but taken an extensive survey²² of foreign literature. He had also waded through the folios²³ of the Schoolmen,²⁴ as well as scrutinized, with the minutest attention, into the more obsolete²⁵ writers of the last three centuries; preserving, at the same time, a distinguishing sense of their respective merits, particular sentiments, and characteristic traits; which, on proper occasions, he commented upon in a manner that astonished the learned²⁶ listener, not more by his profound remarks than by his cool and sententious eloquence.

3. So surprisingly retentive was his memory, that he never forgot what he had once learned, nor did it appear that he ever suffered even an image to be effaced from his mind; whilst the ideas which he had so rapidly accumulated existed in his brain not as a huge chaos, but as clear and well-organized systems, illustrative of every subject, and subservient to every call. It was this quality which made him so superior a disputant; for, as his mind had investigated the various sentiments and hypotheses of men, so had his almost intuitive discrimination stripped them of their deceptive appendages, and separated fallacies from truth, marshalling their arguments so as to elucidate or detect each other.

4. But, in all his disputations, it was an invariable maxim with him never to interrupt the most tedious or confused opponents, though, from his pitthy questions, he made it evident that, from the first, he anticipated the train and consequences of their reasonings. His favorite studies were, Philol'ogy,²⁷ History,²⁸ Astronomy,²⁹ Medicine,³⁰ Theology,³¹ Logic,³² and Metaphysics,³³ with all the branches of Natural and Experimental Philosophy; and that his attainments were not superficial will be readily admitted by those who knew him best. As a linguist,³⁴ he was acquainted with the Persian, Arabic, Hebrew, Greek, and Latin languages, together with the French, Spanish, Italian, and German; and he not only knew their ruling principles and predominant distinctions, so as to read them with facility, but in the greater part conversed fluently.

5. His conversation was such as might have been expected from a man whose fancy was so creative, whose knowledge omnifarious,^m and whose recollection so unbounded. He combined scholastic accuracy with unaffected ease; condensed and pointed, yet rich and perspicuous. Were it possible for his numerous friends, by any energy of reminiscence, to collect his discourse, John Henderson would be distinguished as a volūminous author, who yet preserved a Spartan frugality of words.

6. In all companies he led the conversation. But in no instance was his superiority oppressive. Calm, attentive, and cheerful, he confuted more gracefully than others compliment; the tone of dogmatism^m and the smile of contempt were equally unknown to him. Sometimes, indeed, he raised himself stronger and more lofty in his eloquence; then chiefly, when, fearful for his weaker brethren, he opposed the arrogance of the illiterate deist,^m or the worse jargon of sensual and cold-blooded atheism.^m He knew that the clouds of ignorance which enveloped their understandings steamed up from the pollutions of their hearts, and, crowding his sails, he bore down upon them with salutary violence.

7. But the qualities which most exalted John Henderson in the estimation of his friends were his high sense of honor and the great benevolence of his heart; not that honor which originates in a jealous love of the world's praise, nor that benevolence which delights only in publicity^m of well-doing. His honor was the anxious delicacy of a Christian, who regarded his soul as a sacred pledge, that must some time be re-delivered to the Almighty lender; his benevolence a circle, in which self indeed might be the centre, but all that lives was the circumference.^m This tribute of respect to thy name and virtues, my beloved Henderson! is paid by one who was once proud to call thee tutor and friend, and who will do honor to thy memory till his spirit rests with thine!

8. Those who were unacquainted with John Henderson's character may naturally ask, "What test has he left the world of the distinguished talents thus ascribed to him?" None! He cherished a sentiment, which, whilst it teaches humility to the proud, explains the cause of that silence so generally regretted. Upon the writer of this brief notice once expressing to him some regret at his not having benefited mankind by the result of his deep and varied investigations, he replied, "More men become writers from ignorance than from knowledge, not knowing that they have been anticipated by others. Let us decide with caution, and write late." Thus the vastness and variety of his acquirements, and the diffidence of his own mental maturity, alike prevented him from illuminating mankind, till death called

him to graduate in a sphere more favorable to the range of his soaring and comprehensive mind. He died on a visit to Oxford,²² in November, 1788, in the thirty-second year of his age.

9. It would be wrong to close this brief account of John Henderson without naming two other excellences with which he was eminently endowed. First, the ascendancy he had acquired over his temper. *(He able)* There are moments in which most persons are susceptible of a transient irritability, but the oldest of his friends never beheld him otherwise than calm and collected. *(improved)* It was a condition he retained under all circumstances, and which, to those over whom he had any influence, he never failed forcibly to inculcate, together with that unshaken firmness of mind which encounters the unavoidable misfortunes of life without repining; and that from the noblest principle, — a conviction that they are regulated by Him who cannot err, and who, in His severest allotments, designs only our *(final)* ultimate good.

10. As a proof of his self-command, the following incident may be adduced. During his residence at Oxford, a student of a neighboring college, proud of his logical acquirements, was solicitous of a private disputation with the renowned Henderson. Some mutual friends introduced him, and, having chosen his subject, they conversed for some time with equal candor and moderation; but at length Henderson's antagonist, perceiving his confutation inevitable, in the height of passion threw a full glass of wine in John Henderson's face. Henderson, without altering his features or changing his position, gently wiped his face, and then coolly replied, "This, sir, is a digression; now for the argument." It is hardly necessary to add, the insult was resented by the company turning the aggressor out of the room.

11. In a letter from Oxford to my brother Amos, his late pupil, for whom John Henderson always entertained the highest esteem, he thus expresses himself: "See that you govern your passions. What should grieve us but our infirmities? What make us angry but our own faults? A man who knows he is mortal, and that all the world will pass away, and by and by seem only like a tale, — a sinner who knows his sufferings are all less than his sins, and designed to break him from them, — one who knows that everything in this world is a seed that will have its fruit in eternity, — that God is the best, the only good friend, — that in Him is all we want, that everything is ordered for the best, so that it could not be better, however we take it. — he who believes this in his heart is happy."

12. The other excellence referred to was the simplicity and condescension of his manners. From the gigantic stature of his understanding, he was prepared to trample down his pigmy com-

petitors, and qualified at all times to enforce his unquestioned preëminence; but his mind was conciliating, his behavior unassuming, and his bosom the receptacle of all the social affections. It is these virtues alone which can disarm superiority of its terrors, and make the eye which is raised in wonder beam at the same moment with affection. There have been intellectual, as well as civil despots, whose motto seems to have been, "Let them hate, provided they fear." Such men may triumph in their fancied distinctions; but they will never, as was John Henderson, be followed by the child, loved by the ignorant, and yet emulated by the wise.

JOSEPH COTTE.

LXXV. — SELF-KILLING.

1. As the world is at present situated, it is possible to acquire learning upon almost every subject, and an infinite amount of knowledge, useful and otherwise, without even by chance lighting upon a knowledge of the most indispensable observances necessary for the preservation of a sound mind in a sound body. Half of the multiform^m languages of Asia may be mastered, while the prodigy who boasts so much learning knows not that to sit a whole day within doors at close study is detrimental to health; or, if he knows so much, deliberately prefers the course which leads to ruin. Leyden,^m an enthusiast of this order, was ill with a fever and liver complaint at Mysore, and yet continued to study ten hours a day.

2. His physician warned him of the dangerous consequences that were likely to ensue, when he answered, "Very well, doctor, you have done your duty, but I *cannot be idle*: whether I am to die or live, the wheel must go round to the last."—"I may perish in the attempt," he said, on another occasion; "but, if I die without surpassing Sir William Jones a hundred-fold in Oriental learning, let never tear for me profane the eye of a Borderer." And he eventually sank, in his thirty-sixth year, under the consequences of spending some time in an ill-ventilated library,^m which a slight acquaintance with one of the most familiar of the sciences would have warned him against entering. Alexander Nicoll, a recent professor of Hebrew at Oxford,^m who was said to be able to walk to the wall of China without the aid of an interpreter, died at the same age, partly through the effects of that intense^m study which so effectually but so uselessly had gained him distinction.

3. Dr. Alexander Murray, a similar prodigy, died in his

thirty-eighth year of over-severe study ; making the third of a set of men remarkable for the same wonderful attainments, and natives of the same country, who, within a space of twenty years, fell victims to their deficiency in a piece of knowledge which any well-cultivated mind may acquire in a day. Excessive application unquestionably cut short the days of Sir Walter Scott, and also of the celebrated Weber,^m whose mournful exclamation in the midst of his numerous engagements can never be forgotten,—“ Would that I were a tailor, for then I should have a Sunday’s^m holiday ! ” The premature extinction of early prodigies of genius^m is generally traceable to the same cause. We read that while all other children played they remained at home to study, and then we learn that they perished in the bud, and balked^w the hopes of all their admiring friends.

4. The ignorant wonder is, of course, always the greater, when life is broken short in the midst of honorable undertakings. We wonder at the inscrutable decrees which permit the idle and the dissolute to live, and remove the ardent benefactor of his kind, the hope of parents, the virtuous and the self-devoted ; never reflecting that the highest moral and intellectual qualities^m avail nothing^{so} in repairing or warding off a decided injury to the physical system, which is regulated by an entirely distinct code of laws. The conduct of the Portuguese sailors in a storm, when, instead of working the vessel^{so} properly, they employ themselves in paying vows to their saints, is just as rational as most of the notions which prevail on this subject.

5. When Sir Philip Sidney^m was at Frankfort, he was advised by the celebrated printer Languet^m in the midst of his studies not to neglect his health, “ lest he should resemble a traveller who, during a long journey, attends to himself, but not to his horse.” The body may indeed be well likened to a horse, and the mind to its rider ; for the one is the vehicle of the other, and whatever be the object of the journey, whether to perform the most generous actions, or engage in the most patriotic enterprises, the animal will sink under excessive labor or inadequate nutrition ; there being only this important difference, that with the horse the rider sinks also, as their existence cannot be separated without death.

3. It ought to be universally made known, by means of education,^m—and for this purpose the best-informed amongst us would require to go back to school,—that the uses of our intellectual nature are not to be properly realized without a just regard to the laws of that perishable frame with which it is connected ; that, in cultivating the mind, we must neither overtask nor undertask the body, neither push it to too great a speed, nor leave it neglected

and that, notwithstanding this intimate connection and mutual dependence, the highest merits on the part of the mind will not compensate⁶⁴ for muscles mistreated, or soothe a nervous system which severe study has tortured into insanity.

7. To come to detail, — it ought to be impressed on all, that to spend more than a moderate number of hours in mental exercise diminishes insensibly the powers of future application, and tends to abbreviate life; that no mental exercise should be attempted immediately after meals, as the processes of thought and of digestion cannot be safely prosecuted together; that pure air and thoroughly ventilated apartments are essential to health; and that, without a due share of exercise to the whole of the mental faculties, there can be no soundness in any, while the whole corporeal system will give way beneath a severe pressure upon any one in particular. These are truths completely established with physiologists,⁶⁵ and upon which it is undeniable that a great portion of human happiness depends.

CHAMBERS.

LXXVI. — HUMANITY OF ROBERT BRUCE.

1. ONE morning the English and their Irish auxiliaries were pressing hard upon King Robert Bruce,⁶⁶ who had given his army orders to continue a hasty retreat; for to have risked a battle with a much more numerous army, and in the midst of a country which favored his enemies, would have been extremely imprudent. On a sudden, just as King Robert was about to mount his horse, he heard a woman shrieking in despair. "What is the matter?" said the king; and he was informed by his attendants that a poor woman, a laundress or washerwoman, mother of an infant who had just been born, was about to be left behind the army, as being too weak to travel.

2. The mother was shrieking for fear of falling into the hands of the Irish, who were accounted very cruel, and there were no carriages or means of sending the woman and her infant on in safety. They must needs be abandoned if the army retreated. King Robert was silent for a moment when he heard this story, being divided betwixt the feelings of humanity, occasioned by the poor woman's distress, and the danger to which a halt would expose his army. At last he looked round on his officers, with eyes which kindled like fire.

3. "Ah, gentlemen," he said, "let it never be said that a man who was born of a woman, and nursed by a woman's tenderness, should leave a mother and an infant to the mercy of barbarians

In the name of God, let the odds^m and the risk be what they will, I will fight Edmund Butler rather than leave these poor creatures behind me. Let the army, therefore, draw up in line of battle, instead of retreating."

4. The story had a singular conclusion; for the English general, seeing that Robert the Bruce halted and offered him battle, and knowing that the Scottish king was one of the best generals then living, conceived that he must have received some large supply of forces, and was afraid to attack him. And thus Bruce had an opportunity to send off the poor woman and her child, and then to retreat at his leisure, without suffering any inconvenience from the halt.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Saturday

LXXVII. — THE FIRST PREDICTOR OF AN ECLIPSE.

1. To those who have given but little attention to the subject, even in our own day, with all the aids of modern science, the prediction of an eclipse^m seems sufficiently mysterious and unintelligible. How, then, it was possible, thousands of years ago, to accomplish the same great object, without any just views of the structure of the system,^m seems utterly incredible. Follow me, then, while I attempt to reveal the train of reasoning which led to the prediction of the first eclipse of the sun, the most daring prophecy ever made by human genius.

2. Follow in imagination this bold inter'rogator of the skies to his solitary mountain summit, withdrawn from the world, surrounded by his mysterious circles, there to watch and ponder through the long nights of many, many years. But hope cheers him on; and smooths his rugged pathway. Dark and deep is the problem; he sternly grapples with it, and resolves never to give over till victory crown his efforts.

3. He has already remarked that the moon's track in the heavens crossed the sun's, and that this point of crossing was in some way intimately connected with the coming of the dread eclipse. He determines to watch and learn whether the point of crossing was fixed, or whether the moon in each successive revolution crossed the sun's path at a different point. If the sun in its annual revolution could leave behind him a track of fire marking his journey among the stars, it is found that this same track was followed from year to year, and from century^m to century, with ^{regular} undeviating precision.

4. But it was soon discovered that it was far different with the moon. In case she, too, could leave behind her a silver thread of

light sweeping round the heavens, in completing one revolution, this thread would not join, but would wind around among the stars, in each revolution crossing the sun's fiery track at a point west of the previous crossing. These points of crossing were called the *moon's nodes*.¹¹ At each revolution the node occurred further west, until after a circle of about nineteen years it had circulated in the same direction entirely round the ecliptic.¹²

5. Long and patiently did the astronomer watch and wait; each eclipse is duly observed, and its attendant circumstances are recorded; when at last the darkness begins to give way, and a ray of light breaks in upon his mind. He finds that no eclipse of the sun ever occurs unless the *new moon is in the act of crossing the sun's track*. Here was a grand discovery.¹³ He holds the key which he believes will unlock the dread mystery, and now, with redoubled energy, he resolves to thrust it into the wards¹⁴ and drive back the bolts.

6. To predict an eclipse of the sun, he must sweep forward from new moon to new moon, until he finds some new *moon* which should occur while the moon was in the act of crossing from one side to the other of the sun's track. This certainly was possible. He knew the exact period from new moon to new moon, and from one crossing of the ecliptic to another. With eager eye he seizes the moon's place in the heavens, and her age, and rapidly computes where she will be at her next change.

7. He finds the new moon occurring far from the sun's track; he runs round another revolution; the place of the new moon falls closer to the sun's path, and the next year closer, until, reaching forward with piercing intellectual vigor, he at last finds a new moon which occurs precisely at the computed time of her passage across the sun's track. Here he makes his stand, and on the day of the occurrence of that new moon he announces to the startled inhabitants of the world that the sun shall expire in dark eclipse.

8. Bold prediction! Mysterious prophet! with what scorn must the unthinking world have received this solemn declaration! How slowly do the moons roll away, and with what intense¹⁵ anxiety does the stern philosopher¹⁶ await the coming of that day which should crown him with victory, or dash him to the ground in ruin and disgrace. Time to him moves on leaden wings; day after day, and, at last, hour after hour, roll heavily away. The last night is gone; the moon has disappeared from his eagle gaze in her approach to the sun, and the dawn of the eventful day breaks in beauty on a slumbering world.

9. This daring man, stern in his faith, climbs alone to his rocky home, and greets the sun as he rises and mounts the heavens scattering brightness and glory in his path. Beneath him is

spread out the populous city, already teeming with ^{abounding} life and activity. The busy morning hum rises on the still air, and reaches the watching place of the solitary astronomer.^m The thousands below him, unconscious of his intense anxiety, buoyant^{guy} with life, joyously pursue their rounds of business, their cycles^{cycles} of amusement. No one can witness an eclipse of the sun, even at the present day, when its most minute phenomena^{phenomena} are predicted with rigorous exactitude, without an involuntary feeling of dismay. What, then, must have been the effect upon the human mind in those ages of the world, when the cause was unknown, and the terrific exhibition unlooked for?

10. The sun slowly climbs the heaven, round and bright and full-orbed. The lone tenant of the mountain top almost begins to waver in the sternness of his faith as the morning hours roll away. But the time of his triumph, long delayed, at length begins to dawn; a pale and sickly hue creeps over the face of nature. The sun has reached his highest point, but his splendor is dimmed, his light is feeble. At last it comes! Blackness is eating away his round disc;^m onward with slow but steady pace the dark veil moves, blacker than a thousand nights; the gloom deepens; the ghastly hue of death covers the universe; the last ray is gone, and horror reigns!

11. A wail of terror fills the murky air, the clangor of brazen trumpets resounds, an agony of despair dashes the stricken millions to the ground; while that lone man, erect on his rocky sunmit, with arms outstretched to heaven, pours forth the grateful gushings of his heart to God, who had crowned his efforts with triumphant victory. Search the rec'ords of our race, and point me, if you can, to a scene more grand, more beautiful. It is to me the proudest victory that genius ever won. It was the conquering of nature, of ignorance, of superstition, of terror, all at a single blow, and that blow struck by a single arm.

12. And now do you demand the name of this wonderful man? Alas! what a lesson^{lesson} of the instability of earthly fame are we taught in this simple recital! He who had raised himself immeasurably above his race, who must have been regarded by his fellows as little less than a god, who had inscribed his fame on the very heavens, and had written it in the sun, with a "pen of iron, and the point of a diamond,"^m even this one has perished from the earth; name, age, country, are all swept into oblivion.^{dark} But his proud achievement^{achievement} stands. The monument^m reared to his honor stands, and although the touch of time has effaced the lettering of his name, it is powerless, and cannot destroy the fruits of his victory.

O. M. MITCHELL.

LXXVIII. — SELECT PASSAGES IN VERSE.

1. A PRAYER. — *Thomson.*

FATHER of light and life! thou Good Supreme!
 O, teach *me* what is good! teach *me* thyself!
 Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
 From every low pursuit, and feed my soul
 With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure, —
 Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss!

2. PROVIDENCE INSCRUTABLE. — *Addison.*

The ways of Heaven are dark and intricate:
 Puzzled in mazes and perplexed with errors,
 Our understanding traces them in vain,
 Lost and bewildered in the fruitless search;
 Nor sees with how much art the windings run,
 Nor where the regular confusion ends.

3. ESSENTIAL KNOWLEDGE ATTAINABLE BY ALL. — *Wordsworth.*

The ¹¹¹primal duties shine aloft, like stars;
 The charities that soothe, and heal, and bless,
 Are scattered at the feet of man like flowers;
 The generous inclination, the just rule,
 Kind wishes, and good actions, and pure thoughts, —
 No mystery is here; no special boon
 For high and not for low, for proudly-graced
 And not for meek of heart. The smoke ascends
 To heaven as lightly from the cottage hearth²²
 As from the haughty palace. He whose soul
 Ponders this true equality may walk
 The fields of earth with gratitude and hope.

4. KNOWLEDGE AND WISDOM. — *Cooper.*

Knowledge and Wisdom, far from being one,
 Have oftentimes no connection. Knowledge dwells
 In heads replete with thoughts of other men;
 Wisdom, in minds attentive to their own.
 Knowledge — a rude, unprofitable mass,
 The mere materials with which Wisdom builds,
 Till smoothed, and squared, and fitted to its place —
 Does but encumber whom it seems to enrich.
 Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much;
 Wisdom is humble²⁴ that he knows no more.

5 ADDRESS TO DUTY.¹⁰⁰ — *Wordsworth.*

Stern Lawgiver! yet thou dost wear
 The Godhead's most benignant grace;
 Nor know we anything so fair
 As is the smile upon thy face;
 Flowers laugh before thee on their beds,
 And Fragrance in thy footing treads;
 Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong;
 And the most ancient heavens, through thee, are fresh and strong

6. DEATH OF THE YOUNG AND FAIR. — *Anonymous.*

She died in beauty, like a rose¹⁰² blown from its parent stem;
 She died in beauty, like a pearl dropped from some diadem;
 She died in beauty, like a lay along a moonlit lake;
 She died in beauty, like the song of birds amid the brake;
 She died in beauty, like the snow on flowers dissolved away;
 She died in beauty, like a star lost on the brow of day; —
 She *lives* in glory, like Night's gems set round the silver moon;
 She lives in glory, like the sun amid the blue of June.

7. CONSCIENTIOUS DISCHARGE OF DUTY. — *Bryant.*

Yet nerve thy spirit to the proof,
 And blench not at thy chosen lot;
 The timid good may stand aloof,
 The sage may frown — yet faint thou not,
 Nor heed the shaft too surely cast,
 The foul and hissing bolt of scorn;
 For with thy side shall dwell, at last,
 The victory of endurance born.
 Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again:
 The eternal years of God are hers;
 But Error, wounded, writhes with pain,
 And dies among her worshippers.

8. HOPE AMID GLOOM. — *Whittier.*

The night is mother of the day, the winter of the spring,
 And ever upon old decay the greenest mosses cling.
 Behind the cloud the starlight lurks, thro' showers the sunbeams fall
 For God, who loveth all his works, has left his hope with all

9. NIGHT. — *Southey.*

How beautiful is night!
 A dewy freshness fills the silent air;
 No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain
 Breaks the serene of heaven;

In full-orbed glory yonder moon divine
 Rolls through the dark-blue depths.
 Beneath her steady ray
 The desert-circle spreads
 Like the round ocean, girdled with the sky.
 How beautiful is night !

10. LOVE DUE TO THE CREATOR. — *G. Griffin.*

And ask ye why He claims our love !
 O answer, all ye winds of even,
 O answer, all ye lights above,
 That watch in yonder darkening heaven ;
 Thou earth, in vernal radiance gay
 As when His angels first arrayed thee,
 And thou, O deep-tongued ocean, say
 Why man should love the Mind that made thee

There 's not a flower that decks the vale,
 There 's not a beam that lights the mountain,
 There 's not a shrub that scents the gale,
 There 's not a wind that stirs the fountain.
 There 's not a hue that paints the rose,
 There 's not a leaf around us lying,
 But in its use or beauty shows
 True love to us, and love undying !

LXXIX. — ADVANCE²⁴

1. God bade the Sun with golden step sublime
 Advance !
 He whispered in the listening ear of Time,
 Advance !
 He bade the guiding Spirit of the stars,
 With lightning speed, in silver-shining cars,
 Along the bright floor of his azure hall
 Advance !
 Sun, Stars, and Time obey the voice, and all
 Advance !

2. The river at its bubbling fountain cries,
 Advance !
 The clouds proclaim, like heralds, through the skies,
 Advance !
 Throughout the world, the mighty Master's laws
 Allow not one brief moment's idle pause ;

The earth is full of life, the swelling seeds
 Advance!
 And summer hours, like flowery harnessed steeds,
 Advance!

3. To man's most wondrous hand the same voice cried,
 Advance!
 Go, clear the woods, and o'er the bounding tide
 Advance!
 Go, draw the marble from its secret bed,
 And make the cedar bend its giant head;
 Let domes and columns through the wandering air
 Advance!
 The world, O man! is thine. But, wouldst thou share,—
 Advance!

4. Unto the soul of man the same voice spoke,
 Advance!
 From out the chaos thunder-like it broke,
 Advance!
 Go, track the comet²¹ in its wheeling race,
 And drag the lightning from its hiding-place;
 From out the night of ignorance and tears,
 Advance!
 For love and hope, borne by the coming years,
 Advance!

5. All heard, and some obeyed the great command,
 Advance!
 It passed along from listening land to land,
 Advance!
 The strong grew stronger, and the weak grew strong,
 As passed the war-cry of the world along—
 Awake, ye nations, know your powers and rights,
 Advance!
 Through Hope and Work, to Freedom's new delights
 Advance!

6. Knowledge came down, and waved her steady torch,
 Advance!
 Sages proclaimed, 'neath many a marble porch,
 Advance!
 As rapid lightning leaps from peak to peak,
 The Gaul, the Goth, the Roman, and the Greek,
 The painted Briton, caught the winged word,
 Advance!
 And earth grew young, and carolled as a bird,
 Advance!

D. F. M'CARTHY.

LXXX. — INCONVENIENT IGNORANCE.

1. ALTHOUGH desirous of reaching the Lake of Constance^m with all possible speed, I was obliged to stop at Vadutz.^m Since our journey began it had rained in torrents, and now both horse and driver obstinately refused to go a step further; the beast because he sank in the mud up to his knees, and the man because he was wet to the bone. Indeed, it would have been cruel to have insisted on proceeding. Nothing but motives of philan'thropy,^m however, could have induced me to enter the wretched inn whose sign had arrested our équipage.

2. Hardly had I set foot in the narrow entry that led to the kitchen,^m which was, at the same time, the common room for travellers, than I was taken by the throat by a sharp odor of sour-kROUT,^m which came as a sort of preannouncement of my bill-of-fare. Now, I can say of sour-kROUT, as a certain abbé^m said of flounders, that if sour-kROUT and I were left alone on the earth, the world would very soon come to an end.

3. I began, then, to pass in review my whole Teutonic^m vocab-
ulary, and to apply it to the possibilities of the larder of a vil-
lage inn. The precaution was not untimely; for hardly was I
seated at the table, where a couple of teamsters, the first occu-
pants, were disposed to yield me an end, than a deep plate, full
of the abhorred food, was placed before me. Fortunately I had
been prepared for this infamous pleasantry, and I put aside the
dish, which was smoking like a small Vesuvius, with a *nicht*^m gut
(not good), so heartily enunciated that my hearers must have
taken me for a full-blooded Saxon.

4. A German always supposes that he has misunderstood you when you say that you do not like sour-kROUT; but when it is in his own language that you express your disgust for this national dish, his astonishment — to avail myself of an expression in vogue with his countrymen — becomes "mountainous." There succeeded, then, an interval of silence, of stupefaction, like that which would have followed some abominable blasphemy, and while it lasted the hostess seemed to be laboriously occupied in rallying her disordered ideas.

5. The result of her reflections was a phrase,^m pronounced in a voice so changed that the words were wholly unintelligible to me, although, from the physiognomy,^m I interpreted them to be, "But, sir, if you do not like sour-kROUT, what do you like?"

"*Allès diesès ausgenom'men*," I replied; which I will remark, for the benefit of those not up with me in philology,^m means "All, except that." It appeared that disgust had produced upon

me the same effect that indignation did upon Ju'venal;^m only instead of inspiring me to versify, it had enabled me to pronounce German; I perceived it in the submissive air with which the hostess took away the unfortunate sour-kROUT.

6. I remained, then, waiting my second service, amusing myself meanwhile by making pellets out of the bread, or tasting, with many a shrug^s and grimace^e, a kind of sour wine, which, because it had an abominable flavor of flint, and was contained in a long-necked-bottle, was pleasantly called Hock. — "Well?" said I, looking up. — "Well?" returned the hostess. — "My supper!" — "O, yes!" — And she brought me again the sour-kROUT!

7. I made up my mind that unless I took summary justice upon it there would be no end to her persecutions. I therefore called a dog, — one of the Saint Bernard' breed, who lay toasting his nose and paws before the fire, and who, on recognizing my good intentions, left the chimney, came to me, and with three jerks of the tongue lapped up the proffered food. "Well done, beast!" said I, when he had finished; and I returned the empty plate to the hostess. — "And you?" she said. — "O! I will eat something else." — "But I have n't anything else," she replied.

8. "How!" cried I, from the very depths of my empty stomach; "have n't you some eggs?" — "None." — "Some cutlets?" — "None." — "Some potatoes?" — "None." — "Some —" A luminous idea crossed my mind. I remembered that I had been advised not to pass through the place without tasting the mushrooms, for which, twenty leagues round, it is celebrated. But when I wished to avail myself of this felicitous reflection, an unforeseen difficulty presented itself in the fact that I could not, for the life of me, recall the German word, the pronunciation of which was essential, unless I would go hungry to bed. I remained, then, with open mouth, pausing at the indefinite pronoun.

9. "Some—some—how do you call it in German? Some—" — "Some?" repeated the hostess, mechanically. — "Eh? yes; some—" — At this moment my eyes fell upon my album.^m — "Wait," said I, "wait!" I then took my pencil,^s and, on a beautiful white leaf, drew, as carefully as I could, the precious vegetable which formed for the moment the object of my desires. I flattered myself that it approached as near to a resemblance as it is permitted for the work of man to reproduce the work of nature.

10. All this while the hostess followed me with her eyes, displaying an intelligent curiosity that seemed to augur most favorably for my prospects. "Ah! ja,^m ja, ja (yes, yes, yes),"

said she, as I gave the finishing touch to the drawing. She had comprehended—the clever woman!—so well comprehended, that, five minutes after, she entered the room with an umbrella all open. “There!” said she. I threw a glance upon my unfortunate drawing—the resemblance was perfect!

ORIGINAL TRANSLATION FROM DUMAS

11 Saturday

LXXXI. — THE CAVERN BY THE SEA.

1. THERE is a cavern in the island of Hoonga, one of the Tonga islands, in the South Pacific Ocean, which can be entered only by diving into the sea, and has no other light than what is reflected from the bottom of the water. A young chief discovered it accidentally while diving after a turtle, and the use which he made of his discovery will probably be sung in more than one European language, so beautifully is it adapted for a tale in verse.

2. There was a tyrannical governor at Vāvaoo, against whom one of the chiefs formed a plan of insurrection; it was betrayed, and the chief, with all his family and kin, was ordered to be destroyed. He had a beautiful daughter, betrothed to a chief of high rank, and she also was included in the sentence. The youth who had found the cavern, and kept the secret to himself, loved this damsel; he told her the danger in time, and persuaded her to trust herself to him. They got into a canoe; the place of her retreat was described to her on the way to it. These women swim like mermaids. She dived after him, and rose in the cavern. In the widest part it is about fifty feet, and its medium height is guessed at the same; the roof is hung with stalactites.²¹

3. Here he brought her the choicest food, the finest clothing, mats for her bed, and sandal-wood oil to perfume²² herself; here he visited her as often as was consistent with prudence; and here, as may be imagined, this Tonga Leān'der²³ wooed and won the maid, whom, to make the interest complete, he had long loved in secret, when he had no hope. Meantime he prepared, with all his dependants, male and female, to emigrate in secret to the Fiji²⁴ islands.

4. The intention was so well concealed, that they embarked in safety, and his people asked him, at the point of their departure if he would not take with him a Tonga wife; and accordingly, to their great astonishment, having steered close to a rock, he desired them to wait while he went into the sea to fetch her, jumped

overboard, and, just as they were beginning to be seriously alarmed at his long disappearance, he rose with his mistress from the water. This story is not deficient in that which all such stories should have to be perfectly delightful, — a fortunate conclusion. The party remained at the Fijis till the oppressor died, and then returned to Vavaoo, where they enjoyed a long and happy life. This is related as an authentic tradition.

LXXXII. — THOUGHTS ON EDUCATION.

1. AIR AND EXERCISE. — *London Quarterly Review.*

SPECIAL attention should be given, both by parents and teachers, to the physical development of the child. Pure air and free exercise are indispensable, and wherever either of these is withheld the consequences will be certain to extend themselves over the whole future life. The seeds of protracted and hopeless suffering have, in innumerable instances, been sown in the constitution⁴⁰ of the child simply through ignorance of this great fundamental physical law; and the time has come when the united voices of these innocent⁴¹ victims should ascend, "trumpet-tongued," to the ears of every parent and every teacher in the land. "Give us free air and wholesome exercise; give us leave to develop our expanding energies in accordance with the laws of our being; give us full scope for the elastic and bounding impulses of our youthful blood!"

2. EDUCATION⁴² IN THE UNITED STATES. — *Webster.*

That which is elsewhere left to chance, or to charity, we secure by law. For the purpose of public instruction,⁴³ we hold every man subject to taxation in proportion to his property,⁴⁴ and we look not to the question whether he himself have or have not children to be benefited by the education for which he pays. We regard it as a wise and liberal system of police,⁴⁵ by which property and life and the peace of society⁴⁶ are secured. We seek to prevent, in some measure, the extension of the penal⁴⁷ code,⁴⁸ by inspiring a salutary and conservative principle of virtue and of knowledge at an early age.

We hope to excite a feeling of responsibility, and a sense of character, by enlarging the capacity⁴⁹ and increasing the sphere⁵⁰ of intellectual enjoyment. By general instruction, we seek, as far as possible, to purify the whole moral atmosphere;⁵¹ to keep good

sentiments uppermost, and to turn the strong current of feeling and opinion, as well as the censures of the law and the denunciation of religion,^m against immorality and crime. We hope for a security, beyond the law, and above the law, in the prevalence of enlightened and well-principled moral sentiment.^m

Education, to accomplish the ends of good government, should be universally diffused. Open the doors of the school-house to all the children of the land. Let no man have the excuse of poverty for not educating his own offspring. Place the means of education within his reach, and if they remain in ignorance be it his own reproach. If one object of the expenditure of your revenue be protection against crime, you could not devise a better or cheaper means of obtaining it. Other nations spend their money in providing means for its detection and punishment, but it is for the principles of our government to provide for its never occurring. The one acts by *coërcion*, the other by *prevention*. On the diffusion of education among the people rest the preservation and perpetuation of our free institutions.

3. OUR COMMON SCHOOLS. — *Everett*.

They give the keys of knowledge to the mass of the people. I think it may with truth be said, that the branches of knowledge taught in our common schools, when taught in a finished, masterly manner,—reading—in which I include the spelling of our language—a firm, sightly, legible hand-writing, and the elemental rules of arithmetic,—are of greater value than all the rest which is taught at school. I am far from saying that nothing else can be taught at our district schools; but the young person who brings these from school can himself, in his winter evenings, range over the entire field of useful knowledge. Our common schools are important in the same way as the common air, the common sunshine, the common rain,—invaluable for their commonness. They are the corner-stone of that municipal organization which is the characteristic feature of our social system; they are the fountain of that wide-spread intelligence, which, like a moral life, pervades the country. From the humblest village school there may go forth a teacher who, like Newton,^m shall bind his temples with the stars of Orion's^m belt,—with Herschel,^m light up his cell with the beams of before undiscovered planets,—with Franklin, grasp the lightning.

4. ON PAMPERING THE BODY AT THE SOUL'S EXPENSE. — *Everett*.

What, sir! feed a child's body, and let his soul hunger! pamper his limbs, and starve his faculties! What! plant the earth,

cover a thousand hills with your droves of cattle, pursue the fish to their hiding-places in the sea, and spread out your wheat-fields across the plain, in order to supply the wants of that body which will soon be as cold and senseless as their poorest clod, and let the pure spiritual essence within you, with all its glorious capacities for improvement, languish and pine! What! build factories, turn in rivers upon the water-wheels, unchain the imprisoned spirits of steam, to weave a garment for the body, and let the soul remain unadorned and naked!

What considerate man can enter a school, and not reflect, with awe, that it is a seminary^m where immortal minds are training for eternity? What parent but is, at times, weighed down with the thought that *there* must be laid the foundations of a building which will stand when not merely temple and palace, but the perpetual hills, and the adamantⁿ rocks on which they rest, have melted away!—that a light may *there* be kindled, which will shine, not merely when every artificial beam is extinguished but when the affrighted sun has fled away from the heavens!

5. TRUE ESTIMATE OF THE TEACHER'S CALLING.—*Channing.*

One of the surest signs of the regeneration of society will be, the elevation of the art of teaching to the highest rank in the community. When a people shall learn that its greatest benefactors^m and most important members are men devoted to the liberal instruction of all its classes,—to the work of raising to life its buriedⁿ intellect,—it will have opened to itself the path of true glory.

There is no office higher than that of a teacher of youth; for there is nothingⁿ on earth so precious as the mind, soul, character, of the child. No office should be regarded with greater respect. The first minds in the community should be encouraged to assume it. Parents should do all but impoverish themselves, to induce such to become the guardians and guides of their children. To this good all their show and luxury should be sacrificed.

Here they should be lavish, whilst they straiten themselves in everything else. They should wear the cheapest clothes, live on the plainest food, if they can in no other way secure to their families the best instruction. They should have no anxiety to accumulate property for their children, provided they can place them under influences which will awaken their faculties, inspire them with pure and high principles, and fit them to bear a manly, useful, and honorable part in the world. No language can express the cruelty or folly of that economy,^m which, to leave a fortune to a child, starves his intellect, impoverishes his heart.

LXXXIII. — COLUMBUS AND HIS DISCOVERY.

1. In the last quarter of the fifteenth century, an Italian mariner, a citizen of the little republic of Gen'oa,^m who had hitherto gained a livelihood as a pilot in the commercial service of different countries, made his appearance successively at various courts in the south and west of Europe, soliciting patronage and aid for a bold and novel^{pn} project in navigation. The idea of reaching the *East* by a voyage around the African continent^m had begun to assume consistency; but the vastly more significant idea, that the earth is a globe, and capable of being circumnavigated, had by no means become incorporated into the general intelligence of the age.

2. And thus to reach the *East* by sailing in a western direction, this was a conception which no human being is known to have formed before Columbus,^m and which he proposed to the governments of Italy, of Spain, of Portugal, and of England, and for a long time without success. The state of science was not such as to enable men to discriminate between the improbable and the absurd. They looked upon Columbus as we did thirty years ago upon Captain Symmes.^m But the illustrious adventurer persevered. Sorrow and disappointment clouded his spirits, but did not shake his faith nor subdue his will. His well-instructed imagination had taken firm hold of the idea that the earth is a sphere.⁶⁰

3. What seemed to the multitude even of the educated of that day a doubtful and somewhat mystical theory,^m — what appeared to the uninformed mass a monstrous paradox,^m contradicted by every step we take upon the broad flat earth which we daily tread beneath our feet, — that great and fruitful truth revealed itself to the serene intelligence of Columbus as a practical fact, on which he was willing to stake all he had, — character and life. And it deserves ever to be borne in mind, as the most illustrious example of the connection of scientific theory with great practical results, that the discovery of America, with all its momentous consequences to mankind, is owing to the distinct conception in the mind of Columbus of the single scientific proposition, — the terrâquéous^m earth is a sphere.

4. After years of fruitless and heart-sick solicitation, after offering in effect to this monarch and to that monarch the gift of a hemisphere, the great discoverer touches upon a partial success. He succeeds, not in enlisting the sympathy of his countrymen at Gen'oa and Venice^m for a brave brother-sailor; not in giving a new direction to the spirit of maritime adventure which had so

long prevailed in Portugal; not in stimulating the commercial thrift of Henry the Seventh, or the pious ambition of the Catholic King. His sorrowful perseverance touched the heart of a noble princess, worthy the throne which she adorned. The New World, which was just escaping the subtle⁴⁴ kingcraft of Ferdinand, was saved to Spain by the womanly compassion of Isabella.

5. It is truly melancholy, however, to contemplate²² the wretched equipment for which the most powerful princess in Christendom²¹ was ready to pledge her jewels. Three small vessels, one of which was without a deck, and no one of them probably exceeding the capacity of a pilot-boat, and even these impressed²³ into the public service, composed the expedition fitted out under royal patronage, to realize that magnificent conception in which the creative mind of Columbus had planted the germs of a New World. No chapter of romance²⁴ equals the interest of this expedition.

6. The departure from Palos,²⁵ where, a few years before, he had begged a morsel of bread and a cup of water for his way-worn child; his final farewell to the Old World at the Canaries;²⁶ his entrance upon the trade-winds,²⁷ which then for the first time filled a European sail; the portentous variation of the needle,²⁸ never before observed; the fearful course westward and westward, day after day and night after night, over the unknown ocean; the mutinous and ill-appeased crew; at length the tokens of land; the cloud-banks on the western horizon; the logs of drift-wood; the fresh shrub floating with its leaves and berries; the flocks of land-birds; the shoals of fish that inhabit shallow water; the indescribable smell of the shore; the mysterious presentiment that ever goes before a great event; and, finally, on that ever-memorable night of the 12th of October, 1492, the moving light seen by the sleepless eye of the great discoverer himself from the deck of the Santa Maria, and in the morning the real, undoubted land, swelling up from the bosom of the deep, with its plains, and hills, and forests, and rocks, and streams, and strange new races of men, — these are incidents in which the authentic history of the discovery of our continent excels the specious wonders of romance, as much as gold excels tinsel, or the sun in the heavens outshines the flickering taper.

EVERETT.

LXXXIV. — THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.

1. As they proceeded, the indications of approaching land seemed to be more certain, and excited hope in proportion. The birds began to appear in flocks, making towards the south-west.

Columbus, in imitation of the Portuguese navigators, who had been guided in several of their discoveries by the motion of birds, altered his course from due west towards that quarter whither they pointed their flight. But, after holding on for several days in this new direction, without any better success than formerly, having seen no object during thirty days but the sea and the sky, the hopes of his companions subsided faster than they had risen; their fears revived with additional force; impatience, rage, and despair, appeared in every countenance.

2. All sense of subordination was lost. The officers, who had hitherto concurred with Columbus in opinion, and supported his authority, now took part with the private men; they assembled tumultuously on the deck, expostulated with their commander, mingled threats with their expostulations, and required him instantly to tack about and to return to Europe. Columbus perceived that it would be of no avail to have recourse to any of his former arts, which, having been tried so often, had lost their effect; and that it was impossible to rekindle any zeal for the success of the expedition among men in whose breasts fear had extinguished every generous sentiment.

3. He saw that it was no less vain to think of employing either gentle or severe measures, to quell a mutiny so general and so violent. It was necessary, on all these accounts, to soothe passions which he could no longer command, and to give way to a torrent too impetuous to be checked. He promised solemnly to his men that he would comply with their request, provided they would accompany him and obey his command for three days longer; and if, during that time, land were not discovered, he would then abandon the enterprise, and direct his course towards Spain.

4. Enraged as the sailors were, and impatient to turn their faces again towards their native country, this proposition did not appear to them unreasonable. Nor did Columbus hazard much in confining himself to a term so short. The presages of discovering land were now so numerous and promising, that he deemed them infallible. For some days the sounding-line reached the bottom, and the soil which it brought up indicated land to be at no great distance. The flocks of birds increased, and were composed not only of sea-fowl, but of such land-birds as could not be supposed to fly far from the shore. The crew of the *Pinta* observed a cane floating, which seemed to have been newly cut, and likewise a piece of timber artificially carved. The sailors aboard the *Nina* took up the branch of a tree with red berries, perfectly fresh.

5. The clouds around the setting sun assumed * a new appearance; the air was milder and warmer; and during night the wind became unequal and variable. From all these symptoms, Columbus was so confident of being near land, that on the evening of the eleventh of October, after public prayers for success, he ordered the sails to be furled, and the ships to lie to,^m keeping strict watch lest they should be driven ashore in the night. During this interval of suspense and expectation, no man shut his eyes; all kept upon deck, gazing intently towards that quarter where they expected to discover the land which had been so long the object of their wishes.

6. About two hours before midnight, Columbus, standing on the fore-castle,ⁿ observed a light at a distance, and privately pointed it out to Pedro Gutierrez,ⁿ a page of the queen's wardrobe. Gutierrez perceived it, and calling to Salcedo, comptroller^o of the fleet, all three saw it in motion, as if it were carried from place to place. A little after midnight the joyful sound of "Land! land!" was heard from the Pinta, which kept always ahead of the other ships. But, having been so often deceived by fallacious appearances, every man was now become slow of belief, and waited in all the anguish of uncertainty and impatience for the return of day.

7. As soon as morning dawned (October 12, 1492), all doubts and fears were dispelled. From every ship an island was seen about two leagues to the north, whose flat and verdant fields, well stored with wood, and watered with many rivulets, presented the aspect of a delightful country. The crew of the Pinta instantly began the *Te Deum*,ⁿ as a hymn of thanksgiving to God, and were joined by those of the other ships, with tears of joy and transports of congratulation. This office of gratitude to Heaven was followed by an act of justice to their commander. They threw themselves at the feet of Columbus, with feelings of self-condemnation mingled with reverence.

8. They implored him to pardon their ignorance, incredulity, and insolence, which had created him so much unnecessary disquiet, and had so often obstructed the prosecution of his well-concerted plan; and passing, in the warmth of their admiration, from one extreme to another, they now pronounced the man whom they had so lately reviled and threatened to be a person inspired by Heaven with sagacity and fortitude more than human, in order to accomplish a design so far beyond the ideas and conceptions of all former ages.

* The mark of quantity over the *a* always indicates that it should have the long, diphthongal sound, as in cube, &c. In many words not marked, the same sound should be given. See ¶ 73.

9. As soon as the sun arose, all their boats were manned and armed. They rowed towards the island, with their colors displayed, with warlike music, and other martial pomp. As they approached the coast, they saw it covered with a multitude of people, whom the novelty of the spectacle had drawn together, whose attitudes and gestures expressed wonder and astonishment at the strange objects which presented themselves to their view. Columbus was the first European who set foot in the New World, which he had discovered. He landed in a rich dress, and with a naked sword in his hand. His men followed, and, kneeling down, they all kissed the ground which they had so long desired to see. They next erected a crucifix,^m and, prostrating themselves before it, returned thanks to God for conducting their voyage to such a happy issue.

ROBERTSON.

LXXXV. — FIRST VOYAGE OF COLUMBUS.

1. WHAT did the ocean's waste supply
To soothe the mind or please the eye?
The rising morn through dim mist breaking,
The flickered east with purple streaking;^m
The mid-day cloud through thin air flying,
With deeper blue the blue sea dyeing;
Long ridgy waves their white manes rearing,
And in the broad gleam disappearing;
The broadened, blazing sun declining,
And western waves like fire-floods shining;
The sky's vast dome to darkness given,
And all the glorious host of heaven!
2. Full oft upon the deck — while others slept —
To mark the bearing of each well-known star
That shone aloft or on the horizon far,
The anxious Chief his lonely vigil kept.
The mournful wind, the hoarse wave breaking near,
The breathing groans of sleep, the plunging lead,^m
The steersman's call, and his own stilly tread,
Are all the sounds of night that reach his ear.
3. But soon his dauntless soul, which naught could bend, —
Nor hope delayed nor adverse fate subdue, —
With a more threatening danger must contend
Than storm or wave — a fierce and angry crew!
“Dearly,” say they, “may we those visions rue
Which lured us from our native land,
A wretched, lost, devoted band,
Led on by hope's delusive gleam,

The victim of a madman's dream !
 Nor gold shall e'er² be ours, nor fame ;
 Not even the remnant of a name
 On some rude-lettered stone to tell
 On what strange coast our wreck befell.
 For us no requiem shall be sung,
 Nor prayer be said, nor passing knell
 In holy church be rung."

4. To thoughts like these all forms give way¹⁵⁵
 Of duty to a leader's sway ;
 And, as he moves, — ah ! wretched cheer ! —
 Their muttered curses reach his ear.
 But all undaunted, firm, and sage,
 He scorns their threats, yet thus he soothes their rage :
 " That to some nearing coast we bear,
 How many cheering signs declare !
 Wayfaring birds the blue air ranging,
 Their shadowy line to blue air changing,
 Pass o'er our heads in frequent flocks ;
 While sea-weed from the parent rocks,
 With fibry roots, but newly torn,
 In wreaths are on the clear wave borne.
 Nay, has not e'en the drifting current brought
 Things of rude art, by human cunning wrought ?
 Be yet two days your patience tried,
 And if no shore² is then descried,
 E'en turn your dastard prows again,
 And cast your leader to the main."
5. And thus a while, with steady hand,
 He kept in check a wayward band,
 Who but with half-expressed disdain
 Their rebel spirit could restrain.
 So passed the day, — the night, — the second day,
 With its red setting sun's extinguished ray.
6. Dark, solemn midnight coped the ocean wide,
 When from his watchful stand Columbus cried,
 " A light, a light ! " — blest sounds that rang
 In every ear. At once they sprang
 With haste aloft, and, peering bright,
 Descried afar the blessed sight.
7. " It moves ! it slowly moves like ray
 Of torch that guides some wanderer's way !
 Lo ! other lights, more distant, seeming
 As if from town or hamlet streaming !
 'Tis land, 'tis peopled land ! man dwelleth there,
 And thou, O God of heaven, hast heard thy servant's prayer ! "

8. Returning day gave to their view
 The distant shore and headlands blue
 Of long-sought land. Then rose on air
 Loud shouts of joy, mixed wildly strange
 With voice of weeping and of prayer,
 Expressive of their blessed change
 From death to life, from fierce to kind,
 From all that sinks to all that elevates the mind.
9. Those who, by faithless fear ensnared,
 Had their brave chief so rudely dared,
 Now, with keen self-upbraiding stung,
 With every manly feeling wrung,
 Repentant tears, looks that entreat,
 Are kneeling humbly at his feet :
 " Pardon our blinded, stubborn guilt !
 O, henceforth make us what thou wilt !
 Our hands, our hearts, our lives, are thine,
 Thou wondrous man, led on by power divine ! "
10. Columbus led them to the shore
 Which ship had never touched before ;
 And there he knelt upon the strand
 To thank the God of sea and land ;
 And there, with mien and look elate,
 Gave welcome to each toil-worn mate.
 And lured with courteous signs of cheer
 The dusky natives gathering near,
 Who on them gazed with wondering eyes,
 As missioned spirits from the skies.
 And there did he possession claim
 In royal Isabella's name.

JOANNA BAILLIE

LXXXVI. — UNITY AND PROGRESS OF MANKIND.

1. The authors of the American Revolution avowed for their object the welfare of mankind, and believed that they were in the service of their own and of all future generations. Their faith was just ; for the world of mankind does not exist in fragments, nor can a country have an insulated existence. All men are brothers ; and all are bondsmen for one another.

2. All nations, too, are brothers, and each is responsible for that federative humanity which puts the ban of exclusion on none. New principles of government could not assert themselves in one hemisphere without affecting the other. The very idea of the progress of an individual people, in its relation to universal history, springs from the acknowledged unity of the race.

3. To have asserted clearly the unity of mankind was the distinctive glory of the Christian religion. No more were the nations to be severed by the worship of exclusive deities. The world was instructed that all men are of one blood; that for all there is but one divine nature and but one moral law; and the renovating faith taught the singleness of the race, of which it embodied the aspirations and guided the advancement.

4. In due time appeared the mariner from Gen'oa. To Columbus, God gave the keys that unlock the barriers of the ocean, so that he filled Christendom with his glory. The voice of the world had whispered to him that the world is one; and as he went forth towards the west, ploughing a wave which no European keel had entered, it was his high purpose not merely to open new paths to islands or to continents, but to bring together the ends of the earth, and join all nations in commerce and spiritual life.

5. While the world of mankind is accomplishing its nearer connection, it is also advancing in the power of its intelligence. No period of time has a separate being. We are cheered by rays from former centuries, and live in the sunny reflection of all their light. What though thought is invisible, and even when effective seems as transient as the wind that raised the cloud? It is yet free and indestructible; can as little be bound in chains as the aspiring flame; and, when once generated, takes eternity for its guardian.

6. We are the children and the heirs of the past, with which, as with the future, we are indissolubly linked together; and he that truly has sympathy with everything belonging to man will with his toils for posterity blend affection for the times that are gone by, and seek to live in the vast life of the ages. It is by thankfully recognizing those ages as a part of the great existence in which we share, that history wins power to move the soul. She comes to us with tidings of that which for us still lives, of that which has become the life of our life.

7. And because the idea of improvement belongs to that of continuous being, history is, of all pursuits, the most cheering. It throws a halo of delight and hope even over the sorrows of humanity, and finds promises of joy among the ruins of empires and the graves of nations. It sees the footsteps of Providential Intelligence everywhere, and hears the gentle tones of His voice in the hour of tranquillity;

"Nor God alone in the still calm we find;
He mounts the storm and walks upon the wind."

8. Institutions may crumble, and governments fall, but it is

only that they may renew a better youth, and mount upwards like the eagle. The petals of the flower wither, that fruit may form. The desire of perfection, springing always from moral power, rules even the sword,^m and escapes unharmed from the field^m of carnage; giving to battles all that they can have of lustre, and to warriors their only glory; surviving martyrdoms, and safe amid the wreck of states.

BANCROFT.

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LXXXVII. — ON KINDNESS TO BRUTE ANIMALS.

1. IN past time, man's unkindness to man has not been more conspicuous than his unkindness to the lower animals. In most parts of the earth these have constantly been sufferers from his rude impulses and recklessness; and the consequence is, that most animals have acquired, from the effect of habit transmitted from generation to generation, a fear of man, which we ought to be humiliated in contemplating, and which is, in itself, a negative, if not positive evil, since there is a great pleasure to be derived from their kindly companionship. It is by many thought probable that, from the dragooning^m system which we pursue towards them, we have never yet realized one-half of the benefits which the domestic races are calculated to confer upon us.

2. Take the horse alone for an example. In Europe the sagacious powers of this noble animal are most imperfectly developed. In fact, notwithstanding his outward beauty and his pampered form, he exists there in a state of utter degradation; for he is generally under the power and in the company of the capricious and cruel, — of grooms, horse-jockeys, post-boys, and black-legs, — many of them without sense, temper, or feeling. Some horses are well fed, it is true, and duly exercised — and happy their fate: the rest are abused with a cruelty that has become proverbial.

3. Now, what knowledge can a horse acquire under such treatment? — how is he to display, to exercise, to increase the powers bestowed on him by nature? — from whom is he to learn? Being gregarious^m by nature, he is here secluded from his own species; he is separated, except for a short time, from his master, who attends only to his animal propensities: when not employed about a heavy, cumbersome machine, — “dragging his dull companion to and fro,” — he is shut up in the walls of a stable. But this beautiful creature, we repeat, is existing all this time in a degraded state; or, as the newspapers call it, in a *false position*. Who does not know how soon the horse will meet every advance

of kindness and attention you make to him? how grateful he will be, how studious of your will, how anxious to understand you, how happy to please and satisfy you!

4. We have possessed two horses at different times, which, with only the treatment that they would experience from a master fond of the animals under his protection, would follow us with the attention of dogs; sometimes stopping to graze on the banks of the road till we had advanced many hundred yards, and then, of their own accord, and apparently with delight, cantering forward and rejoining us. In fact, they were gentle, intelligent, and pleasing companions; and this was produced rather by total abstinence from harsh treatment, than by any positive solicitation or great attention on our part.

5. The great gentleness, sagacity, and serviceableness, which mark the horse in the East, particularly in Arabia, are qualities which seem to depend entirely on the better treatment which he there receives. The Arabs make the horse a domestic companion.¹¹ He sleeps in the same tent with the family. Children repose upon his neck, and hug and kiss him, without the least danger. He steps amongst their sleeping forms by night, without ever injuring them. When his master mounts him, he manifests the greatest pleasure; and if that master by any chance falls off, the horse instantly stands still till he is again mounted. An Arabian horse has even been known to pick up his wounded master and carry him in his teeth to a place of safety.

6. Unquestionably these beautiful traits of character have been developed in the animal by a proper course of treatment. The same law holds good here as amongst men. Treat these in a rational, humane, and confiding manner, and you bring forth their best natural qualities; but, on the contrary, visit them with oppression and cruelty, and you either harden and stupefy them, or rouse them to the manifestation of wrathful feelings, which may prove extremely uncomfortable to yourself. It is probable, then, that, from the way in which we use most animals, we never have experienced nearly so much advantage from their subserviency as we might.

Distinguished much by reason, and still more
By our capacity of grace divine,
From creatures that exist but for our sake,
Which, having served us, perish, we are held
Accountable; and God, some future day,
Will reckon with us roundly for the abuse
Of what he deems no mean or trivial trust.—
I would not enter on my list of friends
(Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility) the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.¹¹²

LXXXVIII. — RECIPROCAL KINDNESS.

1. ANDROCLÈS, from his injured lord in dread
Of instant death, to Libya's desert fled :
Tired of his toilsome flight, and parched with heat,
He spied, at length, a cavern's cool retreat ;
But scarce had given to rest his weary frame,
When, hugest of his kind, a lion came :
He roared, approaching ; but the savage din
To plaintive murmurs changed, arrived within ;
And, with expressive looks, his lifted paw
Presenting, aid implored from whom he saw.
2. The fugitive, through terror at a stand,
Dared not a while afford his trembling hand ;
But, bolder grown, at length inherent found
A pointed thorn, and drew it from the wound.^m
The cure was wrought ; he wiped the saniousⁿ blood,
And firm and free from pain the lion stood.
Again he seeks the wilds, and day by day
Regales his inmate with the parted prey.
Nor he disdains the dole, though unprepared,
Spread on the ground, and with a lion shared.
3. But thus to live, still lost, sequestered still,
Scarce seemed his lord's revenge a heavier ill ! —
Home ! native home ! O, might he but repair !
He must — he will — though death attends him there.
He goes, and, doomed to perish, on the sands
Of the full theatre^o unpitied stands ;
When, lo ! the self-same lion from his cage
Flies to devour him, famished into rage.

He flies, but, viewing in his purposed prey
The man his healer, pauses on his way,
And softened by remembrance into sweet
And kind composure, crouches at his feet.
Mute with astonishment the assembly gaze :
But why, ye Romans ! Whence your mute amaze ?
All this is natural : Nature bade him rend
An enemy,¹¹⁸ she bids him spare a friend. COWPER.

LXXXIX. — THE RESOLUTE WHALE.

1. The ship Ann Alexander, Captain John S. Deblois, sailed from New Bedford, Massachusetts, the first of June, 1850, for a cruise in the South Pacific, in search of sperm-whales. After

cruising some months in the Atlantic, and capturing several whales,¹⁰⁸ the vessel³⁰ proceeded to the South Pacific; and finally, on the twentieth of August, 1851, reached a favorable spot, in latitude five degrees fifty minutes south, longitude one hundred and two degrees west. On the morning of that day, at about nine o'clock, whales were discovered in the neighborhood, and about noon the crew succeeded in making fast to one. Two boats had gone after the whales — the larboard²¹ and the starboard;²¹ the former commanded by the first mate, and the latter by Captain Deblois. The whale which they had struck was harpooned by the larboard-boat.

2. After running some time, the whale turned upon the boat, and, rushing at it with tremendous violence, opened its enormous jaws, and taking the boat in, actually crushed it into fragments as small as a common-sized chair! Captain Deblois immediately struck for the scene of the disaster with the starboard-boat, and succeeded, against all expectation, in rescuing the whole of the crew of the demolished boat, nine in number! How they escaped from instant death, when the whale rushed upon them with such violence and seized the boat in its ponderous jaws,¹²⁸ it is impossible to say.

3. There were now eighteen men in the starboard-boat, consisting of the captain,²³ the first-mate, and the crews of both boats. The frightful disaster had been witnessed from the ship, and the waist-boat was got in readiness and sent to their relief. The distance from the ship was about six miles. As soon as the waist-boat arrived, the crews were divided, and it was determined to pursue the same whale and make another attack upon him. Accordingly they separated, and proceeded at some distance from each other, as is usual on such occasions, after the whale. In a short time they came up to him, and prepared to give him battle.

4. The waist-boat, commanded by the first-mate, was in advance. As soon as the whale perceived the demonstration being made upon him, he turned his course suddenly, and making a tremendous dash at this boat, seized it, also, with his wide-spread jaws, and crushed it into atoms, allowing the men barely time to escape his vengeance by throwing themselves into the ocean. Captain Deblois again seeing the perilous condition of his men, at the risk of meeting the same fate, directed his boat to hasten to their rescue, and in a short time succeeded in saving them all from a death little less horrible than that from which they had already so miraculously escaped.

5. He then ordered the boat to put for the ship as speedily as possible; and no sooner had the order been given, than they discovered the monster of the deep making towards them with his

jaws widely extended. Escape from death now seemed totally out of the question. They were six or seven miles from the ship; relief from that quarter was not to be expected; and the whale, maddened by the wounds^m of the harpoon and lances which had been thrown into him, and seemingly animated with the prospect of speedy revenge, was within a few cables' length. Fortunately, the monster came up and passed them at a short distance. The boat then made her way to the ship, and they all got on board in safety.

6. After reaching the ship, a boat was despatched for the oars of the demolished boats. As soon as the boat returned with the oars, sail was set, and the ship proceeded after the whale. In a short time she overtook him, and a lance was thrown into his head. She passed on by him, and immediately after it was discovered that the whale was rushing towards her. As he came up, they hauled to the wind, and suffered the monster to pass her. After he had fairly passed, they kept on to attack him again. When the ship had reached within about fifty rods of him, they discovered that the whale had settled down deep below the surface of the water, and, as it was near sundown, they concluded to give up the pursuit. Subsequent events proved, however, that the whale had formed a deadly resolution to destroy the ship.

7. While Captain Deblois was waiting on deck for the reappearance of the whale, he suddenly saw it approaching at the rate of fifteen miles an hour. In an instant the determined monster struck the ship with tremendous violence, shaking her from stem to stern. She quivered under the impetuosity of the shock as if she had struck upon a rock. Captain Deblois immediately descended into the fore-castle,^m and there, to his horror, discovered that the whale had struck the ship about two feet from the keel, abreast the foremast, knocking a great hole entirely through her bottom, through which the water roared and rushed in with great force. Springing to the deck, he ordered the mate to cut away the anchors and get the cables overboard to keep the ship from sinking.

8. In doing this, the mate succeeded in relieving only one anchor and getting one cable clear, the other having been fastened around the foremast. The ship was then sinking very rapidly. The captain went into the cabin, where he found three feet of water; he, however, succeeded in procuring a chronometer,^m sextant,^m and chart. Reaching the decks, he ordered the men to clear away the boats, and to get water and provisions, as the ship was heeling over. He again descended to the cabin, but the water was rushing in so rapidly that he could procure nothing

He then came back upon deck, ordered all hands into the boats, and was the last to leave the ship, which he did by throwing himself into the sea, and swimming to the nearest boat.

9. The ship was on her beam-ends, her topgallant-yards under water. The men then pushed off some distance from her, expecting her to sink in a very short time. Upon an examination of the stores they had been able to save, it was discovered that they had only twelve quarts of water, and not a mouthful of provisions of any kind. The boats contained eleven men each, were leaky, and, night coming on, it was found necessary to bale all night to keep from sinking.

10. Next day, at daylight, they returned to the ship, no one daring to venture on board but the captain. With a single hatchet he cut away the mast, when the ship righted. The boats then came up, and the men, by the sole aid of spades, cut away the chain-cable from around the foremast, which got the ship nearly on her keel. The men then tied ropes around their bodies, got into the sea, and cut holes through the decks to get out provisions. They could procure nothing but about five gallons of vinegar and twenty pounds of wet bread. The ship threatened to sink, and they deemed it imprudent to remain by her longer; so they set sail in her boats, and left her.

11. They were then in a dreadful state of anxiety, as it was doubtful whether they should be able to reach land or see any vessel. With faint hopes of being rescued, they directed their course northerly, and on the twenty-second of August, at about five o'clock p. m., they had the indescribable joy of discerning a ship in the distance. They made a signal, and were soon answered, and in a short time they were reached by the good ship Nantucket, of Nantucket, Massachusetts, Captain Gibbs, who took them all on board, clothed and fed them, and extended to them every possible hospitality.

11 Sunday
Wednesday

XC. — A STORM IN THE INDIAN OCEAN.

1. The sky was serene; displaying only a few little copper-colored clouds, like reddish vapor, which were moving with a rapidity surpassing that of birds in their flight. But the sea was furrowed by five or six long and lofty swells, like chains of hills, between which large and deep valleys extend. Each of these aquatic hills formed two or three distinct eminences, one above the other. From the curving summits, the wind swept the foam like streaming panes, reflecting here and there all the tints of

the rainbow. It also bore along with it over the briny valleys a whirl of fine white spray, resembling the dust which rises from a great frequented avenue on a dry summer day.

2. What appeared most formidable was the indication that some of the summits of these hills, pushed forward from their bases by the violence of the wind, unfurled into enormous vaults, which broke and rolled over upon themselves, roaring and foaming with a fall that would have engulfed the largest ship had it found itself under their ruins. The condition of our vessel concurred with that of the sea to render our position frightful. Our mainmast had been broken the night before by the lightning, and our foremast, with our only sail, had been carried away that morning by the gale. The vessel, incapable of obeying her helm, rolled in the trough^{ed} of the sea, the sport of the wind and the waves.

3. I was upon the quarter-deck, hanging on to the mizzen-shrouds, and trying to familiarize myself with this tremendous spectacle. As one of these mountainous piles of water approached us, I judged that the summit was more than fifty feet above my head. The base of this stupendous wave, passing under our vessel, made it incline so that the main-yards were half dipped in the sea, and the heels of the masts were so under water that we thought we were upset. Our staggering vessel, when it found itself on the crest of the surge, shook and righted for a moment, but the next was prostrated in an equally perilous manner on the descending slope of the wave, while a volume of water poured from under with the rapidity of a sluice, forming a large sheet of foam.

4. We remained in this situation, between life and death, from sunrise to three o'clock in the afternoon. It was impossible to give or receive consolation by word of mouth. So violent was the wind, that one could not make himself heard even by shouting close in his companion's ear. The blast seemed to bear away the sound of the voice, permitting nothing to be heard but its own wild howling, mingled with the creaking and rattling of the cordage, and the hoarse thunder of the surges, striving like savage beasts for our destruction.

ORIGINAL TRANSLATION FROM ST. PIERRE.

XCI. — THE HEROISM OF GRACE DARLING.

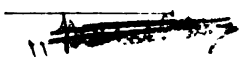
1. ALL night the storm had raged, nor ceased, nor paused,
When, as day broke, the maid, through misty air,
Espies far off a wreck, amid the surf,

Beating on one of those disastrous isles, —
 Half of a vessel,³⁰ half — no more ; the rest
 Had vanished, swallowed³¹ up with all that there
 Had for the common safety striven in vain,
 Or thither thronged for refuge.

2. With quick glance
 Daughter and sire through optio-glass discern,
 Clinging about the remnant of this ship,
 Creatures — how precious in the maiden's sight !
 For whom, belike, the old man grieves still more
 Than for their fellow-sufferers engulfed
 Where every jarring agony is hushed,
 And hope and fear mix not in further strife.
 " But courage,³² father ! let us out to sea, —
 A few may yet be saved."
3. The daughter's words,
 Her earnest tone, and looks beaming with faith,
 Dispel the father's doubts ; nor do they lack
 The noble-minded mother's helping hand
 To launch the boat ; and, with her blessing cheered,
 And inwardly sustained by silent prayer,
 Together they put forth, — father and child !
4. Each grasps an oar, and struggling on they go, —
 Rivals³³ in effort ; and, alike intent,
 Here to elude and there surmount, they watch
 The billows lengthening, mutually crossed
 And shattered, and re-gathering their might ;
 As if the tumult³⁴ by the Almighty's will
 Were, in the conscious sea, roused and prolonged,
 That woman's fortitude — so tried, so proved —
 May brighten more and more !
- 5 True to the mark,
 They stem the current of that perilous gōrge,
 Their arms still strengthening with the strengthening heart
 Though dānger, as the wreck is neared, becomes
 More imminent. Not unseen do they approach ;
 And rapture, with varieties of fear
 Incessantly conflicting, thrills the frames
 Of those who in that dauntless energy
 Foretaste deliverance.
6. But the least perturbed
 Can scarcely trust his eyes, when he perceives
 That of the pair — tossed on the waves to bring
 Hope to the hopeless, to the dying life —
 One is a woman, a poor earthly sister !
 Or, be the visitant other than she seems,
 A guardian spirit sent from pitying Heaven,
 In woman's shape ?

7. But why prolong the tale,
Casting weak words amid a host of thoughts
Armed to repel them? Every hazard faced
And difficulty mastered, with resolve
That no one breathing should be left to perish,
This last remainder of the crew are all
Placed in the little boat, then o'er the deep
Are safely borne, landed upon the beach,
And, in fulfilment of God's merey, lodged
Within the sheltering lighthouse.
8. Shout, ye waves!¹²⁰
Send forth a sound of triumph. Waves and winds,
Exult in this deliverance wrought through faith
In Him whose Providence your rage has served!
Ye screaming sea-mews, in the concert join!
9. And would that some immortal voice — a voice¹²⁵
Fittingly attuned to all¹²⁶ that gratitude
Breathes out from floor or couch, through pallid lips
Of the survivors, — to the clouds might bear, —
Blended with praise of that parental love
Beneath whose watchful eye the maiden grew
Pious and pure, modest and yet so brave,
Though young so wise, though meek so resolute, —¹²⁷
Might carry to the clouds and to the stars,
Yea,¹²⁸ to celestial choirs,¹²⁹ Grace Darling's¹³⁰ name!

WORDSWORTH



XCII. — THE PRAIRIES OF THE WEST.

1. THE attraction of the prairie¹ consists in its extent, its carpet of verdure and flowers, its undulating surface, its groves, and the fringe of timber by which it is surrounded. Of all these, the latter is the most expressive feature; it is that which gives character to the landscape, which imparts the shape and marks the boundary of the plain. If the prairie be small, its greatest beauty consists in the vicinity of the surrounding margin of woodland, which resembles the shore of a lake, indented with deep vistas like bays and inlets, and throwing out long points like capes² and headlands; while occasionally these points approach so close on either hand, that the traveller passes through a narrow avenue or strait, where the shadows of the woodland fall upon his path, and then again emerges into another prairie.

2. Where the plain is large, the forest outline is seen in the far perspective, like the dim shore when viewed at a distance from the ocean. The eye sometimes roams over the green meadow

without discovering a tree, a shrub, or any object in the immense expanse, but the wilderness of grass and flowers; while at another time the prospect is enlivened by the groves, which are seen interspersed like islands, or the solitary tree, which stands alone in the blooming desert.

3. If it be in the spring of the year, and the young grass has just covered the ground with a carpet of delicate green, and especially if the sun is rising from behind a distant swell of the plain, and glittering upon the dew-drops, no scene can be more lovely to the eye. The deer is seen grazing quietly upon the plain; the bee is on the wing; the wolf, with his tail drooped, is sneaking away to his covert with the felon tread of one who is conscious that he has disturbed the peace of nature; and the grouse, feeding in flocks or in pairs, like the domestic fowl, cover the whole surface.

4. When the eye roves off from the green plain to the groves, or points of timber, these also are found to be at this season robed in the most attractive hues. The rich undergrowth is in full bloom. The red-bud, the dog-wood, the crab-apple, the wild-plum, the cherry, the wild-rose, are abundant in all the rich lands; and the grape-vine, though its blossom is unseen, fills the air with fragrance. The variety of the wild fruit and flowering shrubs is so great, and such the profusion of the blossoms with which they are bowed down, that the eye is regaled almost to satiety.

5. The gayety of the prairie, its embellishments, and the absence of the gloom and savage wildness of the forest, all contribute to dispel the feeling of lonesomeness which usually creeps over the mind of the solitary traveller in the wilderness. Though he may not see a house, nor a human being, and is conscious that he is far from the habitations²² of men, he can scarcely divest himself of the idea that he is travelling through scenes embellished by the hand of art. The flowers, so fragile, so delicate, and so ornamental, seem to have been tastefully disposed to adorn the scene; the groves and clumps of trees appear to have been scattered over the lawn to beautify the landscape; and it is not easy to avoid that illusion of the fancy which persuades the beholder that such scenery has been created to gratify the refined taste of civilized man.

6. Europeans are often reminded of the resemblance of this scenery to that of the extensive parks of noblemen which they have been accustomed to admire in the Old World; the lawn, the avenue, the grove, the copse, which are there produced by art, are here produced by nature; a splendid specimen of massy

architecture, and the distant view of villages, are alone wanting to render the similitude complete.

JAMES HALL.

7. These are the gardens of the desert, these
The unshorn fields, boundless and beautiful,
For which the speech of England has no name, —
The Prairies. I behold them for the first,
And my heart swells, while the dilated sight
Takes in the encircling vastness. Lo! they stretch
In airy undulations, far away,
As if the ocean, in his gentlest swell.
Stood still, with all his rounded billows fixed,
And motionless forever. Motionless? —
No — they are all unchained again. The clouds
Sweep over with their shadows, and, beneath,
The surface rolls and fluctuates to the eye;
Dark hollows seem to glide along, and chase
The sunny ridges. * * *
8. Man hath no part in all this glorious work:
The Hand that built the firmament hath heaved
And smoothed these verdant swells, and sown their slopes
With herbage,⁴⁴ planted them with island groves,
And hedged them round with forests. Fitting floor
For this magnificent temple of the sky —
With flowers whose glory and whose multitude
Rival the constellations! The great heavens
Seem to stoop down upon the scene in love, —
A nearer vault, and of a tenderer blue,
Than that which bends above the eastern hills.

BYRANE

XCIII. — THE VALLEY OF MEXICO.

FROM THE SIDE OF THE SIERRA⁴⁵ NEVA'DA.

1. CONCEIVE yourself placed on a mountain nearly two thousand feet above the valley, and nine thousand above the level of the sea; a sky above you of the most perfect azure, without a cloud; and an atmosphere so transparently pure that the remotest objects, at the distance of many leagues, are as distinctly visible as if at hand. The gigantic scale of everything first strikes you, — you seem to be looking down upon a world.

2. No other mountain and valley view has such an assemblage of features, because nowhere else are the mountains at the same time so high, the valley so wide, or filled with such variety of land and water. The plain beneath is exceedingly level, and for two hundred miles around it extends a barrier of stupendous

mountains, most of which have been active volcanoes, and are now covered, some with snow, and some with forests.

3. It is laced with large bodies of water, appearing more like seas than lakes; it is dotted with innumerable villages, and estates, and plantations; eminences rise from it, which, elsewhere, would be called mountains, yet there, at your feet, they seem but ant-hills on the plain; and now, letting your eye follow the rise of the mountains to the west (near fifty miles distant), you look over the immediate summits that wall the valley to another and more distant range, and to range beyond range, with valleys between each, until the whole melts into a vapory distance, blue as the cloudless sky above you.

4. I could have gazed for hours at this little world, while the sun and passing vapor checkered the fields, and, sailing off again, left the whole one bright mass of verdure and water, bringing out clearly the domes of the village churches studing the plain or leaning against the first slopes of the mountains, with the huge lakes looming larger in the rarefied atmosphere.

5. Yet one thing was wanting. Over the immense expanse there seemed scarce an evidence of life. There were no figures in the picture. It lay torpid in the sunlight, like some deserted region, where Nature again was beginning to assert her empire, — vast, solitary, and melancholy. There were no sails, no steamers on the lakes, no smoke over the villages, no people at labor in the fields, no horsemen, coaches, or travellers, but ourselves.

6. The silence was almost supernatural. It was a picture of "still life," inanimate in every feature, save where, on the distant mountain sides, the fire of some poor coal-burner mingled its blue wreath with the bluer sky, or the tinkle of the bell of a solitary mulôteer was heard from among the dark and solemn pines.

BRANTZ MAYER.

XCIV. — THE WORLD OF WATER.

1. WATER expands when warmed; in pots it boils over; and although the ocean certainly is nowhere hot enough to boil a leg of mutton, the great mass of water rises under the influence of tropic heat above the common level, and runs over towards the poles, leaving its place empty for cold water to rush in and occupy it. Precisely in the same way, air, which is another ocean, — an ocean some fifty miles deep, and at the bottom of which we are living, — swells at the equator, and pours out its deluge north and south over the colder current which runs in to

take advantage of the vacancy, and warm itself. When warm, it will also get up. That is one fact; another modifies it.

2. The earth rolls on its axis. If you stick a knitting-needle through the centre of an orange, and rotate the orange on the needle, then you see a model of the earth rotating on its axis. The needle comes out of the north pole above, and out of the south pole below; and, if you scratch a line all round the orange, half-way between pole and pole, that is the imagined line called the Equator. Now, take two little pins; stick one of them on the equator, and another in the neighborhood of either pole; set the orange now revolving like the globe itself, from west to east, and make precisely one revolution. In the same space of time one pin has travelled through a great space, you perceive; all around the orange, as it were; while the pin near the pole has had a very tiny journey to perform, and on the pole itself would absolutely not revolve at all.

3. So, then, upon this world of ours, everything on or near the equator spins round in the twenty-four hours far more rapidly than anything placed near the poles. But everything partakes in the movement, as you share in your body the movement of a railway-train; let the train stop suddenly, your body travels on and throws you violently forward. So air and water, flowing from the equator in great currents, because they cannot at once accommodate themselves to the slower movement of the earth as they approach the poles, retain their own motive propensity, and shoot on eastward still, as well as north and south. The slow trains coming up from the poles are outstripped by the rapid movement of the earth below, and, being unable to accommodate themselves to it readily, they lag behind and fall into a westward course.

4. By this movement of the earth, therefore, a transverse²¹ direction is communicated to the great equatorial and polar currents, whether of air or of water. Furthermore, local peculiarities, arrangements of islands and continents, plain and mountain, land and water, cause local variations of temperature, and every such variation modifies or makes a current. In the air we all know how many shiftings of the wind will be peculiar to a mountain hamlet,²² where a lake, a valley, and a mountain, cause a constant oscillation,²³ and a sudden burst of sunshine is enough to raise the wind.

5. Mechanical obstructions, such as mountain peaks, in the bed of the great ocean of air, modify its streams, of course; and the great currents in the world of water are, of course, split, deflected,²⁴ and directed on their way, by all the continents and islands about and around which they flow. Great currents pour like mighty rivers

through the plain of ocean, and fixed by the laws of nature though their banks be banks of water, they are almost as sharply defined as if they were of granite masonry. These are constant; there are others periodical, occasioned by periodical winds, tides, &c. ; and there are also variable currents caused by melting ice, and other accidents, irregular in their occurrence.

6. You observe that the great world of water serves not only as a home for countless forms of life, but that to us land creatures it serves also as an apparatus for the regulation of our climates. Cold currents come to limit the sun's monarchy, and warm streams flow to melt the icebergs where they travel out of bounds. That is not all, nor nearly all. One characteristic of the works of nature is continually to be recognized. Man makes a beautiful machine, worthy of admiration, in which many wheels and teeth combine, perhaps to make a piece of lace; it will make only lace, and nothing else. The works of nature are incomparably more simple, and yet there is nothing so minute as to be created for one purpose only. In its way, a blade of grass, or lump of dirt, no less than the great sea, heaps use on use, and proof on proof of a Sublime Intelligence.

DICKENS.

XCV. — THE WIND AND RAIN.

1. VAPOR rises from water, and from every moist body, under the influence of heat. The greater the heat, the more the vapor; but even in winter, from the surface of an ice-field, vapor rises. The greater the heat, the greater the expansion of the vapor. It is the nature of material things to expand under heat, and to contract under cold; so water does, except in the act of freezing, when, for a beneficent purpose, it is constituted an exception to the rule. Vapor rises freely from lakes, rivers, and moist land; but most abundantly, of course, it rises from the sea, and nowhere more abundantly than where the sun is hottest. So it rises in the zone²¹ of variable winds and calms, abundant, very much expanded, therefore imperceptible.

2. There comes a breath of colder air on the ascending current; its temperature falls. It had contained as much vapor as it would hold in its warm state; when cooled it will not hold so much; the excess, therefore, must part company, and be condensed again: clouds rapidly form, and as the condensation goes on in this region with immense rapidity, down comes the discarded vapor in the original state of water, out of which it had been raised. Sudden precipitation, and the violent rubbing against

each other, of two air-currents unequally warmed, develop electricity; and then we have thunder and lightning.

3. Rain, being elicited by heat from water, will, of course, abound most where the sun is hottest. The average^m yearly fall of rain between the tropics is ninety-five inches, but in the temperate zone only thirty-five. The greatest rain-fall, however, is precipitated in the shortest time; tropical clouds like to get it over and have done with it. Ninety-five inches fall in eighty days on the equator, while at St. Petersburg the yearly rain-fall is but seventeen inches, spread over one hundred and sixty-nine days. Again, a tropical wet day is not continuously wet. The morning is clear; clouds form about ten o'clock, the rain begins at twelve, and pours till about half-past four; by sunset the clouds are gone, and the night is invariably fine. That is a tropical day during the rainy season.

4. What does the "rainy season" mean?—At a point twenty-three and a half degrees north of the equator, at the tropic of Cancer, the vertical^m sun appears to stop when it is midsummer with us. As it moves southward, our summer wanes; it crosses the equator, and appears to travel on until it has reached twenty-three and a half degrees on the other side of the line,—the tropic of Capricorn; then six months have passed; it is mid-winter with us, and midsummer with people in the southern hemisphere. The sun turns back (and the word tropic means the place of turning), retraces its course over the equator, and at the expiration of a twelvemonth is at our tropic again, bringing us summer.

5. Now, the rainy season is produced between the tropics by the powerful action of the sun, wherever it is nearly vertical, in sucking up vast quantities of vapor, which become condensed in the upper colder regions of the atmosphere,^m and dash to earth again as rain. The rainy season, therefore, follows the sun. When the sun is at or near the tropic of Cancer, both before and after turning, all places near that tropic have their rainy season; when the sun makes a larger angle with their zenith,^m it has taken the rainy season with it to another place. It is here obvious that a country between the tropics, and far from each, is passed over by the sun, in its apparent course, at two periods in the same year, with a decided interval between them. Such a country must have, therefore, and does have, two rainy and two dry seasons.

6. The trade-winds, blowing equably, do not deposit much of their vapor while still flowing over the Atlantic. These winds—so called from being favorable to commerce—blow constantly, one in a north-east and the other in a south-east direction, within about

twenty-eight degrees on each side of the equator. Out at sea it seldom rains within the trade-winds; but when they strike the east coast of America rain falls; and the rain-fall on that coast, within the limits of the trade-winds, is notoriously excessive. The chain of the West India Islands stands ready to take (in the due season) a full dose; the rain-fall at St. Domingo is one hundred and fifty inches. But the winds, having traversed the breadth of the continent,^m deposit their last clouds on the western flanks of the Andes, and there are portions, accordingly, of the western coast, on which no season will expend a drop of rain.

7. Thus in Peru it rains once, perhaps, in a man's lifetime; and an old man may tell how once, when he was quite a boy, it thundered. The cold Antarctic current, slipping by the Peruvian shores, yields a thick vapor, which serves instead of rain. Upon the table-landⁿ of Mexico, in parts of Guatemalaⁿ and California, for the same reason, rain is very rare. But the grandest rainless districts are those occupied by the great desert of Africa, extending westward over portions of Arabia and Persia, to a desert province of the Belooches; districts presently continued in the heart of Asia, over the great desert of Gobi, the table-land of Thibet,ⁿ and part of Mongolia. In all these are five or six millions of square miles of land that never taste a shower. Elsewhere the whole bulk of water that falls annually in the shape of rain is calculated at seven hundred and sixty millions of millions of tons.

8. Winds are caused, like currents of the sea, by inequalities of temperature. The hurricane is a remarkable storm wind, peculiar to certain portions of the world. It rarely takes its rise beyond the tropics, and it is the only storm to dread within the region of the trade-winds. In the temperate zone, hurricanes do now and then occur, which, crossing the Atlantic from America, strike the coasts of Europe. It is the nature of a hurricane to travel round and round, as well as forward, very much as a cork-screw travels through a cork, only the circles are all flat, and described by a rotatory wind upon the surface of the water. Hurricanes always travel away from the equator. North of the equator, the great storm, revolving as it comes, rolls from the east towards the west; inclining from the equator, that is, northward. It always comes in that way; always describes in its main course the curve of an ellipse.^m

9. The typhoon, a relation of the hurricane's, is of Chinese extraction. It is met with only in the China seas, not so far south as the Island of Mindana'o, nor so far north as Corë'a, except upon the eastern borders of Japan'. A typhoon walks abroad not oftener than about once every three or four years;

and that is quite often enough. You may believe anything of a typhoon. Robert Fortune says, that when he was at sea in a typhoon, a fish weighing thirty or forty pounds was blown out of the water, and fell through the skylight into the cabin. That might be believed of a typhoon from a less trustworthy informant.

10. Of local storms and currents, caused, inland or out at sea, by inequalities of temperature, as, for example, by the warm current of the Gulf-stream, we need not particularly speak. The storms and the rain-torrents of Cape Horn, where one hundred and fifty-three inches of rain have been measured in forty-one days, and where the whole year is a rainy season, we can only mention. To the simoom we give a nod of recognition; verily, that is a penetrating wind which clogs with sand the works of a double-cased gold watch in the waistcoat-pocket of a traveller. We wave our hands likewise to the Italian sirocco, and the Egyptian khamsin, and the dry harmattan; and so our dry talk ends.

11. In equalizing temperature, in wafting clouds over the land, and causing them to break and fall in fertilizing showers, in creating and fostering the art of navigation, by which man is civilized, the winds perform good service. Their pure current washes out the stagnant exhalations from our homes, our fields, our persons; breaks the ripe seed from the tree, and sows it at a distance from its parent plant, where it may grow in the free air, not overshadowed. Without winds, winter would be one monotony of frost, and summer one monotony of sun. The crisp snow and the woolly clouds, the delightful rustle of the summer forest and the waving of the autumn corn, the glory of the sunset and the wonder of the rainbow, — the world would have wanted these had not the winds been taught to do their Master's bidding. After all, wind and rain prove more than the necessity of carrying umbrellas.

12. It is raining still; raining on the just and on the unjust; on the trees, the corn, and the flowers; on the green fields and the river; on the lighthouse bluff and out at sea. It is raining on the graves of some whom we have loved. When it rains during a mellow summer evening, it is beneficently natural to most of us to think of that, and to give those verdant places their quiet share in the hope and freshness of the morrow.

DICKENS.

XCVI. — THE HURRICANE.

1. Lord of the winds! I feel thee nigh,
I know thy breath in the burning sky,
And I wait, with a thrill in every vein,
For the coming of the hurricane!

And, lo ! on the wing of the heavy gales,
Through the boundless arch of heaven he sails ;
Silent and slow, and terribly strong,
The mighty shadow is borne along,
Like the dark eternity to come ;
While the world below, dismayed and dumb,
Through the calm of the thick, hot atmosphere,
Looks up at its gloomy folds with fear.

2. They darken fast ; and the golden blaze
Of the sun is quenched in the lurid haze,
And he sends through the shade a funeral ray —
A glare that is neither night nor day,
A beam that touches with hues of death
The clouds above and the earth beneath.
To its covert glides the silent bird,
While the hurricane's distant voice is heard,
Uplifted among the mountains round ;
And the forests hear and answer the sound.
3. He is come ! he is come ! do ye not behold
His ample robes on the wind unrolled !
Giant of air ! we bid thee hail !
How his gray skirts toss in the whirling gale !
How his huge and writhing arms are bent,
To clasp the zone of the firmament,
And fold, at length, in their dark embrace,
From mountain to mountain, the visible space !
4. Darker — still darker ! the whirlwinds bear
The dust of the plains to the middle air :
And hark to the crashing, long and loud,
Of the chariot of God in the thunder-cloud !
You may trace its path by the flashes that start
From the rapid wheels wherever they dart,
As the fire-bolts leap to the world below,
And flood the skies with a lurid glow.
5. What roar is that ? — 't is the rain that breaks
In torrents away from the airy lakes,
Heavily poured on the shuddering ground,
And shedding a nameless horror round.
Ah ! well-known woods, and mountains, and skies
With the very clouds, ye are lost to my eyes.
I seek ye vainly, and see in your place
The shadowy tempest that sweeps through space.
A whirling ocean that fills the wall
Of the crystal heaven, and buries all.
And I, cut off from the world, remain
Alone with the terrible hurricane.

XCVII. — THE BEST KIND OF REVENGE.

1. SOME years ago, a warehouseman in Manchester, England, published a scurrilous pamphlet, in which he endeavored to hold up the house of Grant Brothers to ridicule. William Grant remarked upon the occurrence that the man would live to repent what he had done; and this was conveyed by some tale-bearer to the libeller, who said, "O, I suppose he thinks I shall some time or other be in his debt; but I will take good care of that." — It happens, however, that a man in business cannot always choose who shall be his creditors. The pamphleteer became a bankrupt, and the brothers held an acceptance^m of his which had been endorsed to them by the drawer, who had also become a bankrupt.

2. The wantonly-libelled men had thus become creditors of the libeller! They now had it in their power to make him repent of his audacity. He could not obtain his certificate without their signature, and without it he could not enter into business again. He had obtained the number of signatures required by the bankrupt law, except one. It seemed folly to hope that the firm of "the brothers" would supply the deficiency. What! they, who had cruelly been made the laughing-stocks of the public, forget the wrong and favor the wrong-doer? He despaired. But the claims of a wife and children forced him at last to make the application. Humbled by misery, he presented himself at the counting-house of the wronged.

3. Mr. William Grant was there alone, and his first words to the delinquent were, "Shut the door, sir!" — sternly uttered. The door was shut, and the libeller stood trembling before the libelled. He told his tale, and produced his certificate, which was instantly clutched by the injured merchant. "You wrote a pamphlet against us once!" exclaimed Mr. Grant. The supplicant expected to see his parchment thrown into the fire. But this was not its destination. Mr. Grant took a pen, and writing something upon the document, handed it back to the bankrupt. He, poor wretch, expected to see "rogue, scoundrel, libeller," inscribed; but there was, in fair round characters, the signature of the firm.

4. "We make it a rule," said Mr. Grant, "never to refuse signing the certificate of an honest tradesman, and we have never heard that you were anything else." The tears started into the poor man's eyes. "Ah," said Mr. Grant, "my saying was true! I said you would live to repent writing that pamphlet. I did not mean it as a threat. I only meant that some day you would know us better, and be sorry you had tried to injure us. I see

you repent of it now." — "I do, I do!" said the grateful man, "I bitterly repent it." — "Well, well, my dear fellow, you know us now. How do you get on? What are you going to do?" The poor man stated that he had friends who could assist him when his certificate was obtained. — "But how are you off in the mean time?"

5. And the answer was, that, having given up every farthing to his creditors, he had been compelled to stint his family of even common necessities, that he might be enabled to pay the cost of his certificate. "My dear fellow, this will not do; your family must not suffer. Be kind enough to take this ten-pound note to your wife^m from me. There, there, my dear fellow! Nay, don't cry; it will be all well with you yet. Keep up your spirits, set to work like a man, and you will raise your head among us yet." The overpowered man endeavored in vain to express his thanks: the swelling in his throat forbade words. He put his handkerchief to his face, and went out of the door crying like a child.

CHAMBERS.

XCVIII. — LABOR AND GENIUS.

1. THE prevailing idea with young people has been, the incompatibility of labor and genius;^m and, therefore, from the fear of being thought dull, they have thought it necessary to remain ignorant. I have seen, at school and at college, a great many young men completely destroyed by having been so unfortunate as to produce an excellent copy of verses. Their genius being now established, all that remained for them to do was to act up to the dignity of the character; and as this dignity consisted in reading nothing new, in forgetting what they had already read, and in pretending to be acquainted with all subjects by a sort of off-hand exertion of talents, they soon collapsed into the most frivolous and insignificant of men.

2. It would be an extremely profitable thing to draw up a short and well-authenticated account of the habits of study of the most celebrated writers with whose style of literary industry we happen to be most acquainted. It would go very far to destroy the absurd and pernicious association of genius and idleness, by showing that the greatest poets, orators,^m statesmen, and historians, — men of the most brilliant and imposing talents,^m — have actually labored as hard as the makers of dictionaries and the arrangers of indexes; and that the most obvious reason why they have been superior to other men is, that they have taken more pains than other men.

3. Gibbon was in his study every morning, winter and summer, at six o'clock ; Mr. Burke was the most laborious and indefatigable of human beings ; Leibnitz^m was never out of his library ; Pascal^m killed himself by study ; Cicero narrowly escaped death by the same cause ; Milton was at his books with as much regularity as a merchant or an attorney, — he had mastered all the knowledge of his time ; so had Homer.^m Raffaele^m lived but thirty-seven years ; and in that short space carried the art so far beyond what it had before reached, that he appears to stand alone as a model to his successors.

4. There are instances to the contrary ; but, generally speaking, the life of all truly great men has been a life of intense and incessant labor. They have commonly passed the first half of life in the gross darkness of indigent humility, — overlooked, mistaken, contemned, by weaker men, — thinking while others slept, reading while others rioted, feeling something within them that told them they should not always be kept down among the dregs of the world.

5. And then, when their time was come, and some little accident has given them their first occasion, they have burst out into the light and glory of public life, rich with the spoils of time, and mighty in all the labors and struggles of the mind. Then do the multitude cry out "a miracle of genius !" Yes, he is a miracle of genius, because he is a miracle of labor ; because, instead of trusting to the resources of his own single mind, he has ransacked a thousand minds ; because he makes use of the accumulated wisdom of ages, and takes as his point of departure the very last line and boundary to which science has advanced ; because it has ever been the object of his life to assist every intellectual gift of nature, however munificent, and however splendid, with every resource that art could suggest, and every attention diligence could bestow.

6. But, while I am descanting upon the conduct of the understanding, and the best modes of acquiring knowledge, some men may be disposed to ask, "Why conduct my understanding with such endless care ? and what is the use of so much knowledge ?" What is the use of so much knowledge ? — What is the use of so much life ? what are we to do with the seventy years of existence allotted to us ? and how are we to live them out to the last ? I solemnly declare that, but for the love of knowledge, I should consider the life of the meanest hedger and ditcher as preferable to that of the greatest and richest man in existence ; for the fire of our minds is like the fire which the Persians burn in the mountains, — it flames night and day, and is immortal, and not to be quenched ! Upon something it *must* act and feed, —

upon the pure spirit of knowledge, or upon the foul dregs of polluting passions.

7. Therefore, when I say, in conducting your understanding, love knowledge with a great love, with a vehement love, with a love coëval with life, what do I say, but love innocence; love virtue; love purity of conduct; love that which, if you are rich and great, will sanctify the blind fortune which has made you so, and make men call it justice; love that which, if you are poor, will render your poverty respectable, and make the proudest feel it unjust to laugh at the meanness of your fortunes; love that which will comfort you, adorn you, and never quit you, — which will open to you the kingdom of thought, and all the boundless regions of conception, as an asylum^m against the cruelty, the injustice, and the pain, that may be your lot in the outer world, — that which will make your motives habitually great and honorable, and light up in an instant a thousand noble disdains at the very thought of meanness and of fraud!

8. Therefore, if any young man here have embarked his life in pursuit of knowledge, let him go on without doubting or fearing the event; let him not be intimidated by the cheerless beginnings of knowledge, by the darkness from which she springs, by the difficulties which hover around her, by the wretched habitations in which she dwells, by the want and sorrow which sometimes journey in her train; but let him ever follow her as the Angel that guards him, and as the Genius of his life. She will bring him out at last into the light of day, and exhibit him to the world comprehensive in acquirements, fertile in resources, rich in imagination, strong in reasoning, prudent and powerful above his fellows in all the relations and in all the offices of life.

REV. SYDNEY SMITH.

XCIX. — PERMANENCE OF THE USEFUL.

1. THE tomb of Moses is unknown; but the traveller still slakes his thirst at the well of Jacob. The gorgeous palace of the wisest and wealthiest of monarchs, with its cedar, and gold, and ivory, — even the great temple of Jerusalem,^m hallowed by the visible glory of the Deity himself, — are gone; but Solomon's reservoirs^m are as perfect as ever. Of the ancient architecture of the Holy City not one stone is left upon another; but the pool of Bethés'da commands the pilgrim's reverence at the present day.

2. The columns of Persép'olis are mouldering into dust; but its cisterns and aqueducts^m remain to challenge our admiration.

The golden house of Nero is a mass of ruins; but the Aqua^m Claudia still pours into Rome its limpid stream. The temple of the sun, at Tadmor in the wilderness, has fallen, but its fountain sparkles as freshly in his rays as when thousands of worshippers thronged the lofty colonnades.

3. It may be that London will share the fate of Babylon, and nothing be left to mark its site save confused mounds of crumbling brick-work. But the works of Nature are imperishable. The Thames^m will continue to flow as it does now; and if any work of art should still rise over the deep ocean of Time, we may well believe that it will be neither a palace nor a temple, but some vast aqueduct or reservoir; and if any name should still flash through the mist of antiquity,^m it will probably be that of the man who, in his day, sought the happiness of his fellow-men rather than their glory, and linked his memory to some great work of national utility and benevolence. QUARTERLY REVIEW.

C. — TO THE FLYING-FISH.

1. WHEN I have seen thy snow-white wing
From the blue wave at evening spring,
And show those scales of silvery white
So gayly to the eye of light,
As if thy frame were formed to rise,
And live amid the glorious skies,¹³¹
O, it has made me proudly feel
How like thy wing's impatient zeal
Is the pure soul, that rests not, pent
Within this world's gross element,
But takes the wing that God has given,
And rises into light and heaven!

2. But when I see that wing so bright
Grow languid with a moment's flight,
Attempt the paths of air in vain,
And sink into the wave again,
Alas! the flattering pride is o'er;
Like thee, a while, the soul may soar,
But erring man must blush to think
Like thee, again, the soul may sink!

3. O, Virtue! when thy clime I seek.
Let not my spirit's flight be weak:
Let me not, like this feeble thing,
With brine still dropping from its wing

Just sparkle in the solar glow,
 And plunge again to depths below ;
 But, when I leave the grosser throng
 With whom my soul hath dwelt so long.
 Let me, in that aspiring day,
 Cast every lingering stain away,
 And, panting for thy purer air,
 Fly up at once, and fix me there !

MOORE

 CI. — THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

1. NEAR yonder copse,^u where once the garden smiled,
 And still where many a garden-flower grows wild,
 There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
 The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
 A man he was to all the country dear,
 And passing rich with forty pounds a year :
 Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
 Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change, his place ;
 Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,
 By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour, —
 Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
 More bent to raise the wretched than to rise
2. His house was known to all the vagrant train,
 He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain,
 The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
 Whose beard descending swept his aged breast ;
 The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
 Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed ;
 The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
 Sat by his fire, and talked the night away ;
 Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
 Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were won.
 Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
 And quite forgot their vices in their woe :
 Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
 His pity gave ere charity began.
- 3 Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
 And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side ;
 But, in his duty prompt at every call,
 He watched and wept, he prayed and felt, for all,
 And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
 To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
 He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
 Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.
 Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
 And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismayed,

The reverend champion stood. At his control,
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul ;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

4. At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place ;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran ;
E'en children followed, with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile
His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed ;
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed ;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs, were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head. GOLDSMITH.

CII. — THE TWO PALACES : AN ALLEGORY.^m

1. At a period in the world's history so distant that it may be called fabulous, on a beautiful day in summer, a certain blind traveller was groping his way through a thick forest. Suddenly he was accosted by a stranger, who said, in a bland but commanding voice, "Give me your hand, and I will lead you out of this wood to the Palace of Probation, whither every one must go who is found here." Thus saying, the stranger seized the blind man's hand, and conducted him some distance to an immense palace, the portal of which opened at their approach, and closed as they entered.

2. No sooner had the blind man crossed the threshold than a flash of light smote his eyes, and the sense of vision was imparted as if by miracle. At first he drew back, fearing that objects would fall on him ; but he soon accustomed himself to measure distances by sight, and then it was with admiration and pleasure that he gazed about him. He stood in an immense rotunda or circular hall, the ceiling of which, of incalculable height, was of solid crystal, and lighted by a luminous clock, which indicated the time with a precision that no chronometer^m could equal. He looked around for his conductor, but the latter had disappeared.

3. Although no host appeared to give the new-comer welcome,

It was evident that every preparation for his arrival had been made. Servants were in attendance to minister to every want. He was thirsty, and, as if by enchantment, a fountain leaped up close at hand. He was hungry, and fruit seemed to stoop from the boughs of trees in the hanging gardens which variegated the splendid and immeasurable interior. He was sleepy, and a sable curtain was let down before his eyes, shutting out the garish light, and inviting to repose.

4. He slept long and serenely, and when he awoke, lo! the curtain had been lifted, and the great dome of the palace was lighted up with a crimson radiance which gradually became more golden and intense.²² A man of venerable aspect was seated by his side, who said, "I am the stranger who guided you through the forest; and my name is Experience."—"And who," asked the traveller, "is the owner of this grand palace? I would like to pay my respects to him."

5. "There are men, whom I have guided here as I have you," replied Experience, "who say that the palace is the mere work of chance, and that it has no other owner than the guests who enter it."—"But who built and furnished it?" returned the traveller. "Who provided all those servants, so mute and yet so attentive? The order, the grandeur, the punctuality of all the arrangements for the reception and comfort of guests, show that some great and good sovereign must be the proprietor."

6. "There are some who do not agree with you," said the old man. "Listen to me, my son! This day you shall go forth among the guests, and take your lot with them. I leave you to your own resources henceforth. You will learn that, as a certain amount of physical labor is essential to health, the sovereign owner has made it a general condition of the entertainment of all, that food and raiment shall be supplied only at the price of labor. The distribution of this labor among the guests he has left to their justice."—"And do they not distribute it aright?" inquired the new guest.

7. "Alas, no!" was the reply. "It has been estimated that, if all would give three hours out of the twenty-four to manual labor, an abundance for all would be secured, and ample time left for study and wholesome diversion. But you will find the guests quarrelling, many of them, among themselves, and trying to overreach one another. Almost every one tries to shift his task upon his neighbor, or to accumulate more than his share of the bounties which the good sovereign has supplied."

8. "Why do people stay here?" asked the inexperienced guest—"Because," replied the old man, "the least favored inmate cannot but see that the capabilities of happiness are placed

within his reach. None pass the threshold of the outermost door but with regrets and tears. Some charge their past chagrins upon envious or malevolent opponents; others, upon false friends; others, upon their own misconduct. Few can fail to acknowledge that the means of enjoyment which the asylum²² offers, were they but used aright, would be all-sufficient for all." The stranger ceased, and took his leave; and the traveller went forth among the guests.

9. Many years after this conversation, as the same traveller sat meditating on the past, and gloomily anticipating the future, the messenger whose duty it was to conduct guests from the palace beckoned to him to leave. It was with a thrill of pain that the traveller received the signal, notwithstanding he was at that moment arraigning in his mind the justice and wisdom of the unseen master. The disorders and inequalities, the crimes and discontents, prevalent among the guests, were a subject of sorrowful reflection. And yet the traveller shuddered at the thought of his departure.

10. "Why is it," he said to himself, "that the sovereign master of this palace, if there be a master, does not interfere to prevent those scandalous scenes of spoliation and violence among his guests, which the good behold with so much regret and dismay? It was only this morning that I saw a most worthy family shamefully plundered, while the villains who committed the robbery were left to enjoy their ill-got spoils, without molestation. Such abuses are as repugnant to every notion of justice as they are inconsistent with the strict management of a well-ordered household."

11. While revolving these sad thoughts, the messenger who had beckoned him to depart drew nigh; but, ere he could take the hand of the traveller, Experience, his old friend, interposed, and said to the latter, "Dost thou suppose that thou hast witnessed the end of these things? The sovereign has seen all, heard all. The palace is so constructed that not a whisper which is uttered there fails to reach his ears. Not a deed is committed which he cannot see. Not a thought is conceived, the motion of which in the brain does not make undulations in the atmosphere that reach him and vibrate its meaning.

12. "Know that, by a power inconceivable to all save him by whom it is exerted, he obliges all travellers who cross this forest to sojourn for a period, longer or shorter, in this Palace of Probation, in order that their qualities of mind and heart may be developed and tested amid scenes the best fitted for their exercise and confirmation. Indulgent but just, he will await all who have sojourned here, in a more magnificent palace, — the Palace of

Compensation, — contiguous to this you are about to quit, but compared with which the present is little better than a hovel.

13. "Thither, by an irresistible power, of which this messenger who awaits you is an agent, the steps of all will be directed. It is there that each guest will find his deserts according to his conduct and character. It is there that all will recognize the sacred requisitions of justice." Light seemed to pour upon the soul of the pilgrim, now that he was departing, even as it had upon his eyes at the moment of his entrance. All was explained, all was clear! He was no longer bewildered by afflicting doubts as to the character of the sovereign whose hospitality he had enjoyed. At once consoled for the past and reassured for the future, he said, with a joyful alacrity, to the messenger, "Lead on!"

14. Already through the opening portal, rising above the haze of the distance, the traveller sees the stupendous outlines of the second palace. The style of the architecture of that portion of the building presented to his view is somewhat austere, but, as he advances, it assumes a softer and sublimer grace. He is eager to enter its magnificent precincts. He has no fear for the future. He has been seen by the master, whose hospitality he has not abused. He carries with him a conscience void of offence. That is enough.

ORIGINAL TRANSLATION FROM THE FRENCH.

CIII. — THE DISCONTENTED MILLER.

1. WHANG, the miller, was naturally avaricious; nobody loved money better than he, or more respected those who had it. When people would talk of a rich man in company, Whang would say, "I know him very well; he and I have been long acquainted; he and I are intimate." But, if ever a poor man was mentioned, he had not the least knowledge of the man; he might be very well, for aught he knew; but he was not fond of making many acquaintances, and loved to choose his company.

2. Whang, however, with all his eagerness for riches, was poor. He had nothing but the profits of his mill to support him; but, though these were small, they were certain; while it stood and went he was sure of eating; and his frugality was such that he every day laid some money by, which he would at intervals count and contemplate with much satisfaction. Yet still his acquisitions were not equal to his desires; he only found himself above want, whereas he desired to be possessed of affluence.

3. One day, as he was indulging these wishes, he was informed

that a neighbor^m of his had found a pan of money under ground, having dreamed of it three nights running before. These tidings were daggers to the heart of poor Whang. "Here am I," says he, "toiling and moiling from morning till night for a few paltry farthings, while neighbor Thanks only goes quietly to bed and dreams himself into thousands before morning. O, that I could dream like him! With what pleasure would I dig round the pan! How slyly would I carry it home! not even my wife should see me: and then, O, the pleasure of thrusting one's hand into a heap of gold up to the elbow!"

4. Such reflections only served to make the miller unhappy; he discontinued his former assiduity; he was quite disgusted with small gains, and his customers began to forsake him. Every day he repeated the wish, and every night laid himself down in order to dream. Fortune, that was for a long time unkind, at last, however, seemed to smile on his distresses, and indulged him with the wished-for vision. He dreamed that under a certain part of the foundation of his mill there was concealed a monstrous pan of gold and diamonds, buried deep in the ground, and covered with a large flat stone.

5. He concealed his good luck from every person, as is usual in money dreams, in order to have the vision repeated the two succeeding nights, by which he should be certain of its truth. His wishes in this, also, were answered; he still dreamed of the same pan of money in the very same place. Now, therefore, it was past a doubt; so, getting up early the third morning, he repaired alone, with a mattock in his hand, to the mill, and began to undermine that part of the wall to which the vision directed him.

6. The first omen of success that he met was a broken ring; digging still deeper, he turned up a house-tile, quite new and entire. At last, after much digging, he came to a broad flat stone, but then so large that it was beyond man's strength to remove it. "Here!" cried he, in raptures, to himself; "here it is; under this stone there is room for a very large pan of diamonds indeed. I must e'en go home to my wife, and tell her the whole affair, and get her to assist me in turning it up."

7. Away, therefore, he goes, and acquaints his wife with every circumstance of their good fortune. Her raptures on this occasion may easily be imagined. She flew round his neck and embraced him in an ecstasy of joy; but these transports,^m however did not allay their eagerness to know the exact sum; returning, therefore, together to the same place where Whang had been digging, there they found — not, indeed, the expected treasure — but the mill, their only support, undermined and fallen.

CIV. — THE PLANETS AND HEAVENLY BODIES.

1. It is not for us to say whether inspiration revealed to the Psalmist the wonders of modern astronomy. But even though the mind be a perfect stranger to the science of these enlightened times, the heavens present a great and an elevating spectacle, — an immense concave^m reposing upon the circular boundary of the world, and the innumerable lights which are suspended from on high, moving with solemn regularity along its surface. It seems to have been at night that the piety of the Psalmist^m was awakened by this contemplation, when the moon and the stars were visible, and not when the sun had risen in his strength, and thrown a splendor around him, which bore down and eclipsed^m all the lesser glories of the firmament.

2. And there is much in the scenery of a nocturnal sky to lift the soul to pious contemplation. The moon and these stars, what are they? They are detached from the world, and they lift us above it. We feel withdrawn from the earth, and rise in lofty abstraction from this little theatre^m of human passions and human anxieties. The mind abandons itself to rêverie, and is transferred in the ecstasy of its thoughts to distant and unexplored regions. It sees nature in the simplicity of her great elements, and it sees the God of nature invested with the high attributes of wisdom and majesty.

3. But what can these lights be? The curiosity of the human mind is insatiable; and the mechanism of these wonderful heavens has, in all ages, been its subject and its employment. It has been reserved for these latter times to resolve this great and interesting question. The sublimest powers of philosophy have been called to the exercise, and astronomy may now be looked upon as the most certain and best-established of the sciences.

4. We all know that every visible object appears less in magnitude as it recedes from the eye. The lofty vessel, as it retires from the coast, shrinks into littleness, and at last appears in the form of a small speck on the verge of the horizon.^m The eagle with its expanded wings is a noble object; but when it takes its flight into the upper regions of the air, it becomes less to the eye, and is seen like a dark spot upon the vault of heaven. The same is true of all magnitude. The heavenly bodies appear small to the eye of an inhabitant of this earth only from the immensity of their distance. When we talk of hundreds of millions of miles, it is not to be listened to as incredible. For remember that we are talking of those bodies which are scattered over the immens-

ity of space, and that space knows no termination. The conception is great and difficult, but the truth is unquestionable.

5 By a process of measurement which it is unnecessary at present to explain, we have ascertained first the distance and then the magnitude of some of those bodies which roll in the firmament; that the sun, which presents itself to the eye under so diminutive a form, is really a globe, exceeding, by many thousands of times, the dimensions of the earth which we inhabit; that the moon itself has the magnitude of a world; and that even a few of those stars, which appear like so many lucid points to the unassisted eye of the observer, expand into large circles upon the application of the telescope,^m and are some of them much larger than the ball which we tread upon, and to which we proudly apply the denomination of the universe.

6. Now, why should we think that the great Architect^m of nature, supreme in wisdom as he is in power, would call these stately mansions into existence, and leave them unoccupied? When we cast our eye over the broad sea, and look at the country on the other side, we see nothing but the blue land stretching obscurely over the distant horizon. We are too far away to perceive the richness of its scenery, or to hear the sound of its population. Why not extend this principle to the still more distant parts of the universe? What though, from this remote point of observation, we can see nothing but the naked roundness of yon planetary orbs? Are we, therefore, to say that they are so many vast and unpeopled solitudes; that desolation reigns in every part of the universe but ours; that the whole energy of the divine attributes is expended on one insignificant corner of these mighty works; and that to this earth alone belongs the bloom of vegetation, or the blessedness of life, or the dignity of rational and immortal existence?

CHALMERS.



CV. — THOUGHTS ON EARLY RISING.

1. HABITS OF GREAT MEN. — *Anonymous.*^m

WHATEVER may be the quantity of sleep required, early rising is essential to health, and promotes longevity.^m Almost all men who have distinguished themselves in science,^m literature, and the arts, have been early risers. The industrious, the active-minded, the enthusiasts in pursuit of knowledge or gain, are up betimes at their respective occupations, while the sluggard wastes the most beautiful period of his life in pernicious slumber

Homer, Virgil, and Horace, are all represented as early risers; the same was the case with Paley, Priestley, and Buffon; the last of whom ordered his servant to awaken him every morning, and compel him to get up by force if he evinced any reluctance; for which service he was rewarded with a crown each day, which recompense he forfeited if he did not oblige his master to get out of bed before the clock struck six.

Bishops Jewel and Burnet rose every morning at four o'clock. Sir Thomas More did the same thing. Napoleon was an early riser; so were Frederick the Great, Charles the Twelfth, and Washington. Sir Walter Scott, during the greater part of his life, rose by five o'clock; and his literary work was accomplished chiefly before breakfast. Franklin and nearly all the great men of the American revolution were early risers; so were Daniel Webster and John Quincy Adams. That early rising tends to prolong life appears to be clearly proved. One of the most eminent judges of England — Lord Mansfield — was at the pains of collecting some curious evidence on this subject. When he presided in his judicial capacity over the court, he questioned every old person who appeared at the bar respecting his habits; and all agreed on one point — that of being early risers.

Falsely luxurious, will not man awake,
And, springing from the bed of sloth, enjoy
The cool, the fragrant, and the silent hour,
To meditation due and sacred song? —
Wildered and tossing through distempered dreams,
Who would in such a gloomy state remain
Longer than nature craves, when every Muse
And every blooming pleasure wait without
To bless the wildly-devious morning walk?

2. THE MORNING HOUR. — *Daniel Webster.*

The air is tranquil, and its temperature mild. It is morning, and a morning sweet, and fresh, and delightful. Everybody knows the morning in its metaphorical^m sense, applied to so many objects, and on so many occasions. The health, strength, and beauty, of early years, lead us to call that period the "morning of life." Of a lovely young woman we say, she is "bright as the morning," and no one doubts why Lucifer^m is called the "son of the morning." But, the morning itself few people, inhabitants of cities, know anything about. Among all our good people, not one in a thousand sees the sun rise once a year. They know nothing^{no} of the morning.

Their idea of it is, that it is that part of the day which comes along after a cup of coffee and a beef-steak, or a piece of toast.

With them, morning is not a new issuing of light, a new bursting¹² forth of the sun, a new waking up of all that has life, from a sort of temporary death, to behold again the works of God, the heavens and the earth; it is only part of the domestic day, belonging to breakfast, to reading the newspapers, answering notes, sending the children to school, and giving orders for dinner. The first streak of light, the earliest purpling of the east, which the lark¹³ springs up to greet, and the deeper coloring into orange and red, till at length the "glorious sun is seen, regent of day," this they never enjoy, for they never see it.

Beautiful descriptions of the morning abound in all languages, but they are the strongest, perhaps, in those of the East, where the sun is often an object of worship. King David speaks of taking to himself the "wings of the morning." This is highly poetical and beautiful. The wings of the morning are the beams of the rising sun. Rays of light are wings. It is thus said that the Sun of righteousness shall arise, "with healing in his wings," a rising sun which shall scatter life, *health*, and joy, throughout the universe. Milton has fine descriptions of morning; but not so many as Shakspeare, from whose writings pages of the most beautiful imagery, all founded on the glory of the morning, might be filled.

I never thought that Adam had much the advantage of us, from having seen the world while it was new. The manifestations of the power of God, like his mercies, are "new every *morning*," and fresh every moment. We see as fine risings of the sun as ever Adam saw, and its risings are as much a miracle now as they were in his day, and I think a good deal more, because it is now a part of the miracle that for thousands and thousands of years he has come to his appointed time, without the variation of a millionth part of a second. Adam could not tell how this might be. I know the morning—I am acquainted with it, and I love it. I love it, fresh and sweet as it is, a daily new creation, breaking forth and calling all that have life, and breath, and being, to new adoration,¹⁴ new enjoyments, and new gratitude.

3. HOW TO RISE EARLY.—*Anonymous.*

To spring up from bed at the first moment of waking is easy enough for people habituated to it; but how to acquire the habit,—there¹⁵ is the master-work. In this, as in all other virtuous resolves, to act upon the first impulse is the only policy. It is said of women, and of garrison commanders, that if they pause upon a proposition, if they suffer themselves to be brought to

parley, they are surely lost. This is as true here. We should realize by act the words "awake! arise!" in as quick, as immediate a succession as they were uttered by the poet. The man who springs from his bed at once on waking is the only conqueror; he shakes off the heaviness²¹ of his chain, the cloudy dulness of his slumber, the confusedness of his dreams, and so "Richard's himself again."

The first touch of light is like that of Ithuriël's²² spear,—it strikes him, and he starts up in his proper likeness. And, O, the happiness of the vindication! It is then, only, that we quaff the first flowings into our cup; the briskness, the spirit, the sparkling liveliness, of the young day. The early-rising man has the same conscious comfort through the day as the prudent, thrifty householder has through life; he is beforehand with the world; he has laid up something in advance, and that of no ordinary worth, but an inestimable thing, the most precious of all treasures,—Time. He takes the day by the forelock; he drives it, instead of being driven, or, rather, dragged along by it. For my whole life through, this difficulty of early rising has been a quicksand in my course. I have set my buoy²³ upon it at last; let others make their profit of my experience.

CVI. — THE SHIP. .

HER APPEARANCE BY MOONLIGHT.

1. It is the midnight hour : — the beauteous sea,
 Calm as the cloudless heaven, the heaven discloses,
 While many a sparkling star, in quiet glee,
 Far down within the watery sky reposes.
 The mighty moon, she sits above,
 Encircled with a zone of love;
 A zone of dim and tender light,
 That makes her wakeful eye more bright;
 She seems to shine with a sunny ray,
 And the night looks like a mellowed day.

2. And, lo! upon the murmuring waves
 A glorious shape appearing!
 A broad-winged vessel, through the shower
 Of glimmering lustre steering! —
 As if the beauteous ship enjoyed
 The beauty of the sea,
 She lifteth up her stately head,
 And saileth joyfully.

A lovely path before her lies,
 A lovely path behind ;
 She sails amid the loveliness
 Like a thing with heart and mind.

3. Fit pilgrim through a scene so fair,
 Slowly she beareth on ;
 A glorious phantom of the deep,
 Risen up to meet the moon.
 The moon bids her tenderest radiance fall
 On her wavy streamer and snow-white wings,
 And the quiet voice of the rocking sea
 To cheer the gliding vision sings.
 O ! ne'er did sky and water blend
 In such a holy sleep,
 Or bathe in brighter quietude
 A roamer of the deep.

HER APPEARANCE AT SUNRISE.

4. But, list ! a low and moaning sound
 At distance heard, like a spirit's song !
 And now it reigns above, around,
 As if it called the ship along.
 The moon is sunk, and a clouded gray
 Declares that her course is run,
 And, like a god who brings the day,
 Up mounts the glorious sun.
 Soon as his light has warmed the seas,
 From the parting cloud fresh blows the breeze !
 And that is the spirit whose well-known song
 Makes the vessel to sail in joy along.
5. No fears hath she ! her giant form
 O'er wrathful surge, through blackening storm,
 Majestically calm would go
 'Mid the deep darkness white as snow !
 But gently now the small waves glide
 Like playful lambs o'er a mountain side.
 So stately her bearing, so proud her array,
 The main she will traverse for ever and aye.
 Many ports will exult at the gleam of her mast !
 Hush, hush, thou vain dreamer ! this hour is her last.

SHE STRIKES UPON A ROCK.

6. Five hundred souls in one instant of dread
 Are hurried o'er the deck ;
 And fast the miserable ship
 Becomes a lifeless wreck.
 Her keel hath struck on a hidden rock,
 Her planks are torn asunder,

And down come her masts with a reeling shock,
 And a hideous crash like thunder.
 Her sails are dragged in the brine,
 That gladdened late the skies,
 And her pennant that kissed the fair moonshine
 Down many a fathom lies.
 Her beauteous sides, whose rainbow-hues
 Gleamed softly from below,
 And flung a warm and sunny flush
 O'er the wreaths of murmuring snow.
 To the coral rocks are hurrying down,
 To sleep amid colors as bright as their own.

7. O ! many a dream was in the ship
 An hour before her death ;
 And sights of home with sighs disturbed
 The sleeper's long-drawn breath.
 Instead of the murmur of the sea,
 The sailor heard the humming tree,
 Alive through all its leaves,
 The hum of the spreading sycamore
 That grows before his cottage door,
 And the swallow's song in the eaves.
 His arms enclosed a blooming boy,
 Who listened with tears of sorrow and joy
 To the dangers his father had passed ;
 And his wife — by turns she wept and smiled
 As she looked on the father of her child
 Returned to her heart at last.
8. He wakes at the vessel's sudden roll,
 And the rush of waters is in his soul.
 Astounded the reeling deck he paces,
 'Mid hurrying forms and ghastly faces ; —
 The whole ship's crew are there.
 Wailings around and overhead,
 Brave spirits stupefied or dead,
 And madness and despair.
9. Now is the ocean's bosom bare,
 Unbroken as the floating air ;
 The ship hath melted quite away,
 Like a struggling dream at break of day.
 No image meets my wandering eye,
 But the new-risen sun and the sunny sky.
 Though the night-shades are gone, yet a vapor dull
 Bedims the waves so beautiful ;
 While a low and melancholy moan
 Mourns for the glory that hath flown.

WILSON

11 *Satin*
 CIVIL. — A BILL FROM THE TOWN PUMP.

Scene — The corner of two principal Streets. The Town Pump talking through its nose.]

PART FIRST

1. Noon, by the north clock! Noon, by the east! High noon, too, by these hot sunbeams, which fall, scarcely aslope, upon my head, and almost make the water bubble and smoke in the trough^{as} under my nose. Truly we public characters have a tough time of it! And among all the town officers, chosen at March meeting, ~~where is he~~ *that sustains*, for a single year, the burden of such manifold duties as are imposed, in perpetuity,^{as} upon the Town Pump? The title of "town treasurer" is right-fully mine, as guardian of the best treasure that the town has. The overseers of the poor ought to make me their chairman, since I provide bountifully for the pauper, without expense to him that pays taxes. I am at the head of the fire department, and one of the physicians to the board^{as} of health.

2. As a keeper of the peace, all water-drinkers will confess me equal to the constable. I perform some of the duties of the town clerk,^{as} by promulgating public notices, when they are pasted on my front. To speak within bounds, I am the chief person of the municipality,^{as} and exhibit, moreover, an admirable pattern to my brother officers, by the cool, steady, upright, downright, and impartial discharge of my business, and the constancy with which I stand to my post. Summer or winter, nobody seeks me in vain; for, all day long, I am seen at the busiest corner, just above the market, stretching out my arms to rich and poor alike; and at night I hold a lantern over my head, both to show where I am and keep people out of the gutters.

3. At this sultry noontide I am cupbearer to the parched populace, for whose benefit an iron^{as} goblet is chained to my waist. Like a dram-seller on the mall, at muster-day, I cry aloud to all and sundry in my plainest accents, and at the very tiptop of my voice, "Here it is, gentlemen! Here is the good liquor! Walk up, walk up, gentlemen, walk up, walk up! Here is the superior stuff! Here is the unadulterated ale of father Adam, better than Cognac,^{as} Hollands, Jamaica, strong beer, or wine of any price; here it is by the hogshead or the single glass, and not a cent to pay! Walk up, gentlemen, walk up, and help yourselves."

4. It were a pity if all this outcry should draw no customers. Here they come. A hot day, gentlemen! Quaff, and away

again, so as to keep yourselves in a nice cool sweat. You, my friend, will need another cupful, to wash the dust out of your throat, if it be as thick there as it is on your cow-hide shoes. I see that you have trudged half a score of miles to-day; and, like a wise man, have passed by the taverns, and stopped at the running brooks and well-curbs. Otherwise, betwixt heat without and fire within, you would have been burnt to a cinder, or melted down to nothing at all, in the fashion of a jelly-fish. Drink, and make room for that other fellow, who seeks my aid to quench the fiery fever of last night's potations, which he drained from no cup of mine.

5. Welcome, most ru'bicund^m sir! You and I have been great strangers hitherto; nor, to express the truth, will my nose be anxious for a closer intimacy, till the fumes of your breath be a little less potent. Mercy on you, man! the water absolutely hisses down your red-hot gullet, and is converted quite to steam. Fill again, and tell me, on the word of an honest toper, did you ever, in cellar, tavern, or any kind of a dram-shop, spend the price of your children's food for a swig half so delicious? Now, for the first time these ten years, you know the flavor of cold water. Good-by; and, whenever you are thirsty,³⁵ remember that I keep a constant supply at the old stand.

6. Who next? — O, my little friend, you are let loose from school, and come hither to scrub your blooming face, and drown the memory of certain taps of the ferule, and other school-boy troubles, in a draught³² from the Town Pump. Take it, pure as the current of your young life. Take it, and may your heart and tongue never be scorched with a fiercer thirst than now! There, my dear child, put down the cup, and yield your place to this elderly gentleman, who treads so tenderly over the stones that I suspect he is afraid of breaking them.

7. What! he limps by without so much as thanking me, as if my hospitable offers were meant only for people who have no wine-cellars. Well, well, sir! no harm done, I hope! Go draw the cork, tip the decanter; but when your great toe shall set you a-roaring, it will be no affair of mine. If gentlemen love the pleasant titillation^m of the gout, it is all one to the Town Pump. This thirsty dog, with his red tongue lolling out, does not scorn my hospitality, but stands on his hind legs, and laps eagerly out of the trough. See how lightly he capers away again! Jowler, did your worship ever have the gout?

8. Are you all satisfied? Then wipe your mouths,³⁶ my good friends; and, while my spout has a moment's leisure, I will delight the town with a few historical reminiscences. In far antiquity, beneath a darksome shadow of venerable boughs, a spring

bubbled out of the leaf-strewn earth, in the very spot where you now behold me on the sunny pavement. The water was as bright and clear, and deemed as precious, as liquid diamonds. ^{The} Indian sag'amores^{men} drank of it from time immemorial, till the fearful deluge of fire-water^{men} burst upon the red men, and swept their whole race away from the cold fountains. Endicott and his followers came next, and often knelt down to drink, dipping their long beards in the spring. The richest goblet then was of birch bark.

9. Governor Winthrop drank here out of the hollow^{men} of his hand. The elder Higginson here wet his palm, and laid it on the brow of the first town-born child. For many years it was the watering-place, and, as it were, the wash-bowl of the vicinity, whither all decent folks resorted, to purify their visages and gaze at them afterwards—at least, the pretty maidens did—in the mirror which it made. On Sabbath days, whenever a babe was to be baptized, the sexton filled his basin here, and placed it on the communion-table of the humble meeting-house which partly covered the site of yonder stately brick one. Thus one generation after another was consecrated to heaven by its waters, and cast its waxing and waning shadows into its glassy bosom, and vanished from the earth as if mortal life were but a fitting image in a fountain. Finally the fountain vanished also. Cellars were dug on all sides, and cart-loads of gravel^{men} flung upon its source, whence ^{flowed} a turbid stream, forming a mud-puddle at the corner of two streets.

10. In the hot months, when its refreshment was most needed, the dust flew in clouds over the forgotten birthplace of the waters, now their grave. But, in the course of time, a Town Pump was sunk into the source of the ancient spring; and when the first decayed, another took its place, and then another, and still another, till here stand I, gentlemen and ladies, to serve you with my iron goblet. Drink, and be refreshed! The water is pure and cold as that which slaked the thirst of the red sagamore beneath the aged boughs, though now the gem of the wilderness is treasured under these hot stones, where no shadow falls but from the brick buildings. And be it the moral of my story, that, as the wasted and long-lost fountain is now known and prized again, so shall the virtues of cold water, too little valued since your fathers' days, be recognized by all.

11. Your pardon, good people! I must interrupt my stream of eloquence, and spout forth a stream of water, to replenish the trough for this teamster and his two yoke of oxen, who have come from Topsfield, or somewhere along that way. No part of my business is pleasanter than the watering of cattle! Look! how

rapidly they lower the water-mark on the sides of the trough, till their capacious stomachs are moistened with a gallon or two apiece, and they can afford time to breathe it in, with sighs of calm enjoyment. Now they roll their quiet eyes around the brim of their monstrous drinking-vessel. An ox is your true toper.

OVIII.—A BILL FROM THE TOWN PUMP.

PART SECOND.

1. But I perceive, my dear auditors, ^{cherish} that you are impatient for the remainder of my discourse. Impute ^{cherish} it, I beseech you, to no defect of modesty, if I insist a little longer on so fruitful a topic as my own multifarious² merits. It is altogether for your good. The better you think of me, the better men and women will you find yourselves. I shall say nothing of my all-important aid on washing-days. Far be it from me also to hint, my respectable friends, at the show of dirty faces which you would present without my pains to keep you clean.

2. Nor will I remind you how often, when the midnight bells² make you tremble for your combustible² town, you have fled to the Town Pump, and found me always at my post, firm amid the confusion, and ready to drain my vital current in your behalf. Neither is it worth while to lay much stress on my claims to a medical diploma,² as the physician whose simple rule of practice is preferable to all the nanceous lore which has found men sick, or left them so, since the days of Hippocrates.² Let us take a broader view of my beneficial influence on mankind.

3. No; these are trifles compared with the merits which wise men concede to me,—if not in my single self, yet as the representative of a class,—of being the grand reformer of the age. From my spout, and such spouts as mine, must flow the stream that shall cleanse our earth of the vast portion of its crime and anguish which has gushed from the fiery fountains of the still.² In this mighty enterprise, the cow shall be my great confederate. Milk and water! The *Town Pump* and the *Cow*! Such is the glorious cōpartnership that shall tear down the distilleries and brew-houses, uproot the vineyards, shatter the cider-presses, ruin the tea and coffee trade, and finally monopolize the whole business of quenching thirst. Blessed consummation! Then Poverty shall pass away from the land, finding no hovel so wretched where her squalid form may shelter itself.

4. Then Disease, for lack of other victims, shall gnaw its own

heart and die. Then Sin, if she do not die, shall lose half her strength. Until now the frenzy of hereditary fever has raged in the human blood, transmitted from sire to son, and rekindled, in every generation, by fresh draughts²³ of liquid flame. When that inward fire shall be extinguished, the heat of passion cannot but grow cool, and war — the drunkenness of nations — perhaps will cease. At least, there will be no war of households. The husband²⁴ and wife,²⁵ drinking deep of peaceful joy, — a calm bliss of temperate affections, — shall pass hand in hand through life, and lie down, not reluctantly, at its protracted close. To them the past will be no turmoil of mad dreams, nor the future an eternity of such moments as follow the delirium of the drunkard. Their dead faces shall express what their spirits were, and are to be, by a lingering smile of memory and hope.

5. Ahem! Dry work, this speechifying; especially to an unpractised orator. I never conceived, till now, what toil the temperance lecturers undergo for my sake. Hereafter they shall have the business to themselves. Do, some kind Christian, pump a stroke or two, just to wet my whistle. Thank you, sir. *My dear hearers,* when the world shall have been regenerated through my instrumentality, you will collect your useless vats and liquor-casks into one great pile, and make a bonfire in honor of the Town Pump. And when I shall have decayed, like my predecessors, then, if you *revere* my memory, let a marble fountain, richly sculptured, take my place upon the spot. Such monuments²⁶ should be erected everywhere, and inscribed with the names of the distinguished champions of my cause. Now listen: for something very important is to come next.

6. There are two or three honest friends of mine — and true friends I know they are — who, nevertheless, by their fiery pugnacity in my behalf, do put me in fearful hazard of a broken nose, or even a total overthrow upon the pavement, and the loss of the treasure which I guard. I pray you, gentlemen, let this fault be amended. Is it decent, think you, to get tipsy with zeal²⁷ for temperance, and take up the honorable cause of the Town Pump in the style of a toper fighting for his brandy-bottle? Or can the excellent qualities of cold water be no otherwise exemplified than by plunging, slap-dash, into hot water, and wofully scalding yourselves and other people?

7. Trust me, they may. In the moral warfare which you are to wage, — and, indeed, in the whole conduct of your lives, — you cannot choose a better example than myself, who have never permitted the dust and sultry atmosphere,²⁸ the turbulent and manifold disquietudes of the world around me, to reach that deep, calm well of purity, which may be called my soul. And when-

ever I pour out that soul, it is to cool earth's fever, or cleanse its stains.

8. One o'clock! Nay, then, if the dinner-bell begins to speak, I may as well hold my peace. Here comes a pretty young girl of my acquaintance, with a large stone pitcher for me to fill. May she draw a husband, while drawing water, as Rachel did of old. Hold out your vessel, my dear! There it is, full to the brim; so now run home, peeping at your sweet image in the pitcher as you go, and forget not, in a glass of my own liquor, to drink, "SUCCESS TO THE TOWN PUMP."

CIX. — SOUND AND SENSE.

1. THAT, in the formation of language, men have been much influenced by a regard to the nature of the things and actions meant to be represented, is a fact of which every known speech gives proof. In our own language, for instance, who does not perceive in the sound of the words *thunder*, *boundless*, *terrible*, a something appropriate to the sublime ideas intended to be conveyed? In the word *crash* we hear the very action implied. *Imp*, *elf*, — how descriptive of the miniature beings to which we apply them! *Fairy*, — how light and tripping, just like the fairy herself! — the word, no more than the thing, seems fit to bend the grass-blade, or shake the tear from the blue-eyed flower.

2. *Pea* is another of those words expressive of light, diminutive objects; any man born without sight and touch, if such ever are, could tell what kind of thing a pea was from the sound of the word alone. Of picturesque words, *sylvan* and *crystal* are among our greatest favorites. *Sylvan*! — what visions of beautiful old sunlit forests, with huntsmen and bugle-horns, arise at the sound! *Crystal*! — does it not glitter like the very thing it stands for? Yet crystal is not so beautiful as its own adjective. *Crystalline*! — why, the whole mind is lightened up with its shine. And this superiority is as it should be; for crystal can only be one comparatively small object, while crystalline may refer to a mass — to a world of crystals.

3. It will be found that natural objects have a larger proportion of expressive names amongst them than any other things. The *eagle*, — what appropriate daring and sublimity! the *dove*, — what softness! the *linnet*, — what fluttering gentleness! "That which men call a rose" would *not* by any other name, or at least by many other names, swell as sweet. *Lily*, — what tall, cool,

pale, lady-like beauty have we here! *Violet*,^m *jessamine*, *hyacinth*, *a-nen'one*, *geranium*! — beauties, all of them, to the ear as well as the eye.

4. The names of the precious stones have also a beauty and magnificence above most common things. *Diamond*, *sapphire*, *amethyst*, *beryl*, *ruby*, *agate*, *pearl*, *jasper*, *topaz*, *garnet*, *emerald*, — what a caskanet of sparkling sounds! *Diadem* and *coronet* glitter with gold and precious stones, like the objects they represent. It is almost unnecessary to bring forward instances of the fine things which are represented in English by fine words. Let us take any sublime passage of our poetry, and we shall hardly find a word which is inappropriate in sound. For example :

The cloud-capt towers, and gorgeous palaces,^m
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea,^m all which it^l inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
Leave not a rack^m behind.

The “gorgeous palaces,” “the solemn temples,” — how admirably do these lofty sounds harmonize with the objects!

5. The relation between the sound and sense of certain words is to be ascribed to more than one cause. Many are evidently imitative representations of the things, movements, and acts, which are meant to be expressed. Others, in which we only find a general relation, as between a beautiful thing and a beautiful word, a ridiculous thing and a ridiculous word, or a sublime idea and a sublime word, must be attributed to those faculties, native to every mind, which enable us to perceive and enjoy the beautiful, the ridiculous, and the sublime.

6. Doctor Wallis, who wrote upon English grammar in the reign of Charles II., represented it as a peculiar excellence of our language, that, beyond all others, it expressed the nature of the objects which it names, by employing sounds sharper, softer, weaker, stronger, more obscure, or more stridulous,^m according as the idea which is to be suggested requires. He gives various examples. Thus, words formed upon *st* always denote firmness and strength, analogous to the Latin *sto*; as, stand, stay, staff, stop, stout, steady, stake stamp, &c.

7. Words beginning with *str* intimate violent force and energy; as, strive, strength, stress, stripe, &c. *Thr* implies forcible motion; as, throw, throb, thrust, threaten, thralldom, thrill. *Gl*, smoothness or silent motion; as, glib, glide. *Wr*, obliquity or distortion; as, wry, wrest, wrestle, wring, wrong, wrangle, wrath &c. *Sw*, silent agitation, or lateral motion; as, sway, swing, swerve, sweep, swim. *Sl*, a gentle fall or less observable motion:

as, slide, slip, sly, slit, slow, slack, sling. *Sp*, dissipation or expansion ; as, spread, sprout, sprinkle, split, spill, spring.

8. Terminations in *ash* indicate something acting nimbly and sharply ; as, crash, dash, rash, flash, lash, slash. Terminations in *ush*, something acting more obtusely and dully ; as, crush, brush, hush, gush, blush. The learned author produces a great many more examples of the same kind, which seem to leave no doubt that the analogies of sound have had some influence on the formation of words. At the same time, in all speculations of this kind, there is so much room for fancy to operate, that they ought to be adopted with much caution in forming any general theory.^m

CHAMBERS.

CX. — WHEN I AM OLD.

1 WHEN I am old — (and, O ! how soon
Will life's sweet morning yield to noon,
And noon's broad, fervid, earnest light,
Be shaded in the solemn night !
Till like a story well-nigh told
Will seem my life, when I am old), —¹⁰⁵
When I am old, this breezy earth
Will lose for me its voice of mirth ;
The streams will have an undertone
Of sadness not by right their own ;
And spring's sweet power in vain unfold
In rosy charms — when I am old.
When I am old I shall not care
To deck with flowers my faded hair ;
'T will be no vain desire of mine
In rich and costly dress to shine ;
Bright jewels and the brightest gold
Will charm me naught — when I am old.

2. When I am old, my friends will be
Old and infirm and bowed, like me ;
Or else, — (their bodies 'neath the sod,
Their spirits dwelling safe with God), —
The old church-bell will long have tolled
Above the rest — when I am old.
When I am old, I 'd rather bend
Thus sadly o'er each buried friend
Than see them lose the earnest truth
That marks the friendship of our youth ;
'T will be so sad to have them cold
Or strange to me — when I am old !
When I am old — O, how it seems
Like the wild lunacy of dreams,

To picture in prophetic rhyme
That dim, far-distant, shadowy time, —
So distant that it seems o'er bold
Even to say, "When I am old."

3. When I am old! — Perhaps ere^{er} then
I shall be missed from haunts of men;
Perhaps my dwelling will be found
Beneath the green and quiet mound;
My name by stranger hands enrolled
Among the dead — ere I am old.
Ere I am old! — That time is now,
For youth sits lightly on my brow;
My limbs are firm, and strong, and free,
Life hath a thousand charms for me;
Charms that will long their influence hold
Within my heart — ere I am old.
Ere I am old, O, let me give
My life to learning *how to live!*
Then shall I meet with willing heart
An early summons to depart,
Or find my lengthened days consoled
By God's sweet peace — when I am old.

CAROLINE A. BRIGGS.

CXI. — HYMN OF THE MOUNTAINEERS.

I.

For the strength of the hills we bless thee, our God, our fathers
God!
Thou hast made thy children mighty, by the touch of the mountain
sod.
Thou hast fixed our ark of refuge where the spoiler's foot ne'er
trod;
For the strength of the hills we bless thee, our God, our fathers'
God!
We are watchers of a beacon whose light must never die;
We are guardians of an altar midst the silence of the sky;
The rocks yield founts of courage, struck forth as by thy rod;
For the strength of the hills we bless thee, our God, our fathers'
God!

II.

For the dark-resounding caverns, where thy still, small voice is
heard;
For the strong pines of the forests, that by thy breath are stirred;
For the storms, on whose free pinions thy spirit walks abroad;
For the strength of the hills, we bless thee, our God, our fathers'
God!

The royal eagle darteth on his quarry²² from the heights,
 And the stag that knows no master seeks there his wild delights;
 But we, for *thy* communion, have sought the mountain sod;
 For the strength of the hills we bless thee, our God, our fathers'
 God!

III.

The banner of the chieftain¹⁶³ far, far below us waves;
 The war-horse of the spearman cannot reach our lofty caves,
 Thy dark clouds wrap the threshold of Freedom's last abode;
 For the strength of the hills we bless thee, our God, our fathers'
 God!

For the shadow of thy presence, round our camp of rock outspread;
 For the stern defiles of battle, bearing record of our dead;
 For the snows and for the torrents, for the free heart's burial sod;
 For the strength of the hills, we bless thee, our God, our fathers'
 God!

MRS. HEMANS.

CXII.—IS KNOWLEDGE POWER?

1. If I wished to prove the value of religion, would you think I served it much if I took as my motto "Religion is power"? Would not that be a base and sordid view of its advantages? And would you not say, he who regards religion as a power intends to abuse it as a priestcraft? If the cause be holy, do not weigh it in the scales of the market; if its objects be peaceful, do not seek to arm it with the weapons of strife; if it is to be the cement of society, do not vaunt it as the triumph of class against class.

2. Knowledge is *one* of the powers in the moral world, but one that, in its immediate result, is not always of the most worldly advantage to the possessor. It is one of the slowest, because one of the most durable, of agencies. It may take a thousand years for a thought to come into power, and the thinker who originated it might have died in rags or in chains. Saith an Italian proverb, "The teacher is like the candle,"²² which lights others in consuming itself."

3. Therefore, he who has the true ambition of knowledge should entertain it for the power of his idea, not for the power it may bestow on himself. It should be lodged in the conscience, and, like the conscience, look for no certain reward on this side the grave. And, since knowledge is compatible with good and with evil, would it not be better to say, "Knowledge is a trust"? Hence, so far from considering that we do all that is needful to accomplish ourselves as men when we cultivate only the intellect, we should remember that we thereby continually increase the range of our desires, and therefore of our temptations.

4. We should endeavor, simultaneously, to cultivate both those affections of the heart which prove the ignorant to be God's children no less than the wise, and those moral qualities which have made men great and good when reading and writing were scarcely known. Patience and fortitude under poverty and distress; humility and beneficence amidst grandeur and wealth; justice, the father of all the more solid virtues, softened by charity, which is their loving mother; accompanied by these, knowledge, indeed, becomes the magnificent crown of humanity, — not the imperious despot, but the checked and tempered sovereign of the soul.

SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

5. It is a miserable mistake, though by no means an unfrequent one, to suppose that the value of the intellect consists mainly or principally in its sufficiency for our worldly furtherance. The man who can come to such a conclusion is in much the same degree of baseness and absurdity as those who were followers of our Saviour only for the sake of the loaves and fishes. We value intelligence high, not because it may lead us to such things, as, indeed, it often does, but because it raises us above them. Not that I am one of those who regard the advantages of this world as things absolutely of no account. Good houses and good clothes, and a good diet, and good possessions generally, are welcome, for the most part, even to the most rational man. I would not detract from them; let them pass for their full value; only thus much would I say, that the only effect upon our welfare of these and all other external things is by their impressions upon the mind.

6. Impressions from without never fail to be dulled and deadened by repetition. But our intellectual habits, on the contrary, are strengthened by exercise; they become quicker, more vivid, and more agreeable, from day to day. As the mind is the man, we must address ourselves to the mind if we would procure the man's enjoyment; we must frame it to energy, and quickness, and sensibility. A person of loose, and feeble, and listless disposition, will be feeble and listless still, though he be surrounded with pleasurable resources. They will merely tantalize him; he can do nothing with great means; whereas the man of intelligence, quick, lively, and full of spirit, can make much of very little means, turn all things to account, find everywhere a soul of gladness, and "good in everything."

7. Thus am I requited. This is the service that my mind, with all the pains that I have bestowed upon it, has rendered me; and verily, the reward is not such as to attract the worldly

eye, or kindle the lust of covetousness. There is nothing of show or glitter in it; nothing of pomp or circumstance: neither by its means have I arrived, nor am I ever likely to arrive, at greatness. It speaks not in the trumpet-blast of fame, but in the still voice of consciousness. Nor yet am I altogether sure that my mind, as I have framed it, will insure me what *is called* success in life; for this depends not on one's self; occasion may be wanting to it, competition may keep it out, accident may frustrate it.

8. But, though it has given me none of these things, it has done me a far better service, inasmuch as it has enabled me to forego them, and to live contentedly without them. It can never assure me the favors of fortune, but it has made me independent of her. By its aid I can find my happiness in myself, instead of looking for it anxiously, and hurriedly, and vainly, in things without me. This is my reward; and, on the whole, comparing what I have gained with what I have undergone, I am well satisfied with it, — satisfied to the very fulness of gratitude. Truly then did Solomon say unto us, "Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom; and, with all thy getting, get understanding. Exalt her, and she shall promote thee; she shall bring thee to honor when thou dost embrace her. Forsake her not, and she shall preserve thee; love her, and she shall keep thee."

ANON.²²

CXIII. — TRUE COURAGE.

1. ONWARDS! throw all terrors off!
Slight the scorner, — scorn the scoff.
In the race, and not the prize,
Glory's true distinction lies.
Triumph herds with meanest things, —
Common robbers, vilest kings,
'Midst the reckless multitude!
But the generous, but the good,
Stand in modesty alone,
Still serenely struggling on,
Planting peacefully the seeds
Of bright hopes and better deeds.

2. Mark the slowly-moving plough:
Is its day of victory *now*?
It defiles the emerald sod,
'Whelms the flowers beneath the clod.
Wait the swiftly-coming hours, —
Fairer green and sweeter flowers,
Richer fruits, will soon appear,
Cornucopias²³ of the year!

BOWRING.

CXIV. — HISTORICAL CHARACTERS.

1. DEMOSTHENES. — *Creasy.*

"OF all political characters," says the German historian, Heeren, "Demos'thēnēs is the most sublime; he is the purest tragic character with which history is acquainted. When, still trembling with the vehement force of his language, we read his life in Plutarch,^m when we transfer ourselves into his times and his situation, we are carried away by a deeper interest than can be excited by any hero of the epic^m muse or of tragedy.^m From his first appearance till the moment when he swallowed poison in the temple, we see him contending against destiny, which seems to mock him with malignant cruelty. It throws him to the ground, but never subdues him.

"What a crowd of emotions must have struggled through his manly breast amidst this interchange of reviving and expiring hopes! How natural was it that the lines of melancholy and of indignation, such as we yet behold in his bust, should have been imprinted on his severe countenance! It was his high calling to be the pillar of a sinking state. Thirty years he remained true to this cause, nor did he yield till he was buried beneath the ruins of his country."

It was about the middle of the fourth century^m before our era when Demosthenes began to command attention in the Athenian assemblies. His first attempt, like those of Walpole and Sheridan in the British parliament,^m was a failure; and the derision which he received from the multitude would have discouraged an inferior spirit forever. It only nerved Demosthenes to severer study, and to a more obstinate contest with his physical disadvantages. He assiduously practised his growing powers as an advocate before the legal tribunals before he again ventured to speak on state affairs. But at length he reappeared before the people, and the dominion of his genius was supreme.

2. CICERO AND DEMOSTHENES COMPARED. — *Fenelon.*

To me Demos'thēnēs seems superior to Cicero.^m I yield to no one in my admiration of the latter. He adorns whatever he touches. He lends honor to speech. He uses words as no one else can use them. His versatility is beyond description. He is even concise and vehement when disposed to be so,—as against Cāt'iline, against Vērres, against An'tony. But we detect the embellishments in his discourses. The art is marvellous, but it is not hidden. The orator does not, in his concern for the

republic, forget himself, nor does he allow himself to be forgotten.

Demosthenes, on the contrary, seems to lose all consciousness of himself, and to recognize only his country. He does not seek the beautiful; he unconsciously creates it. He is superior to admiration. He uses language as a modest man uses his garment — for a covering. He thunders, he lightens; he is like a torrent hurrying all before it. We cannot criticize him, for we are in the sweep of his influence. We think on what he says, not on how he says it. We lose sight of the speaker; we are occupied only with his subject.

3. ALFRED THE GREAT. — *Charles Dickens.*

As great and good in peace as he was great and good in war, King Alfred never rested from his labors to improve his people. He made just laws, that they might live more happily and freely; he turned away all partial judges, that no wrong might be done them; he was so careful of their property, and punished robbers so severely, that it was a common thing to say that under the great King Alfred garlands of golden chains and jewels might have hung across the streets, and no man would have touched one.

He founded schools; he patiently heard causes himself in his court of justice. Every day he divided into certain portions, and in each portion devoted himself to a certain pursuit. That he might divide his time exactly, he had wax torches or candles^m made, which were all of the same size, were notched across at regular distances, and were always kept burning. Thus, as the candles burnt down, he divided the day into notches, almost as accurately as we now divide it into hours upon the clock. He had the candles put into cases formed of wood and white horn; and these were the first lanthorns ever made in England.

All this time he was afflicted with a terrible unknown disease, which caused him violent and frequent pain, that nothing could relieve. He bore it, as he had borne all the troubles of his life, like a brave good man, until he was fifty-three years old; and then, having reigned thirty years, he died. He died in the year nine hundred and one; but, long ago as that is, his fame, and the love and gratitude⁷³ with which his subjects regarded him, are freshly remembered to the present hour.

4. MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS. — *Robertson.*

To all the charms of beauty, and the utmost elegance of external form, Mary added those accomplishments which render

their impression irresistible. Polite, affable, insinuating, sprightly, and capable of speaking and of writing with equal ease and dignity; sudden, however, and violent³⁰ in all her attachments, because she had been accustomed from her infancy to be treated as a queen; no stranger, on some occasions, to dissimulation, which, in that perfidious court where she received her education,³¹ was reckoned among the necessary arts of government; not insensible of flattery, or unconscious of that pleasure with which almost every woman beholds the influence of her own beauty; formed with the qualities³² that we love, not with the talents that we admire, — she was an agreeable woman, rather than an illustrious queen. No man, says Brantome, ever beheld her person without admiration or love, or will read her history without sorrow.

5. LAST MOMENTS OF ADDISON. — *Macaulay*.

The last moments of Addison were perfectly serene. His interview with his son-in-law is universally known. "See," he said, "how a Christian can die!" The piety of Addison was, in truth, of a singularly cheerful character. The feeling which predominates in all his devotional writings is gratitude. God was to him the all-wise and all-powerful Friend, who had watched over his cradle with more than maternal tenderness; who had listened to his cries before they could form themselves in prayer; who had preserved his youth from the snares of vice; who had made his cup run over with worldly blessings; and who had doubled the value of those blessings by bestowing a thankful heart to enjoy them, and dear friends to partake them; who had rebuked the waves of the Ligurian Gulf, had purified the autumnal air of the Campagna,³³ and had restrained the avalanches of Mount Cenis.

Of the Psalms, his favorite was that which represents the Ruler of all things under the endearing image of a shepherd whose crook guides the flock safe through gloomy and desolate glens, to meadows well watered and rich with herbage.³⁴ On that goodness to which he ascribed all the happiness of his life he relied in the hour of death, with the love that casteth out fear. He died on the seventeenth of June, 1719. He had just entered on his forty-eighth year.

6. LORD CHATHAM IN PARLIAMENT. — *Hazlitt*.

He controlled the purposes of others, because he was strong in his own obdurate self-will. He convinced his followers, by never doubting himself. He did not argue, but assert; he took what

he chose for granted, instead of making a question of it. He was not a dealer in *moot-points*.^m He seized on some stronghold in the argument, and held it fast with a convulsive grasp, or wrested the weapons out of his adversaries' hands by main force. He entered the lists like a gladiator. He made political controversy a combat of personal skill and courage. He was not for wasting time in long-winded discussions with his opponents, but tried to disarm them by a word, or by a glance of his eye, so that they should not dare to contradict or confront him again. He did not wheedle, or palliate,^m or circumvent, or make a studied appeal to the reason or the passions. He *dictated* his opinions to the House of Commons. "He spoke as one having authority, and not as the Scribes."

But if he did not produce such an effect either by reason or imagination, how did he produce it? The principle by which he exerted his influence over others (and it is a principle of which some speakers that I might mention seem not to have an idea, even in possibility) was *sympathy*. He himself evidently had a strong possession of his subject, a thorough conviction, an intense interest; and this communicated itself from his manner, from the tones of his voice, from his commanding attitudes, and eager gestures, instinctively and unavoidably to his hearers. His will was surcharged with electrical matter like a Volta'ic^m battery; and all who stood within its reach felt the full force of the shock. Zeal^m will do more than knowledge. To say the truth, there is, in his speeches, little knowledge, — no ingenuity, no parade of individual details, not much attempt at general argument, neither wit nor fancy, — but there are a few plain truths told home; whatever he says, he does.

7. LORD CHATHAM AS SECRETARY OF STATE. — *Grattan*.

The Secretary stood alone. Modern degeneracy had not reached him. Original and unaccommodating, the features of his character had the hardihood of antiquity. His august mind overawed majesty; and one of his sovereigns thought royalty so impaired in his presence, that he conspired to remove him in order to be relieved from his superiority. No state chicanery,^m no narrow systems of vicious politics, no idle contest for ministerial victories, sank him to the vulgar level of the great; but, overbearing, persuasive, and impracticable, his object was England, his ambition was fame. Without dividing, he destroyed party; without corrupting, he made a venal age unanimous. France sank beneath him; with one hand he smote the house of Bourbon, and wielded in the other the democracy of England.

8. EDMUND BURKE.

He habitually recurred to principles; he was a scientific statesman. While other statesmen saw nothing but the object of the hour, he loved to let his imagination play on the futuro glories of America. His visions have all been, even in the period of less than a century, almost literally fulfilled. He delighted in contemplating those brave descendants of Englishmen, who had sought in the American wilderness a place of refuge where they might worship God in the way that their hearts and minds most approved. He exulted in their flourishing condition, in the increase of their wealth, their commerce, and their numbers. He pictured them reaping their golden harvests, throwing the harpoon on the coast of Africa, and penetrating amid icebergs into "Hudson's Bay" and "Davis's Straits."

He was a writer of the first class, and excelled in almost every kind of composition. In his mind political principles were not objects of barren speculation. Wisdom in him was always practical. Whatever his understanding adopted as truth made its way to his heart, and sank deep into it; and his ardent and generous feelings seized with promptitude every occasion of applying it to mankind. "His knowledge of history," says Grat-tan, "amounted to a power of foretelling; and when he perceived the wild work that was doing in France, that great political physician, intelligent of symptoms, distinguished between the access of fever and the force of health; and what other men conceived to be the vigor of her constitution he knew to be no more than the paroxysm of her madness; and then, prophet-like, he pronounced the destinies of France, and in his prophetic fury admonished nations."

CXV. — MARY STUART AND HER MOURNER.*

THE world is full of life and love; the world methinks might spare,
From millions, one to watch above the dust of monarchs there.
And not one human eye! — yet, lo! what stirs the funeral pall!
What sound — it is not human woe wails moaning through the hall!

* Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots, perished on the scaffold, Feb. 6, 1587, in the forty-fifth year of her age. Her mortal remains were taken from her weeping servants and left unwatched and unattended, except by a poor little lap-dog, which could not be induced to quit the body of its mistress. The faithful animal was found dead two days afterwards. In apostrophizing Queen Elizabeth as the "Semiramis of England," the poet alludes to her remorse for signing the death-warrant of Mary Stuart, and to the fact that her own death was wanting in the consolations of a conscience void of offence.

Close by the form mankind desert, one thing a vigil keeps ;
 More near and near to that still heart it wistful, wondering creeps.
 It gazes on those glazed eyes, it hearkens for a breath ;
 It does not know that kindness dies, and love departs from death.
 It fawns as fondly as before upon that icy hand ;
 And hears from lips that speak no more the voice that can command

To that poor fool, alone on earth, no matter what had been
 The pomp, the fall, the guilt, the worth, the dead was still a Queen
 With eyes that horror could not scare, it watched the senseless clay,
 Crouched on the breast of death, and there moaned its fond life away.
 And when the bolts discordant clashed, and human steps drew nigh,
 The human pity shrank abashed before that faithful eye ;
 It seemed to gaze with such rebuke on those who could forsake,
 Then turned to watch once more the look, and strive the sleep to wake.
 They raised the pall, they touched the dead ; a cry, and both were
 stilled,
 Alike the soul that hate had sped, the life that love had killed.

Semiramis of England, hail ! thy crime secures thy sway ;
 But when thine eyes shall scan the tale those hireling scribes convey,
 When thou shalt read, with late remorse, how one poor slave was found
 Beside thy butchered rival's corse, the headless and discrowned,
 Shall not thy soul foretell thine own unloved, expiring hour,
 When those who kneel around the throne shall fly the falling tower ;
 When thy great heart shall silent break ; when thy sad eyes shall
 strain
 Through vacant space, one thing to seek, one thing that loved — in
 vain !
 Though round thy parting pangs of pride shall priest and noble crowd,
 More worth the grief that mourned beside thy victim's gory shroud !

SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

CXVI. — CONVERSATION SPOILERS.

1. Though Nature weigh our talents, and dispense
 To every man his modicum^m of sense,
 And conversation, in its better part,
 May be esteemed a gift, and not an art,
 Yet much depends, as in the tiller's toil,
 On culture and the sowing of the soil.
 Words learned by rote a parrot may rehearse,
 But talking^{tn} is not always to converse ;
 Not more distinct from harmony divine
 The constant creaking of a country sign.
2. Ye powers, who rule the tongue, — if such there are, —
 And make colloquial happiness your care,

Preserve me from the thing I dread and hate —
 A du'el in the form of a debate.
 Vociferated logic kills me quite;
 A noisy man is always in the right:
 I twirl my thumbs, fall back into my chair,
 Fix on the wainscot²² a distressful stare,
 And, when I hope his blunders are all out,
 Reply discreetly, "To be sure — no doubt!"

- 3 *Dubius* is such a scrupulous, good man —
 Yes — you may catch him tripping, if you can.
 He would not, with a per'emptory tone,
 Assert the nose upon his face his own;
 With hesitation admirably slow,
 He humbly²⁴ hopes — presumes — it may be so.
 His evidence, if he were called by law²⁶
 To swear to some enmity he saw,
 For want of prominence and just relief,
 Would hang an honest man, and save a thief.
 Through constant dread of giving truth offence,
 He ties up all his hearers in suspense;
 Knows what he knows as if he knew it not;
 What he remembers seems to have forgot;
 His sole opinion, whatsoe'er befall,
 Centring, at last, in having none at all.

4. A story in which native humor²⁴ reigns
 Is often useful, always entertains;
 A graver fact, enlisted on your side,
 May furnish illustration, well applied;
 But sed'entary weavers of long tales
 Give me the fidgets, and my patience fails.
 'T is the most asinine²² employ on earth
 To hear them tell of parentage and birth,
 And echo conversations, dull and dry,
 Embellished with, "He said," and "So said I."
 At every interview their route²² the same,
 The repetition makes attention lame;
 We bustle up, with unsuccessful speed,
 And, in the saddest part, cry, "Droll, indeed!"

COWPER.

CXVII. — THE YOUTH OF WASHINGTON.

1. Just as Washington was passing from boyhood to youth, the enterprise and capital of Virginia were seeking a new field for exercise and investment, in the unoccupied public domain beyond the mountains. The business of a surveyor immediately became one of great importance and trust, for no surveys²² were

executed by the government. To this occupation the youthful Washington, not yet sixteen years of age, and well furnished with the requisite mathematical knowledge, zealously devoted himself. Some of his family connections possessed titles to large portions of public land, which he was employed with them in surveying.

2. Thus, at a period of life when, in a more advanced stage of society, the intelligent youth is occupied in the elementary studies of the schools and colleges, Washington was carrying the surveyor's chain through the fertile valleys of the Blue Ridge and the Alleghany Mountains; passing days and weeks in the wilderness, beneath the shadow of eternal forests; listening to the voice of the waterfalls, which man's art had not yet set to the healthful music of the saw-mill or the trip-hammer; reposing from the labors of the day on a bear-skin, with his feet to the blazing logs of a camp-fire; and sometimes startled from the deep slumbers of careless, hard-working youth, by the alarm of the Indian war-whoop.

3. This was the gymnastic^m school in which Washington was brought up; in which his quick glance was formed, destined to range hereafter across the battle-field, through clouds of smoke and bristling rows of bayonets;^m the school in which his senses, weaned from the taste for those detestable indulgences, miscalled pleasures, in which the flower of adolescence^m so often languishes and pines away, were early braced up to the sinewy manhood which becomes the

“ Lord of the lion heart and eagle eye.”

4. There is preserved among the papers of Washington a letter, written to a friend while he was engaged on his first surveying tour,^m and when he was, consequently, but sixteen years of age. I quote a sentence from it, in spite of the homeliness of the details, for which I like it the better, and because I wish to set before you, not an ideal hero, wrapped in cloudy generalities and a mist of vague panegyric, but the real, identical man, with all the peculiarities of his life and occupation.

5. “ Your letter,” says he, “ gave me the more pleasure, as I received it among barbarians and an uncouth set of people. Since you received my letter of October last, I have not slept above three or four nights in a bed; but, after walking a good deal all the day, I have lain down before the fire, upon a little hay, straw, fodder, or a bear-skin, — whichever was to be had, — with man, wife, and children, like dogs and cats; and happy is he who gets the berth nearest the fire. Nothing would make it pass off tolerably but a good reward. A doubloon^m is my cor-

stant gain, every day that the weather will permit my going out, and sometimes six pistoles."^{xi}

6. If there is an individual in the morning of life who has not yet made his choice between the flowery path of indulgence and the rough ascent of honest industry,—if there is one who is ashamed to get his living by any branch of honest labor,—let him reflect that the youth who was carrying the theodolite^{xii} and surveyor's chain through the mountain passes of the Alleghanies, in the month of March, sleeping on a bundle of hay before the fire, in a settler's log-cabin, and not ashamed to boast that he did it for his doubloon a day, is George Washington; that the life he led trained him up to command the armies of United America; that the money he earned was the basis of that fortune which enabled him afterwards to bestow his services, without reward, on a bleeding and impoverished country.

7. For three years was the young Washington employed, the greater part of the time, and whenever the season would permit, in this laborious and healthful occupation; and I know not if it would be deemed unbecoming, were a thoughtful student of our history to say that he could almost hear the voice of Providence, in the language of Milton, announce its high purpose,

“To exercise him in the wilderness;
There shall he first lay down the rudiments
Of his great warfare, ere^{xiii} I send him forth
To conquer!”

EVERETT.

CXVIII. — VESUVIUS.

1. My first sight of Vesuvius^{xiv} was from the upper end of the street To-le'do, in Naples. From that point the prospect is uninterrupted. Your eye passes directly to the mountain, over the tops of the streets, houses, churches, palaces, of the intervening villages, to the summit of the crater. The clear, transparent air, and the inky blackness of the whole hill,—its only tint,—bring it so near to you that you almost start as it is first revealed. It seems to hang over and threaten the city. It is eight miles distant, yet you would think it scarce three.

2. Every roughness, the deep ravines' and fissures with which the face of the mountain is everywhere seamed, the rude piles of extinct lavas, the ragged angular masses of fallen and shattered rocks, are all visible at that distance; and the effect is as of some vast natural ruin—a wide scene of fearful desolation. The soft, green turf, the richly-variegated shrubbery, the almost tropical vegetation, the gentle elevations and depressions of the

soil, which must once have clothed the hill with an unequalled loveliness—and such is the testimony of antiquity to its appearance before the eruption of 79—of all this, now, not a leaf, not a tint remains. Neither man, nor beast, nor insect, can inhabit there—and the solitary bird could not light in hope of a single berry or worm.

3. But it must be—not described—but by your own imaginations represented, in one other aspect, as it appeared, after a long repose of centuries, when, in the year 79 of our era, in the reign of Titus, it suddenly was converted to a mountain of fire; burying the surrounding territories, in first the thickest darkness for several days, then from beneath the canopy of cloud pouring out from its sides rivers of lava and other melted substances, which with more than the light of the sun illuminated the earth and the overhanging clouds, and, making their way down the mountain, overwhelmed the city of Hercula'néum, burying it to a depth of from sixty to a hundred feet below the molten mass; and at the same time destroying Pompēii and Stābiæ by successive showers of stifling ashes.

4. The younger Plīny, living at that time, describes the terrific scene in a letter to the historian Tācītus.⁴⁶ His uncle, Pliny the naturalist, stationed at Mi-sē-num, twenty miles from the mountain, as commander of the Roman fleet at that place, drawn first by a scientific curiosity to witness nearer the dreadful scene, then by a sentiment of compassion for the multitudes whom he saw perishing in the most miserable manner, and venturing too near the scene of danger, was himself overtaken by blasts of the suffocating smokes and gā'ses that raged everywhere around the hill, and perished among those whom he went to save.

5. Pliny addresses two letters to Tācītus; in the first confining himself chiefly to the circumstances attending the death of his uncle, in the second relating his own experiences and observations during the eruption of the mountain. From this I make an extract: "There had been," he says, "many days before, shocks of an earthquake, which the less surprised us as they are extremely frequent in Campania; but they were so particularly violent this night, that they not only shook everything about us, but seemed indeed to threaten universal destruction. My mother flew to my chamber, where she found me rising, in order to awaken me. We went out into a small court belonging to the house, which separated the sea from the buildings.

6. "Though it was now morning, the light was extremely faint and languid; the buildings all around tottered, and though

we stood upon open ground, yet, as the place was narrow and confined, there was no remaining there without certain and great danger; we therefore resolved to quit the town. The people followed us in the utmost consternation, and pressed in great crowds about in our way. Being got to a convenient distance from the houses, we stood still in the midst of a most dangerous and dreadful scene. The chariots, which we had ordered to be drawn out, were so agitated backwards and forwards, though upon the most level ground, that we could not keep them steady even by supporting them by large stones.

7. "The sea seemed to roll back upon itself, and to be driven from its banks by the convulsive motions of the earth. It is certain, at least, that the shore was considerably enlarged, and several sea animals were left upon it. On the other side, a black and dreadful cloud, bursting with an igneous serpentine vapor, darted out a long train of fire, resembling flashes of lightning. Soon afterward the cloud seemed to descend and cover the whole ocean, as indeed it entirely hid the island of Căpriæ and the promontory of Misēnum. The ashes now began to fall upon us, though in no great quantity. I turned my head, and observed behind us a thick smoke, which came rolling after us like a torrent.

8. "I proposed, while we had yet any light, to turn out of the high road, lest we should be pressed to death in the dark by the crowd that followed. We had scarce stepped out of the path, when darkness overspread us, not like that of a cloudy night, or when there is no moon, but of a room when it is shut up, and all lights are extinct. Nothing then was to be heard but the shrieks of women, the screams of children, and the cries of men—some calling for their children, others for their parents, others for their husbands, and distinguishing each other by their voices; one lamenting his own fate, another that of his family, some wishing to die, some lifting their hands to the gods;* but the greater part imagining that the last and eternal night was come, which was to destroy both the world and the gods together.

9. "At length a glimmering light appeared, which we imagined to be rather the forerunner of an approaching burst of flames (as in truth it was), than the return of day: however, the fire fell at a distance from us. Then again we were immersed in thick darkness, and a heavy shower of ashes rained upon us, which we were obliged every now and then to shake off, otherwise we should have been crushed and buried in the

* In their ignorance of the one true God, most of the Romans of Pliny's day were Polytheists, or believers in many gods.

heap. I might boast that, during all this scene of horror, not a sigh or expression of fear escaped me, had not my support been founded on that miserable though strong consolation, that all mankind were involved in the same calamity, and that I imagined that I was perishing with the world itself.

10. "At last this dreadful darkness was dissipated (after a duration of three days), by degrees, like a cloud or smoke; the real day returned, and even the sun appeared, though very faintly, and as when an eclipse is coming on. Every object that presented itself to our eyes seemed changed, being covered over with white ashes, as with a deep snow. We returned to Mi-sē-num, where we refreshed ourselves as well as we could, and passed an anxious night between hope and fear, for the earthquake still continued. However, my mother and I, notwithstanding the danger we had passed and that still threatened us, had no thought of leaving the place till we should receive some account of my uncle."

11. He had already perished on the beach at Stabizæ, ten miles from Vesuvius, the second day of the eruption — this was now the fourth. There appear to have been three days of total darkness, except occasionally relieved by the breaking out of flames or lava. It may be imagined what the scene must have been which presented itself in the neighborhood of Herculaneum and Pompeii, or at Naples, when that which Pliny describes occurred at Mi-sē-num, twenty miles, nearly, from the mountain, with Naples itself, and the high lands intervening between it and the volcano; and what multitudes must have perished, if at ten miles distance Pliny was suffocated by the poisonous gases.

12. I believe no account has come to us how great the destruction of life was on this occasion, nor even of what befell the Neapolitans. The only fact in this relation is the immediate relief which the Emperor Titus, with characteristic humanity, dispatched to the scene, as soon as the news of the disaster had reached Rome. We may readily conjecture, that all the inhabitants in the immediate neighborhood of the hill must have had sufficient warning by the earthquake, and the first bursting out of smoke from the crater, to enable them to escape. And that the most did escape, at least from Pompeii, is proved by the comparatively few skeletons that have been discovered there.

WM. WARE.

CXIX. — THE SWORD AND THE PRESS.

1. WHEN Tamerlane²¹ had finished building his pyramid²² of seventy thousand human skulls, and was seen standing at the gate of Damascus, glittering in his steel, with his battle-axe on his

shoulder, till his fierce hosts filed out to new victories and carnage, the pale looker-on might have fancied that Nature was in her death-throes; for havoc and despair had taken possession of the earth, and the sun of manhood seemed setting in a sea of blood.

2. Yet it might be on that very gala-day of Tamerlane that a little boy was playing nine-pins in the streets of Mentz,^m whose history was more important than that of twenty Tamerlanes. The Khan,^m with his shaggy demons of the wilderness, "passed away like a whirlwind," to be forgotten forever; and that German artisan has wrought a benefit which is yet immeasurably expanding itself, and will continue to expand itself, through all countries and all times.

3. What are the conquests and the expeditions of the whole corporation of captains,ⁿ from Walter the Penniless to Napoleon Bonaparte, compared with those movable types of Faust?^m Truly it is a mortifying thing for your conqueror to reflect how perishable is the metal with which he hammers with such violence; how the kind earth will soon shroud up his bloody foot-prints; and all that he achieved and skilfully piled together will be but like his own canvas city of a camp—this evening loud with life, to-morrow all struck and vanished,—"a few pits and heaps of straw."

4. For here, as always, it continues true, that the deepest force is the stillest; that, as in the fable, the mild shining of the sun shall silently accomplish what the fierce blustering of the tempest in vain essayed. Above all, it is ever to be kept in mind that not by material but by moral power are men and their actions to be governed. How noiseless is thought! No rolling of drums, no tramp of squadrons, no tumult of innumerable baggage-wagons, attend its movements.

5. In what obscure and sequestered places may the head be meditating which is one day to be crowned with more than imperial authority! for kings and emperors will be among its ministering servants; it will rule not over^m but in all heads; and with these solitary combinations of ideas, and with magic form'ulas,^m bend the world to its will. The time may come when Napoleon himself will be better known for his laws than his battles, and the victory of Waterloo prove less momentous than the opening of the first Mechanics' Institute.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

Beneath the rule of men entirely great
The pen is mightier than the sword. Behold
The arch enchanter's wand!—itself a nothing!
But taking sorcery from the master hand
To paralyze the Cæsars, and to strike
The loud earth breathless! Take away the sword—
States can be saved without it.

LYTTON.

CXX. — SELECT PASSAGES IN VERSE

1. TRUST IN GOD. — *Young.*

O THOU great Arbiter of life and death !
 Nature's immortal, immaterial sun !
 Whose all-prolific beam late called me forth
 From darkness, teeming darkness, where I lay
 The worm's inferior, and in rank beneath
 The dust I tread on ;¹³¹ — high to bear my brow,
 To drink the spirit of the golden day,
 And triumph in existence,¹³¹ — and couldst know
 No motive but my bliss, and hast ordained,
 A rise in blessing,¹²⁹ with the patriarch's joy
 Thy call I follow to the land unknown :¹³²
 I trust in Thee, and know in whom I trust :
 Or life or death is equal ; neither weighs ;
 All weight¹²⁸ in this, — O, let me live to Thee !

2. HE LIVES LONG WHO LIVES WELL. — *Randolph.*

Wouldst thou live long ? The only means are these,
 'Bove Gælen's diet, or Hippoc'rates' :
 Strive to live well ; tread in the upright ways,
 And rather count thy actions than thy days ;
 Then thou hast lived enough amongst us here ;
 For every day well spent I count a year.
 Live well, and then, how soon soe'er thou die,
 Thou art of age to claim eternity.
 But he that outlives Nestor, and appears
 To have passed the date of gray Methuselah's years,
 If he his life to sloth and sin doth give, —
 I say he only WAS — he did not LIVE.

3. RETIREMENT. — *Goldsmith.*

O, blest retirement,¹²² friend to life's decline !
 Retreats from care, that never must be mine !
 How blest is he who crowns in shades like these
 A youth of labor with an age of ease ;
 Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
 And, since 't is hard to combat,³⁷ learns to fly !
 For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
 Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep ;
 No surly porter stands in guilty state,
 To spurn imploring famine from the gate ;
 But on he moves to meet his latter end,
 Angels around befriending virtue's friend .

Sinks to the grave with unperceived decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way;
And, all his prospects brightening to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past!

4. THE OLD MAN BY THE BROOK. — *Wordsworth.*

Down to the vale this water steers, how merrily it goes!
'T will murmur on a thousand years, and flow as now it flows.
And here, on this delightful day, I cannot choose but think
How oft, a vigorous man, I lay beside this fountain's brink.
My eyes are filled with childish tears, my heart is idly stirred,
For the same sound is in my ears that in those days I heard

5. FREEDOM. — *Bryant.*

O Freedom! thou art not, as poets dream,
A fair young girl, with light and delicate limbs,
And wavy tresses gushing from the cap
With which the Roman master crowned his slave,
When he took off the gyves.⁵⁰ A bearded man,
Armed to the teeth, art thou: one mailed hand
Grasps the broad shield, and one the sword; thy brow,
Glorious in beauty though it be, is scarred
With tokens of old wars; thy massive limbs
Are strong and struggling. Power at thee has launched
His bolts, and with his lightnings smitten thee;
They could not quench the life thou hast from heaven!

6. THE FOLLY OF PROCRASTINATION.

To-morrow's action! can that hoary wisdom,
Borne down with years, still dote upon to-morrow.
That fatal mistress of the young, the lazy,
The coward, and the fool, condemned to lose
An useless life in waiting for to-morrow,
To gaze with longing eyes upon to-morrow,¹¹⁷
Till interposing death destroys the prospect!
Strange! that this general fraud from day to day
Should fill the world with wretches undetected.
The soldier, laboring through a winter's march,
Still sees to-morrow drest in robes of triumph;
Still to the lover's long-expecting arms
To-morrow brings the visionary bride.
But thou, too old to bear another cheat,
Learn that the present hour alone is man's.

7. PRACTICAL CHARITY. — *Crabbe.*

An ardent spirit dwells with Christian love, —
The eagle's vigor in the pitying dove:

'T is not enough that we with sorrow sigh,
 That we the wants of pleading¹²¹ man supply;
 That we in sympathy with sufferers feel,
 Nor hear a grief without a wish¹²² to heal: —
 Not these suffice; to sickness, pain, and woe,
 The Christian spirit loves with aid to go;¹²³
 Will not be sought, waits not for Want to plead,
 But seeks the duty, — nay, prevents the need, —
 Her utmost aid to every ill applies,
 And plants relief for coming miseries.

8. THE GUILTY CONSCIENCE. — *Byron.*

The mind that broods o'er guilty woes
 Is like the scorpion girt by fire:
 In circle narrowing as it glows,
 The flames around their captive close;
 Till, inly searched by thousand throes,
 And maddening in her ire,
 One, and a sole relief she knows:
 The sting she nourished for her foes —
 Whose venom never yet was vain,
 Gives but one pang, and cures all pain —
 She darts into her desperate brain.
 So do the dark in soul expire,
 Or live like scorpion girt by fire;
 So writhes the mind remorse hath riven,
 Unfit for earth, undoomed for heaven:
 Darkness above, despair beneath.
 Around it flame, within it death!

9. PRAYER. — *Alfred Tennyson.*

More things are wrought by prayer
 Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
 Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
 For what are men better than sheep or goats,
 That nourish a blind life within the brain,
 If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer,
 Both for themselves and those who call them friend.
 For so, the whole round earth is every way
 Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

10. CORONACH.¹²⁴ — *Scott.*

He is gone on the mountain, he is lost to the forest,
 Like a summer-dried fountain, when our need was the source
 The fount, reappearing, from the rain-drops shall borrow,
 But to us comes no cheering, to Duncan no morrow!
 The hand of the reaper takes the ears that are hoary,
 But the voice of the weeper wails manhood in glory;

The autumn winds rushing waft the leaves that are screst,
 But our flower was in flushing when blighting was nearest. —
 Fleet foot on the corcei,^m sage counsel in cumber,^m
 Red hand in the foray,^m how sound is thy slumber;
 Like the dew on the mountain, like the foam on the river,
 Like the bubble on the fountain, thou art gone, and forever!

CXXI. — JOAN OF ARC.

1. WHAT is to be thought of her? What is to be thought of the poor shepherd girl from the hills and forests of Lorraine, who rose suddenly out of the quiet, out of the safety, out of the religious inspiration of deep pastoral solitudes, to a station in the van of armies, and to the more perilous station at the right hand of kings? The poor maiden drank not herself from that cup of rest which she had secured for France. No! for her voice was then silent. No! for her feet were dust.

2. Pure, innocent, noble-hearted girl! When the thunders of universal France, as even yet may happen, shall proclaim the grandeur of her who gave up all for her country, thy ear will have been deaf for five centuries. To suffer and to do, that was thy portion in this life: to *do*, — never for thyself, always for others; to *suffer*, — never in the persons of generous champions, always in thy own, — that was thy destiny; and not for a moment was it hidden from thyself. Life, thou saidst, is short; let me use that life, so transitory, for glorious ends.

3. This pure creature — pure from every suspicion of even a visionary self-interest, even as she was pure in senses more obvious — never once relaxed in her belief in the darkness that was travelling to meet her. She might not prefigure the very manner of her death; she saw not in vision, perhaps, the aerial altitude of the fiery scaffold, the spectators on every road pouring into Rouen^m as to a coronation, the surging smoke, the volleying flames; but the voice that called her to death, — *that* she heard forever.

4. Great was the throne of France even in those days, and great was he that sat upon it; but well Joan knew that not the throne, nor he that sat upon it, was for *her*; but, on the contrary, that she was for *them*. Not she by them, but they by her, should rise from the dust. Gorgeous were the lilies^m of France, and for centuries had they the privilege to spread their beauty over land and sea, until, in another century, the wrath of God and man combined to wither them; but well Joan knew — early at Domrémy she had read that bitter truth — that the lilies of France

would decorate no garland for *her*. Flower nor bud, bell nor blossom, would ever bloom for *her*.

5. Joan of Arc was born in 1412, in the little village of Domrémy, on the borders of Lorraine, in France. Her parents were poor, and maintained themselves by their own labor upon a little land, with a few cattle. Joan worked in the field in summer, and in winter she sewed³³ and spun. Small was her stock of learning, for she could neither read nor write; but she would often go apart by herself in the pasture, as if to talk with God. She was a devout attendant at church, and gave to the poor to the utmost extent of her means; a girl of natural piety, that saw God in forests, and hills, and fountains, but did not the less seek him in places consecrated by religion.

6. Her native land was at this period in a distracted state. Paris was occupied by English troops; and the King of England was declared by a strong party the rightful heir of the throne of France. The people of the north of France, seeing in his success the end of strife, favored his cause; but in the south, the country people, and a part of the nobility, stood by the lineal heir, Charles the Seventh, and by the old nationality. Meanwhile the English were extending their power; and the city of Orleans was so closely besieged by them that its fall seemed inevitable. It was a dark day for France.

7. For some time, Joan had entertained the belief that she was in communion with the spirits of departed saints; that she saw angelic visions and heard angelic voices. These voices now whispered to her the duty imposed upon herself of delivering France and restoring its nationality. She found the means of making her way to the presence of the true heir of the throne, Charles the Seventh; and although, as he stood among his courtiers, he at first, in order to test her prophetic gift, maintained that he was not the king, she fell down and embraced his knees, declaring that he was the man. She offered to raise the siege³⁴ of Orleans, and to conduct Charles to Rheims³⁵ to be crowned.

8. At this time she was eighteen years old, slender and delicate in shape, with a pleasant countenance, a somewhat pale complexion, eyes rather melancholy than eager, and rich chestnut-brown hair. As the king's affairs were hopeless, he did not refuse what seemed the preternatural aid proffered by Joan. She demanded for herself a particular sword in the church of St. Catharine, which was given to her. She put on a male dress, and unfurled her banner at the head of the French army, whom she had inspired with her own strong convictions of help from on high through her means.

9 She now appeared frequently in battle, and was severa;

times wounded ; still no unfeminine cruelty ever stained her conduct. She never killed any one, never shed blood with her own hand. She interposed to protect the captive or the wounded. She mourned over the excesses of her countrymen, and would throw herself from her horse to administer comfort to a dying foeman. Resolute, chivalrous, gentle, and brave, wise in council, constant in her faith in her high mission, and inspiring the whole immense host by her enthusiasm, the secret of her success seemed to lie as much in her good sense as in her courage and her visions. This girl of the people clearly saw the question before France, and knew how to solve it.

10. When she had first appeared before the king, he had been on the point of giving up the struggle with the English, and of flying to the south of France. Joan taught him to blush for such abject counsels. She liberated Orleans, that great city, so decisive by its fate for the issue of the war. Entering the city after sunset on the 29th of April, 1429, she took part on Sunday, May 8th, in the religious celebration for the entire disappearance of the besieging force. On the 29th of June, she gained over the English the decisive battle of Patay'; on the ninth of July, she took Troyes^m by a coup-de-main;^m on the fifteenth of that month she carried the Dauphin^m into Rheims; on Sunday the seventeenth, she crowned him; and there she rested from her labor of triumph. She had accomplished the capital objects which her own visions had dictated. She had saved France. What remained was, to suffer.

11. Having placed the king on his throne, it was her fortune thenceforward to be thwarted. More than one military plan was entered upon which she did not approve. Too well she felt that the end was now at hand. Still, she continued to expose her person in battle as before; severe wounds had not taught her caution; and at length she was made prisoner by the Burgundians, and finally given up to the English. The object now was to vitiate the coronation of Charles the Seventh as the work of a witch; and, for this end, Joan was tried for sorcery. She resolutely defended herself from the absurd accusation.

12. Never, from the foundations of the earth, was there such a trial as this, if it were laid open in all its beauty of defence, and all its malignity of attack. O, child of France! shepherdess, peasant-girl! trodden under foot by all around thee, how I honor thy flashing intellect,—quick as the lightning, and as true to its mark,—that ran before France and laggard Europe by many a century, confounding the malice of the ensnarer, and making dumb the oracles of falsehood! "Would you examine me as a witness against myself?" was the question by which many times

she defied their arts. The result of this trial was the condemnation of Joan to be burnt alive. Never did grim inquisitors doom to death a fairer victim by baser means.

13. Woman, sister! there are some things which you do not execute as well as your brother, man; no, nor ever will. Yet, sister, woman, — cheerfully, and with the love that burns in depths of admiration, I acknowledge that you can do one thing as well as the best of men, — you can die grandly! On the twentieth of May, 1431, being then about nineteen years of age, Joan of Arc underwent her martyrdom. She was conducted before midday, guarded by eight hundred spearmen, to a platform of prodigious height, constructed of wooden billets,^m supported by occasional walls of lath and plaster, and traversed by hollow spaces in every direction, for the creation of air-currents.

14. With an undaunted soul, but a meek and saintly demeanor, the maiden encountered her terrible fate. Upon her head was placed a mitre, bearing the inscription, "*Relapsed heretic, apostate, idolatress.*" Her piety displayed itself in the most touching manner to the last; and her angelic forgetfulness of self was manifested in a remarkable degree. The executioner had been directed to apply his torch from below. He did so. The fiery smoke rose upwards in billowing volumes. A monk was then standing at Joan's side. Wrapt up in his sublime office, he saw not the danger, but still persisted in his prayers.

15. Even then, when the last enemy was racing up the fiery stairs to seize her, even at that moment did this noblest of girls think only for *him*, — the one friend that would not forsake her, — and not for herself; bidding him with her last breath to care for his own preservation, but to leave *her* to God. "Go down," she said; "lift up the cross before me, that I may see it in dying, and speak to me pious words to the end." Then protesting her innocence, and recommending her soul to heaven, she continued to pray as the flames leaped up and walled her in. Her last audible word was the name of Jesus. Sustained by faith in him, in her last fight upon the scaffold, she had triumphed gloriously; victoriously she had tasted death.

16. Few spectators of this martyrdom^m were so hardened as to contain their tears. All the English, with the exception of a few soldiers, who made a jest of the affair, were deeply moved. The French murmured that the death was cruel and unjust. "She dies a martyr! Ah, we are lost! we have burned a saint! Would to God that my soul were with hers!" Such were the exclamations on every side. A fanatic English soldier, who had sworn to throw a fagot on the funeral-pile, hearing Joan's last prayer to her Saviour, suddenly turned away, a penitent for life,

saying everywhere that he had seen a dove rising upon white wings to heaven from the ashes where she had stood.

FROM DE QUINCEY AND OTHERS.

CXXII. — THE SKY.

1. It is a strange thing how little, in general, people know about the sky. It is the part of creation in which Nature has done more for the sake of pleasing man, more for the sole and evident purpose of talking to him, and teaching him, than in any other of her works; and it is just the part in which we least attend to her. The noblest scenes of the earth can be seen and known but by few; it is not intended that man should live always in the midst of them; he injures them by his presence—he ceases to feel them if he be always with them.

2. But the sky is for all; bright as it is, it is not “too bright nor good for human nature’s daily food;” it is fitted in all its functions for the perpetual comfort and exalting of the heart, for the soothing it and purifying it from dross and dust. Sometimes gentle, sometimes capricious, sometimes awful—never the same for two moments together; almost human in its passions, almost spiritual in its tenderness, almost divine in its infinity; its appeal to what is immortal in us is as distinct as its ministry of chastisement or of blessing to what is mortal is essential.

3. And yet we never attend to it, we never make it a subject of thought, but as it has to do with our animal sensations. We look upon all by which it speaks to us more clearly than to brutes,—upon all which bears witness to the intention of the Supreme, that we are to receive more from the covering vault than the light and the dew that we share with the weed and the worm,—only as a succession of meaningless and monotonous accident, too common and too vain to be worthy of a moment of watchfulness or a glance of admiration. If, in our moments of utter idleness and insipidity, we turn to the sky as a last resource, which of its phenomena do we speak of?

4. One says it has been wet, and another it has been windy, and another it has been warm. Who, among the whole clattering crowd, can tell me of the forms and the precipices of the chain of tall white mountains that gilded the horizon at noon yesterday? Who saw the narrow sunbeam that came out of the south, and smote upon their summits until they melted and mouldered away in a dust of blue rain? Who saw the dance of the

dead clouds when the sunlight left them last night, and the west wind blew them before it like withered leaves ?

5. All has passed unregretted or unseen ; or, if the apathy be ever shaken off, even for an instant, it is only by what is extraordinary. And yet, it is not in the broad and fierce manifestations of the elemental energies, not in the clash of the hail, nor the drift of the whirlwind, that the highest characters of the sublime are developed. God is not always so eloquent in the earthquake, nor in the fire, as in "the still, small voice." They are but the blunt and the low faculties of our nature which can only be addressed through lamp-black and lightning.

6. It is in quiet and subdûed passages of unobtrusive majesty, the deep, and the calm, and the perpetual, — that which must be sought ere it is seen, and loved ere it is understood, — things which the angels work out for us daily, and yet vary eternally, which are never wanting and never repeated, which are to be found always yet each found but once, — it is through these that the lesson of devotion is chiefly taught, and the blessing of beauty given.

RUSKIN

CXXIII. — THE BEAUTIFUL.

1. WALK with the Beautiful and with the Grand,
Let nothing on the earth thy feet deter ;
Sorrow may lead thee weeping by the hand,
But give not all thy bosom thoughts to her ;
Walk with the Beautiful.
2. I hear thee say, "The Beautiful ! what is it ?"
O, thou art darkly ignorant ! Be sure
'T is no long weary road its form to visit,
For thou canst make it smile beside thy door ;
Then love the Beautiful.
3. Ay, love it ; 't is a sister that will bless,
And teach thee patience when the heart is lonely ;
The angels love it, for they wear its dress,
And thou art made a little lower only ;
Then love the Beautiful.
4. Some boast its presence in a Grecian face ;
Some, in a favorite warbler of the skies ;
But be not fooled ! whate'er thine eye may trace,
Seeking the Beautiful, it will arise ;
Then seek it everywhere.

5. Thy bosom is its mint ; the workmen are
Thy thoughts, and they must coin for thee : believing
The Beautiful exists in every star,
Thou mak'st it so ; and art thyself deceiving,
If otherwise thy faith.
6. Dost thou see Beauty in the violet's cup ! —
I'll teach thee miracles ! Walk on this heath,
And say to the *neglected* flower, " Look up,
And be thou Beautiful ! " — if thou hast faith,
It will obey thy word
7. One thing I warn thee : bow no knee to gold ,
Less innocent it makes the guileless tongue :
It turns the feelings prematurely old :
And they who keep their best affections young
Best love the Beautiful !

BURLINGTON.

CXXIV. — THE PLOUGHMAN.

1. CLEAR the brown path to meet his coulter's gleam !
Lo ! on he comes, behind his smoking team,
With Toil's bright dew-drops on his sun-burnt brow,
The lord of earth, the hero of the plough !
First in the field before the reddening sun,
Last in the shadows when the day is done,
Line after line, along the bursting sod,
Marks the broad acres where his feet have trod.
2. Still where he treads the stubborn clods divide ;
The smooth, fresh furrow opens, deep and wide ;
Matted and dense the tangled turf upheaves ;
Mellow and dark the ridgy corn-field cleaves ;
Up the steep hill-side, where the laboring train
Slants the long track that scores the level plain,
Through the moist valley, clogged with oozing clay,
The patient convoy breaks its destined way ;
At every turn the loosening chains resound,
The swinging ploughshare circles glistening round,
Till the wide field one billowy waste appears,
And wearied hands unbind the panting steers.
3. These are the hands whose sturdy labor brings
The peasant's food, the golden pomp of kings ;
This is the page whose letters shall be seen
Changed by the sun to words of living green ;
This is the scholar whose immortal pen
Spells the first lesson hunger taught to men ;

These are the lines, O, heaven-commanded Toil,
That fill thy deed — the charter of the soil !

4. O, gracious mother, whose benignant breast
Wakes us to life, and lulls us all to rest,
How sweet thy features, kind to every clime,
Mock with their smile the wrinkled front of Time .
We stain thy flowers, — they blossom o'er the dead ;
We rend thy bosom, and it gives us bread ;
O'er the red field that trampling strife has torn
Waves the green plumage of thy tasselled corn ;
Our maddening conflicts scar thy fairest plain, —
Still thy soft answer is the growing grain. HOLMES.

CXXV. — ELOQUENCE OF STATESMEN.

1. DEGENERACY OF ATHENS. — *Demosthenes.*

SUCH, O, men of Athens ! were your ancestors : so glorious in the eye of the world ; so bountiful and munificent to their country ; so sparing, so modest, so self-denying, to themselves. What resemblance can we find, in the present generation, to these great men ? At a time when your ancient competitors have left you a clear stage, when the Lacedemonians are disabled, the Thebans employed in troubles of their own, when no other state whatever is in a condition to rival or molest you, — in short, when you are at full liberty, when you have the opportunity and the power to become once more the sole arbiters of Greece, — you permit, patiently, whole provinces to be wrested from you ; you lavish the public money in scandalous and obscure uses ; you suffer your allies to perish in time of peace, whom you preserved in time of war ; and, to sum up all, you, yourselves, by your mercenary court, and servile resignation to the will and pleasure of designing, insidious leaders, abet, encourage, and strengthen, the most dangerous and formidable of your enemies. Yes, Athenians, I repeat it, you yourselves are the contrivers of your own ruin.

Lives there a man who has confidence enough to deny it ? Let him arise and assign, if he can, any other cause of the success and prosperity of Philip. “ But,” you reply, “ what Athens may have lost in reputation abroad she has gained in splendor at home. Was there ever a greater appearance of prosperity and plenty ? Is not the city enlarged ? Are not the streets better paved, houses repaired and beautified ? ” Away with such trifles ! Shall I be paid with counters ? An old square new

vamped up ! a fountain ! an aqueduct ! — Are these acquisitions to boast of ? Cast your eyes upon the magistrate under whose ministry you boast these precious improvements. Behold the despicable creature, raised all at once from dirt to opulence, from the lowest obscurity to the highest honors. Have not some of these upstarts built private houses and seats vying with the most sumptuous of our public palaces ? And how have their fortunes and their power increased, but as the Commonwealth has been ruined and impoverished ?

2. THE VALUE OF LITERATURE. — *Cicero.*

Had I not, by deeply pondering the precepts of philosophy, and the lessons of the historian and the poet, imbued my mind with an early and intimate conviction that nothing in life is worthy of strenuous pursuit but honor and renown, and that, for the attainment of these, the extremes of bodily torture, and all the terrors of exile and of death, ought to be regarded as trifles, never should I have engaged in such a series of deadly conflicts for your safety, nor have exposed myself to these daily machinations of the most profligate of mankind. But the literature, the wisdom, the consentaneousst voice of antiquity, all teem with glorious examples — examples which would have been forever buried in oblivion, but for the redeeming light of letters. How many instances of heroic daring and devotedness are pictured on the Greek and Roman page, not for our study only, but for our imitation ! With these illustrious modelsst incessantly before my eyes, I have labored to form my mind and character by intense meditation on their excellence.

3. ON TAXING THE AMERICAN COLONIES, 1775. — *Lord Chatham.*

What foundation have we for our claims over America ? What is our right to persist in such cruel and vindictive measures against that loyal, respectable people ? They say you have no right to tax them without their consent. They say truly. Representation and taxation must go together. Repeal, therefore, my lords. But bare repeal will not be enough. What ! repeal a bit of paper ! repeal a piece of parchment ! That alone will not do, my lords. You must go through the work ; you must declare you have no *right* to tax the colonists ; you must repeal their fears and resentments ; — then they may trust you ; then you may hope for their love and gratitude. All attempts to impose servitude upon such men, to establish despotism over such a mighty continental nation, must be vain, must be fatal. We shall be forced ultimately to retract ; let us retract while we

can, not when we must. Avoid the humiliating, the disgraceful necessity. Make the first advances towards peace.

There is no time to be lost. Every moment is big with dangers. While I am speaking the decisive blow may be struck, and millions involved in the consequence. The very first drop will make a wound which years, perhaps ages, may not heal. I would not encourage America to proceed beyond the right line. I reprobate all acts of violence. But, when her inherent constitutional rights are invaded, then I own myself an American, and, feeling myself such, I shall, to the verge of my life, vindicate those rights against all men who would trample on or deny them.

4. JUSTICE. — *Sheridan*.

The majesty of Justice, in the eyes of Mr. Hastings, is an object "not to be approached without solicitation;" an object to be propitiated with offerings and worshipped with sacrifices. But Justice is not this halt^d and miserable object. It is not an Indian pagod.^d It is not the portentous phantom of despair. It is not like any fabled monster, formed in the eclipse of reason, and found in some unhallowed grove of superstitious darkness and political dismay. No, my lords; in the happy reverse of all these, I turn from the disgusting caricature^d to the real image! Justice I have now before me, august^d and pure, the abstract idea of all that would be perfect in the spirit and aspirations of men; where the mind rises, where the heart expands; where the countenance is ever placid and benign; where her favorite attitude is to stoop to the unfortunate, to hear their cry and to help them, to succor and to save, to rescue and relieve; majestic from its mercy, venerable from its utility, uplifted without pride, firm without obduracy, beneficent in each preference, lovely though in her frown. On that justice I rely.

5. IMPEACHMENT OF HASTINGS. — *Burke*.

I impeach Warren Hastings, Esquire, of high crimes and misdemeanors. I impeach him, in the name of the Commons^d of Great Britain, in parliament assembled, whose parliamentary trust he has betrayed. I impeach him, in the name of all the Commons of Great Britain, whose national character he has dishonored. I impeach him, in the name of the people of India, whose laws, rights, and liberties, he has subverted; whose properties he has destroyed, whose country he has laid waste and desolate. I impeach him, in the name and by virtue of those eternal laws of justice which he has violated. I impeach him, in the name of human nature itself, which he has cruelly out-

raged, injured, and oppressed, in both sexes, in every age, rank, situation, and condition of life.

6. THE IMPRACTICABLE UNDESIRABLE. — *Burke.*

I know it is common for men to say that such and such things are perfectly right, — very desirable, — but that, unfortunately, they are not practicable. O, no, sir, no! Those things which are not practicable are not desirable. There is nothing in the world really beneficial that does not lie within the reach of an informed understanding and a well-directed pursuit. There is nothing that God has judged good for us that he has not given us the means to accomplish, both in the natural and the moral world. If we cry, like children, for the moon, like children we must cry on.

7. AMERICAN PROGRESS. — *Burke.*

Nothing in the history of mankind is like their progress. For my part, I never cast an eye on their flourishing commerce and their cultivated and commodious life, but they seem to me rather ancient nations grown to perfection through a long series of fortunate events, and a train of successful industry, accumulating wealth in many centuries, than the colonies of yesterday, — than a set of miserable outcasts, a few years ago, not so much sent as thrown out, on the bleak and barren shore of a desolate wilderness, three thousand miles from all civilized intercourse.

8. THE SCHOOLMASTER IS ABROAD. — *Lord Brougham.*

There have been periods when the country heard with dismay that "the soldier was abroad." That is not the case now. Let the soldier be abroad; in the present age he can do nothing. There is another person abroad, — a less important person in the eyes of some, an insignificant person, whose labors have tended to produce this state of things. The schoolmaster is abroad! And I trust more to him, armed with his primer, than I do to the soldier in full military array, for upholding and extending the liberties of the country. The adversaries of improvement are wont to make themselves merry with what is termed the "*march of intellect*," and here, as far as the phrase goes, they are in the right. The conqueror moves in a march. He stalks onward with the "pride, pomp, and circumstance" of war, banners flying, shouts rending the air, guns thundering, and martial music pealing, to drown the shrieks of the wounded, and the lamentations for the slain.

Not thus the schoolmaster, in his peaceful vocation. He quietly advances in his humble path, laboring steadily till he has opened to the light all the recesses of ignorance, and torn up by the roots the weeds of vice. His is a progress not to be compared with anything like a march; but it leads to a far more brilliant triumph, and to laurels more imperishable than the destroyer of his species, the scourge of the world, ever won. Such men — men deserving the glorious title of Teachers of Mankind — I have found, laboring conscientiously, though, perhaps, obscurely, in their blessed vocation, wherever I have gone. Their calling is high and holy; their renown will fill the earth in after ages, in proportion as it sounds not far off in their own times.

9. REPLY TO M. DE BRÉZÉ.* — *Mirabeau.*

The Commons^m of France have resolved to deliberate. We have heard the intentions that have been attributed to the king; and you, sir, who cannot be recognized as his organ in the National Assembly, — you, who have here neither place, voice, nor right to speak, — you are not the person to bring to us a message of his. Go, say to those who sent you, that we are here by the power of the people, and that we will not be driven hence save by the power of the bayonet.

10. MEN MORE POWERFUL THAN MEASURES. — *Canning.*

Look at France, and see what we have to cope with, and consider what has made her what she is. A man. You will tell me that she was great, and powerful, and formidable, before the days of Bonaparte's government; that he found in her great physical and moral resources; that he had but to turn them to account. True, and he did so. Compare the situation in which he found^{us} France with that to which he has raised her. I am no panegyrist^m of Bonaparte; but I cannot shut my eyes to the superiority of his talents, to the amazing ascendancy of his genius. Tell me not of his measures and his policy. It is his genius, his character, that keeps the world in awe. Sir, to meet, to check, to curb, to stand up against him, we want arms of the same kind. I am far from objecting to the large military establishments which are proposed to you. I vote for them, with all my heart. But, for the purpose of coping with Bonaparte, one great commanding spirit is worth them all.

* On the occasion of his communicating to the National Assembly of France, June 23d, 1789, an order from the king for their dispersion.

11. ON RESISTANCE TO BRITISH OPPRESSION. — *Patrick Henry.*

The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the active, the vigilant, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election! If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston. The war is inevitable, and let it come! I repeat it, sir, let it come! It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry Peace! peace! but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field. Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Heaven! I know not what course others may take; but, as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!

12. THE AMERICAN UNION. — *Webster.*

When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on states dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured, bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as, "What is all this worth?" nor those other words of delusion and folly, "Liberty first, and union afterward;" but everywhere spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart, — Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!

13. CIVIL WAR. — *Henry Clay.*

Yes, I have ambition; but it is the ambition of being the humble instrument, in the hands of Providence, to reconcile a distracted people, once more to revive concord and harmony in a distracted land, — the pleasing ambition of contemplating the glorious spectacle of a free, united, prosperous, and fraternal

people! If there be any who want civil war, — who want to see the blood of any portion of our countrymen spilt, — I am not one of them. I wish to see war of no kind; but, above all, do I not desire to see a civil war. When war begins, whether civil or foreign, no human foresight is competent to foresee when, or how, or where, it is to terminate. But when a civil war shall be lighted up in the bosom of our own happy land, and armies are marching, and commanders are winning their victories, and fleets are in motion on our coast, — tell me, if you can, tell me, if any human being can tell, its duration! God alone knows where such a war will end!

CCXVI. — ELEGY^W WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

1. THE curfew^W tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.
2. Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;
3. Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.
4. Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet^W sleep.
5. The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.
6. For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife^W ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees, the envied kiss to share.
7. Oft did the harvest to their sickle^W yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!
8. Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure;

- Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.
9. The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth, e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.
10. Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.
11. Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?
Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of death ?
12. Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire ;
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre :
13. But Knowledge to their¹²¹ eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll ,
Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.
14. Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear ,
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.
15. Some village Hampden,¹²² that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood, —
Some mute, inglorious Milton, — here may rest ;
Some Cromwell,¹²³ guiltless of his country's blood.
16. The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,¹²⁴
17. Their lot forbade ; nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined ;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind ;
18. The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.
19. Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife
Their sober wishes never learned to stray ;
Along the cool, sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

20. Yet even these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial, still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.
21. Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply ;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.
22. For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind ?
23. On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires ;
Even from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.
24. For thee, who, mindful of the unhonored dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate, —
25. Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
“ Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.
26. “ There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.
27. “ Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies, would he rove,
Now drooping, woful-wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.
28. “ One morn I missed him on the accustomed hill,
Along the heath, and near his favorite tree :
Another came, — nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood, was he :
29. “ The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
Slow through the churchway path we saw him borne.
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.”

The Epitaph.

30. Here rests his head upon the lap of earth
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown ;
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy marked him for her own.

31. Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere
Heaven did a recompense as largely send
He gave to misery (all he had) a tear,
He gained from heaven ('t was all he wished) a friend.
32. No further seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

GRAY.

CXXVII. — ARCHIMEDES.

1. ARCHIMEDES was born in the year 287 before the Christian era, in the island of Sicily and city of Syracuse. Of his childhood and early education we know absolutely nothing, and nothing of his family, save that he is stated to have been one of the poor relations of King Hiero, who came to the throne when Archimédēs was quite a young man, and of whose royal patronage he more than repaid whatever measure he may have enjoyed. There is no more characteristic anecdote of this great philosopher than that relating to his detection of a fraud in the composition of the royal crown. Nothing, certainly, could more vividly illustrate the ingenuity, the enthusiasm, and the complete concentration and abstraction of mind, with which he pursued whatever problem^m was proposed to him.

2. King Hiero, or his son Gelon, it seems, had given out a certain amount of gold to be made into a crown, and the workman to whom it had been intrusted had at last brought back a crown of corresponding weight. But a suspicion arose that it had been alloyed with silver, and Archimedes was applied to by the king, either to disprove or to verify the allegation. The great problem, of course, was to ascertain the precise bulk of the crown in its existing form; for, gold being so much heavier than silver, it is obvious that if the weight had been in any degree made up by the substitution of silver, the bulk would be proportionately increased. Now, it happened that Archimedes went to take a bath while this problem was exercising his mind, and, on approaching the bath-tub, he found it full to the very brim. It instantly occurred to him that a quantity of water of the same bulk with his own body must be displaced before his body could be immersed.

3. Accordingly, he plunged in; and while the process of displacement was going on, and the water was running out, the idea suggested itself to him, that by putting a lump of gold of

the exact weight of the crown into a vessel full of water, and then measuring the water which was displaced by it, and by afterwards putting the crown itself into the same vessel after it had again been filled, and then measuring the water which this, too, should have displaced, the difference in their respective bulks, however minute, would be at once detected, and the fraud exposed. "As soon as he had hit upon this method of detection," we are told, "he did not wait a moment, but jumped joyfully out of the bath, and, running naked towards his own house, called out with a loud voice that he had found what he had sought. For, as he ran, he called out in Greek, 'Eurēka, Eurēka.'"

4. No wonder that this veteran geom'eter, rushing through the thronged and splendid streets of Syracuse, naked as a pair of his own compasses, and making the welkin² ring with his triumphant shouts, — no wonder that he should have rendered the phrase, if not the guise, in which he announced his success, familiar to all the world, and that "Eureka, Eureka," should thus have become the proverbial ejaculation of successful invention and discovery in all ages and in all languages, from that day to this! The solution of this problem is supposed to have led the old philosopher not merely into this ecstatic exhibition of himself, but into that line of hydrostatical² investigation and experiment which afterwards secured him such lasting renown. And thus the accidents of a defective crown and an overflowing bath-tub gave occasion to some of the most remarkable demonstrations of ancient science.

R. C. WINTHROP.

CXXVIII. — LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

A CHIEFTAIN, to the Highlands bound, cries, "Boatman, do not tarry!
And I'll give thee a silver pound to row us o'er the ferry."

"Now, who be ye, would cross Lochgyle, this dark and stormy water?"

"O, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle, and this Lord Ullin's daughter

"And fast before her father's men three days we've fled together;
For should he find us in the glen, my blood would stain the heather.
His horsemen hard behind us ride; should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride when they have slain her lover?"

Outspoke the hardy Highland wight, "I'll go, my chief—I'm ready:
It is not for your silver bright, but for your winsome lady:
And, by my word, the bonny bird in danger shall not tarry:
So, though the waves are raging white, I'll row you o'er the ferry."

By this the storm grew loud apace, the water-wraith² was shrieking,
And in the scowl of heaven each face grew dark as they were speaking.
But still as wilder blew the wind, and as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armed men, their trampling sounded nearer.

"O, haste thee, haste!" the lady cries, "though tempests round us gather ;

I'll meet the raging of the skies, but not an angry father."

The boat has left a stormy land, a stormy sea before her ;

When, O, too strong for human hand, the tempest gathered o'er her.

And still they rowed amidst the roar of waters fast prevailing :

Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore, his wrath was changed to wailing ;

For sore dismayed, through storm and shade, his child he did discover,

One lovely arm she stretched for aid, and one was round her lover !

"Come back ! come back !" he cried in grief, "across this stormy water ;

And I'll forgive your Highland chief, my daughter ! O, my daughter !"

'T was vain the loud waves lashed the shore, return or aid preventing :

The waters wild went o'er his child, and he was left lamenting.

CAMPBELL.

CXXIX. — THE FREE MIND.

1. I call that mind free, which masters the senses, which protects itself against the animal appetites, which penetrates beneath the body and recognizes its own reality and greatness. I call that mind free, which escapes the bondage of matter ; which, instead of stopping at the material universe and making it a prison wall, passes beyond it to its Author, and finds, in the radiant signatures which that universe everywhere bears of the infinite Spirit, helps to its own spiritual enlargement.

2. I call that mind free, which sets no bounds to its love, which recognizes in all human beings the image of God and the rights of his children, which delights in virtue and sympathizes with suffering wherever they are seen, which conquers pride, anger, and sloth, and offers itself up a willing victim to the cause of mankind.

3. I call that mind free, which is not passively framed by outward circumstances, which is not swept away by the torrent of events, which is not the creature of accidental impulse, but which bends events to its own improvement, and acts from an inward spring, from immutable principles which it has deliberately espoused.

4. I call that mind free, which protects itself against the usurpations of society, which does not cower to human opinion, which feels itself accountable to a higher tribunal than man's, which respects a higher law than fashion, which reverences itself too much to be the slave or tool of the many or the few.

5. I call that mind free, which, through confidence in God and in the power of virtue, has cast off all fear but that of wrong

doing; which no menace or peril can enthrall, which is calm in the midst of tumults, and possesses itself, though all else be lost.

6. Finally, I call that mind free, which, conscious of its affinity with God, and confiding in his promises by Jesus Christ, devotes itself faithfully to the unfolding of all its powers; which transcends the bounds of time and death, which hopes to advance forever, and which finds inexhaustible power, both for action and suffering, in the prospect of immortality.

CHANNING.

CXXX. — ANECDOTES AND INCIDENTS.

1. **KNOW BEFORE YOU SPEAK.** — There is a story of Sheridan having once apparently quoted a passage from a Greek poet in the House of Commons, when in reality he only uttered a gabble resembling Greek. An honorable gentleman who spoke after him fully assented to the application of the passage to the case in question. How ineffably ridiculous must that man have appeared when Sheridan disclosed the trick! This is a dishonor to which every one is exposed who, in any way, however slight or negative, affects to appear knowing where he is ignorant.

2. **PERFECTION NO TRIFLE.** — A friend called on Michael Angelo,^m who was finishing a statue; sometime afterwards he called again; the sculptor was still at his work; his friend, looking at the figure, exclaimed, "You have been idle since I saw you last." — "By no means," replied the sculptor; "I have retouched this part, and polished that; I have softened this feature, and brought out this muscle; I have given more expression to this lip, and more energy to this limb." — "Well, well," said his friend, "but all these are trifles." — "It may be so," replied Angelo, "but recollect that trifles make perfection, and that perfection is no trifle."

3. **TRUE GENEROSITY.** — Sir Philip Sidney, at the battle near Zutphen,^m displayed the most undaunted courage. He had two horses killed under him; and, whilst mounting a third, was wounded by a musket-shot out of the trenches, which broke the bone of his thigh. He returned about a mile and a half on horseback to the camp; and, being faint with the loss of blood, and parched with thirst from the heat of the weather, he called for drink. It was presently brought him; but, as he was putting the vessel to his mouth, a poor wounded soldier, who happened to be carried along at that instant, looked up to it with wistful eyes. The gallant and generous Sidney took the flagon from his

lips, just when he was going to drink, and delivered it to the soldier, saying, "Thy necessity is greater than mine."

4. MORAL AND PHYSICAL COURAGE. — At the battle of Waterloo, two French officers were advancing to charge a much superior force. The danger was imminent, and one of them displayed evident signs of fear. The other, observing it, said to him, "Sir, I believe you are frightened." — "Yes," returned the other, "I am; and if you were half as much frightened, you would run away." This anecdote exhibits in a happy light the difference between moral and physical courage.

The brave man is not he who feels no fear,
For that were stupid and irrational;
But he whose noble soul its fear subdues,
And bravely dares the danger nature shrinks from.

5. RELIGION THE CEMENT OF SOCIETY. — Religion is the cement of all virtue, and virtue the moral cement of all society. A society composed of none but the irreligious could not exist. It is related that three German robbers, having acquired by various robberies what amounted to a very valuable booty, agreed to divide the spoil, and to retire from so dangerous a vocation. When the day which they had appointed for this purpose arrived, one of them was despatched to a neighboring town to purchase provisions for their last carousal. The other two secretly agreed to murder him on his return, that they might come in for one-half of the plunder, instead of a third. They did so. But the murdered man was a closer calculator even than his assassins, for he had previously poisoned a part of the provisions, that he might appropriate unto himself the *whole* of the spoil. This precious triumvirate were found dead together, — a signal instance that nothing is so blind and suicidal as the selfishness of vice.

6. HABITS OF OBSERVATION. — The ignorant have often given credit to the wise for powers that are permitted to *none*, merely because the wise have made a proper use of those powers that are permitted to *all*. The little Arabian tale of the dervish shall be the comment of this proposition. A dervish was journeying alone in the desert, when two merchants suddenly met him. "You have lost a camel," said he to the merchants. — "Indeed, we have," they replied. — "Was he not blind in his right eye, and lame in his left leg?" said the dervish. — "He was," replied the merchants. — "Had he not lost a front tooth?" said the dervish. — "He had," rejoined the merchants. — "And was he not loaded with honey on one side, and wheat on the other?"

"Most certainly he was," they replied, "and as you have seen

him so lately, and marked him so particularly, you can, in all probability, conduct us unto him."—"My friends," said the dervis, "I have never seen your camel, nor ever heard of him, but from you."—"A pretty story, truly!" said the merchants; "but where are the jewels which formed a part of his cargo?"—"I have neither seen your camel nor your jewels," repeated the dervis. On this, they seized his person, and forthwith hurried him before the *cadi*,^m where, on the strictest search, nothing could be found upon him, nor could any evidence whatever be adduced to convict him either of falsehood or of theft. They were then about to proceed against him *as a sorcerer*,^m when the dervis, with great calmness, thus addressed the court:

"I have been much amused with your surprise, and own that there has been some ground for your suspicions; but I have lived long, and alone; and I can find ample scope for observation, even in a desert. I knew that I had crossed the track of a camel that had strayed from its owner, because I saw no mark of any human footstep on the same route; I knew that the animal was blind in one eye, because it had cropped the herbage only on one side of its path; and I perceived that it was lame in one leg, from the fair impression which that particular foot had produced upon the sand; I concluded that the animal had lost one tooth, because, wherever it had grazed, a small tuft of herbage was left uninjured in the centre of its bite. As to that which formed the burthen of the beast, the busy ants informed me that it was corn on the one side, and the clustering flies that it was honey on the other."

7. GOOD ADVICE.—A certain *khan*^m of Tartary, travelling with his nobles, was met by a dervis, who cried, with a loud voice, "Whoever will give me a hundred pieces of gold, I will give him a piece of advice." The *khan* ordered the sum to be given to him, upon which the dervis said, "*Begin nothing of which thou hast not well considered the end.*" The courtiers, hearing this plain sentence, smiled, and said, with a sneer, "The dervis is well paid for his maxim." But the *khan* was so well pleased with the answer, that he ordered it to be written in golden letters in several parts of his palace, and engraved on all his plate.

Not long after, the *khan's* surgeon was bribed to kill him with a poisoned lancet, at the time he bled him. One day, when the *khan's* arm was bound, and the fatal lancet in the hand of the surgeon, the latter read on the basin, "*Begin nothing of which thou hast not well considered the end.*" He immediately started, and let the lancet fall out of his hand. The *khan*, observing his confusion, inquired the reason; the surgeon fell prostrate, confessed the whole affair, and was pardoned; but the conspirators

were put to death. The khan, turning to his courtiers, who had heard the advice with disdain, told them that the counsel could not be too highly valued which had saved a khan's life.

8. HUMOROUS RETALIATION. — A nobleman, resident at a castle in Italy, was about to celebrate his marriage feast. All the elements were propitious except the ocean, which had been so boisterous as to deny the very necessary appendage of fish. On the very morning of the feast, however, a poor fisherman made his appearance with a turbot so large that it seemed to have been created for the occasion. Joy pervaded the castle, and the fisherman was ushered with his prize into the saloon, where the nobleman, in the presence of his visitors, requested him to put what price he thought proper on the fish, and it should instantly be paid him. "One hundred lashes," said the fisherman, "on my bare back, is the price of my fish, and I will not bate one strand of whip-cord on the bargain." The nobleman and his guests were not a little astonished; but our chapman^m was resolute, and remonstrance was in vain.

At length, the nobleman exclaimed, "Well, well, the fellow is a humorist,"ⁿ but the fish we must have; so lay on lightly, and let the price be paid in our presence." After fifty lashes had been administered, "Hold, hold!" exclaimed the fisherman; "I have a partner in this business, and it is fitting that he should receive his share." — "What! are there two such madcaps in the world?" cried the nobleman. "Name him, and he shall be sent for instantly." — "You need not go very far for him," said the fisherman; "you will find him at your gate, in the shape of your own porter, who would not let me in until I promised that he should have the half of whatever I received for my turbot." — "O, ho!" said the nobleman, "bring him up instantly; he shall receive the stipulated moiety^m with the strictest justice." This ceremony being finished, he discharged the porter, and amply rewarded the fisherman.

CXXXI. — FERDINAND AND ISABELLA.

1. It has been well observed of Ferdinand and Isabella that they lived together, not like man and wife, whose estates are in common, under the orders of the husband, but like two monarchs, strictly allied. They had separate claims to sovereignty, in virtue of their separate kingdoms, and held separate councils. Yet they were so happily united by common views, common interests, and a great deference for each other, that this double adminis-

tration never prevented a unity of purpose and action. All acts of sovereignty were executed in both their names; all public writings subscribed with both their signatures; their likenesses were stamped together on the public coin; and the royal seal displayed the united arms of Castile and Arragon.

2. Ferdinand possessed a clear and comprehensive genius, and great penetration. He was equable in temper, indefatigable in business, a great observer of men, and is extolled by Spanish writers as unparalleled in the science of the cabinet.^m It has been maintained by writers of other nations, however, and apparently with reason, that he was bigoted in religion, and craving rather than magnanimous in his ambition; that he made war less like a paladinⁿ than a prince, less for glory than for mere dominion; and that his policy was cold, selfish, and artful. He was called the wise and prudent in Spain; in Italy, the pious; in France and England, the ambitious and perfidious.

3. Contemporary writers have been enthusiastic in their descriptions of Isabella; but time has sanctioned their eulogies. She was of the middle size, and well formed; with a fair complexion, auburn hair, and clear blue eyes. There was a mingled gravity and sweetness in her countenance, and a singular modesty in her mien, gracing, as it did, great firmness of purpose and earnestness of spirit. Though strongly attached to her husband and studious of his fame, yet she always maintained her distinct rights as an allied prince. She exceeded him in beauty, personal dignity, acuteness of genius, and grandeur of soul. Combining the active, the resolute qualities of man, with the softer charities of woman, she mingled in the warlike councils of her husband, and, being inspired with a truer idea of glory, infused a more lofty and generous temper into his subtle and calculating policy.

4. It is in the civil history of their reign, however, that the character of Isabella shines most illustrious. Her fostering and maternal care was continually directed to reform the laws, and heal the ills engendered by a long course of civil wars. She assembled round her the ablest men in literature and science, and directed herself by their counsels in encouraging literature and the arts. She promoted the distribution of honors and rewards for the promulgation of knowledge, fostered the recently-invented art of printing; and, through her patronage, Salamanca rose to that eminence which it assumed among the learned institutions of the age. Such was the noble woman who was destined to acquire immortal renown by her spirited patronage of the discovery of the New World.

IRVING

CXXXII. — CROMWELL'S EXPULSION OF THE PARLIAMENT,
1653.

1. At this eventful moment, big with the most important consequences both to himself and his country, whatever were the workings of Cromwell's^m mind, he had the art to conceal them from the eyes of the beholders. Leaving the military in the lobby, he entered the Parliament^m House, and composedly seated himself on one of the outer benches. His dress was a plain suit of black cloth, with gray worsted stockings. For a while he seemed to listen with interest to the debate; but when the speaker was going to put the question, he whispered to Harrison, "This is the time; I must do it;" and, rising, put off his hat to address the house.

2. At first his language was decōrous, and even laudatory. Gradually he became more warm and animated. At last he assumed all the ve'hēment of passion, and indulged in personal vituperation. He charged the members with self-seeking and profaneness, with the frequent denial of justice, and numerous acts of oppression; with idolizing the lawyers, the constant advocates of tyranny; with neglecting the men who had bled for them in the field, that they might gain the Presbyterians, who had apostatized^m from the cause; and with doing all this in order to perpetuate their own power, and to replenish their own purses. But their time was come; the Lord had disowned them; He had chosen more worthy instruments to perform His work.

3. Here the orator was interrupted by Sir Peter Wentworth, who declared that he had never heard language so unparliamentary, — language, too, the more offensive, because it was addressed to them by their own servant, whom they had made what he was. At these words, Cromwell put on his hat, and, springing from his place, exclaimed, "Come, come, sir, I will put an end to your prating!" For a few seconds, apparently in the most violent agitation, he paced forward and backward, and then, stamping on the floor, added, "You are no parliament! I say you are no parliament! Bring them in, bring them in!" Instantly the door opened, and Colonel Worsley entered, followed by more than twenty musketeers.

4. "This," cried Sir Henry Vane,^m "is not honest; it is against morality and common honesty." — "Sir Henry Vane," replied Cromwell; "O, Sir Henry Vane! The Lord deliver me from Sir Henry Vane! He might have prevented this. But he is a juggler and has not common honesty himself!" From Vane he directed his discourse to Whitelock, on whom he poured a torrent

of abuse; then pointing to Chaloner, "There," he cried, "sits a drunkard;" and afterwards selecting different members in succession, he described them as dishonest and corrupt livers, a shame and scandal to the profession of the gospel. Suddenly, however, checking himself, he turned to the guard, and ordered them to clear the house. At these words, Colonel Harrison took the Speaker by the hand, and led him from the chair; Algernon Sydney was next compelled to quit his seat; and the other members, eighty in number, on the approach of the military, rose and moved towards the door.

5. Cromwell now resumed his discourse. "It is you," he exclaimed, "that have forced me to do this. I have sought the Lord both day and night, that He would rather slay me than put me on the doing of this work." Alderman Allan took advantage of these words to observe that it was not yet too late to undo what had been done; but Cromwell instantly charged him with speculation,^m and gave him into custody. When all were gone, fixing his eye on the mace,ⁿ "What," said he, "shall we do with this fool's bauble? Here, carry it away." Then, taking the act of dissolution from the clerk, he ordered the doors to be locked, and, accompanied by the military, returned to Whitehall.

6. That afternoon the members of the Council assembled in their usual place of meeting. Bradshaw had just taken the chair, when the Lord-general entered, and told them that if they were there as private individuals, they were welcome; but if as the Council of State, they must know that the parliament was dissolved, and with it also the Council. "Sir," replied Bradshaw, with the spirit of an ancient Roman, "we have heard what you did at the house this morning, and, before many hours all England will know it. But, sir, you are mistaken to think that the parliament is dissolved. No power under heaven can dissolve them but themselves; therefore, take you notice of that."

7. After this protest they withdrew. Thus, by the parricidal hands of its own children, perished the Long Parliament, which, under a variety of forms, had, for more than twelve years, defended and invaded the liberties of the nation. It fell without a struggle or a groan, unpitied and unregretted. The members slunk away to their homes, where they sought by submission to purchase the forbearance of their new master; and their partisans — if partisans they had — reserved themselves in silence for a day of retribution, which came not before Cromwell slept in his grave

LINGARD.

CXXXIII. — EXCELSIOR.²²

1. THE shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!
2. His brow was sad; his eye beneath
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath,
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue,
Excelsior!
3. In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright,
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan,
Excelsior!
4. "Try not the pass!" the old man said,
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
The roaring torrent is deep and wide!"
And loud that clarion voice replied,
Excelsior!
5. "Beware the pine-tree's withered branch!
Beware the awful avalanche!"
This was the peasant's last good-night, —
A voice replied, far up the height,
Excelsior!
6. At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of St. Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
Excelsior!
7. A traveller, by the faithful hound,
Half buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner, with the strange device
Excelsior!
8. There in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star,
Excelsior!

LONGFELLOW.

CXXXIV. — APOLOGUES IN VERSE.

1. THE PREACHER WHO FAILED IN PRACTICE. — *Congreve*

I've read, or heard, a learn'd person once,
 Concerned to find his only son a dunce,
 Composed a book in favor of the lad,
 Whose memory, it seems, was very bad.
 This work contained a world of wholesome rules
 To help the frailty of forgetful fools.
 The careful parent laid the treatise by,
 Till time should make it proper to apply.
 Simon at length the looked-for age attains
 To read and profit by his father's pains ;
 And now the sire prepares the book to impart,
 Which was yeilded,^m " Of Memory the Art."
 But, ah ! how oft is human care in vain !
 For now he could not find his book again :
 The place where he had laid it he 'd forgot,
 Nor could himself remember what he wrote.

2. THE SILENT TEACHER OF HUMANITY. — *Fratzel*.

As evening clothed the world again in shadows,
 A sultan walked with proud and stately pace,
 And, midst his groves of palm, and vines, and aloes,
 Looked suddenly a dervish^m in the face,
 Who calmly sat, in earnest contemplation
 And lost in thought, upon the mossy ground ;
 It seemed to be his only occupation
 To turn a human skull around and round.
 The sultan at this meeting was surprised,
 And coldly asked, with an expressive mien,
 As if the humble thinker he despised,
 What in the empty bone was to be seen.
 " I found, my liege, when day was scarcely breaking,
 Replic'd the priest, " the skull you here behold ;
 But, howsoe'er my brains I've since been raking,
 Cannot succeed its problem to unfold.
 What, spite of all my thoughts and calculation,
 I cannot fathom, sire, is simply this :
 Did a proud sultan own this decoration,
 Or a poor dervish only call it his ! "

3. JUSTICE AND THE OYSTER. — *Pope*.

Once (says an author, where, I need not say),
 Two travellers found an oyster in their way ;
 Both fierce, both hungry, the dispute grew strong,
 While, scale in hand, dame Justice passed along ;

Before her each with clamor pleads the laws,
Explains the matter and would win the cause.
Dame Justice, weighing long the doubtful right,
Takes, opens, swallows it, before their sight;
The cause of strife, removed so rarely well,
There take, says Justice, take you each a shell.
We thrive at Westminster^m on fools like you;
'T was a fat oyster, live in peace; adieu

CXXXV. — THE REPUBLIC.

1. BASIS OF OUR POLITICAL SYSTEM. — *Geo. Washington.*

THE basis of our political system is, the right of the people to make and to alter their constitutions of government; but, the constitution which at any time exists, till changed by an explicit and authentic act of the whole people, is sacredly obligatory upon all. The very idea of the power and the right of the people to establish government presupposes the duty of every individual to obey the established government. All obstructions to the execution of the laws, — all combinations and associations, under whatever plausible character, with the real design to direct, control, counteract, or awe, the regular deliberations and action of the constituted authorities, — are destructive of this fundamental principle, and of fatal tendency. They serve to organize faction, to give it an artificial and extraordinary force, to put in the place of the delegated will of the nation the will of party, often a small but artful and enterprising minority of the community; and, according to the alternate triumphs of different parties, to make the public administration the mirror of the ill-concerted and incongruous projects of faction, rather than the organ of consistent and wholesome plans, digested by common counsels and modified by mutual interests.

2. A REPUBLIC THE STRONGEST GOVERNMENT. — *Jefferson.*

I know, indeed, that some honest men fear that a republican government cannot be strong, — that this government is not strong enough. But would the honest patriot, in the full tide of successful experiment, abandon a government which has so far kept us free and firm, on the theoretic and visionary fear that this government — the world's best hope — may, by possibility, want energy to preserve itself? I trust not; I believe this, on the contrary, the strongest government on earth; I believe it the only one where every man, at the call of the law, would fly to

the standard of the law, and would meet invasions of the public order as his own personal concern. Sometimes it is said that man cannot be trusted with the government of himself. Can he, then, be trusted with the government of others? or have we found angels, in the forms of kings, to govern him? Let history answer this question.

3. THE TRUE BOND OF UNION. — *Andrew Jackson.*

But the constitution cannot be maintained, nor the Union preserved, in opposition to the public feeling, by the mere exertion of the coercive powers confided to the general government. The foundations must be laid in the affections of the people; in the security it gives to life, liberty, character, and property, in every quarter of the country; and in the fraternal attachment which the citizens of the several states bear to one another, as members of one political family, mutually contributing to promote the happiness of one another.

4. RELIGIOUS AND MENTAL CULTURE. — *President Wayland.*

A man who cannot read, let us always remember, is a being not contemplated by the genius of the American constitution. Where the right of suffrage is extended to all, he is certainly a dangerous member of the community who has not qualified himself to exercise it. We must go further; for you must be aware that the tenure by which our liberties are held can never be secure, unless moral keep pace with intellectual cultivation. If we would see the foundations laid broadly and deeply on which the fabric of this country's liberties shall rest to the remotest generations,—if we would see her carry forward the work of political reformation, and rise the bright and morning star of freedom over a benighted world,—let us elevate the intellectual and moral character of every class of our citizens, and especially let us imbue them thoroughly with the principles of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

5. OUR POLITICAL EXPERIMENT. — *Wirt.*

The great argument of despots against free governments is, that large bodies of men are incapable of self-rule, and that the inevitable and rapid tendency of such a government as ours is to faction, strife, anarchy, and dissolution. Let it be our effort to give to the expecting world a great practical and splendid refutation of this charge. If we cannot do this, the world may despair, To what other nation can we look to do it? We claim no

natural superiority to other nations. But circumstances have conspired to give us an advantage, in making this great political experiment, which no other modern nation enjoys. If, therefore, our experiment shall fail, the world may well despair. Warned as we are by the taunts of European monarchists, and by the mournful example of all the ancient republics, are we willing to split on the same rock on which we have seen them shipwrecked? Shall we forfeit all the bright honors that we have hitherto won by our example, and now admit by our conduct that, although free government may subsist for a while, under the pressure of extrinsic and momentary causes, yet that it cannot bear a long season of peace and prosperity, but that as soon as thus left to itself it speedily hastens to faction, demoralization, anarchy, and ruin?

3. MORAL FORCE OF EXAMPLE. — *Judge McLean.*

The great principles of our republican institutions cannot be propagated by the sword. This can be done by moral force, and not physical. If we desire the political regeneration of oppressed nations, we must show them the simplicity, the grandeur, and the freedom, of our own government. We must recommend it to the intelligence and virtue of other nations by its elevated and enlightened action, its purity, its justice, and the protection it affords to all its citizens, and the liberty they enjoy. And if, in this respect, we shall be faithful to the high bequests of our fathers, to ourselves, and to posterity, we shall do more to liberalize other governments, and emancipate their subjects, than could be accomplished by millions of bayonets. This moral power is what tyrants have most cause to dread. It addresses itself to the thoughts and the judgment of men. No physical force can arrest its progress. Its approaches are unseen, but its consequences are deeply felt. It enters garrisons most strongly fortified, and operates in the palaces of kings and emperors. We should cherish this power, as essential to the preservation of our government, and as the most efficient means of ameliorating the political condition of our race. And this can only be done by a reverence for the laws, and by the exercise of an elevated patriotism.

7. THE FABRIC OF OUR GOVERNMENT. — *Webster.*

Of all the presumptions indulged by presumptuous man, that is one of the rashest which looks for repeated and favorable opportunities for the deliberate establishment of a united government over distinct and widely-extended communities. Such a thing has happened once in human affairs, and but once; the

event stands out as a prominent exception to all ordinary history, and unless we suppose ourselves running into an age of miracles, we may not expect its repetition. Washington, therefore, could regard, and did regard, nothing as of paramount political interest, but the integrity of the Union itself. With a united government, well administered, he saw we had nothing to fear, and without it nothing to hope. The sentiment is just, and its momentous truth should solemnly impress the whole country.

If disastrous war sweep our commerce from the ocean, another generation may renew it; if it exhaust our treasury, future industry may replenish it; if it desolate and lay waste our fields, still, under a new cultivation, they will grow green again, and ripen to future harvests. It were but a trifle, even if the walls of yonder Capitol were to crumble, if its lofty pillars should fall, and its gorgeous decorations be all covered by the dust of the valley. All these might be rebuilt. But who shall reconstruct the fabric of demolished government? Who shall rear again the well-proportioned columns of constitutional liberty? Who shall frame together the skilful architecture which unites national sovereignty with state rights, individual security, and public prosperity? No, gentlemen! if these columns fall, they will be raised not again. Like the Colosseum^m and the Parthenon,^m they will be destined to a mournful, a melancholy immortality. Bitterer tears, however, will flow over them, than were ever shed over the monuments of Roman or Grecian art; for they will be the remnants of a more glorious edifice than Greece or Rome ever saw, the edifice of Constitutional American Liberty.

CXXXVI. — THE HARBOR OF SAN FRANCISCO.

1. Not even the magnificent harbor of Constantinople, in which security, depth and expanse, are combined, can rival the peerless land-locked Bay of San Francisco. How shall we describe it? You are sailing along the high coast of California, when suddenly a gap is seen, as if the rocks had been rent asunder: you leave the open ocean, and enter the strait. The mountains tower so high on either hand that it seems but a stone's throw from your vessel to the shore, though in reality it is a mile. Slowly advancing, an hour's sail brings you to where the strait grows still narrower; and lo! before you, rising from the very middle of the waters, a steep rock towers aloft like a giant warder^m of the strait.

2. Were that rock but fortified, not all the fleets in the world

could force the passage. You gaze back on the grim rock as you emerge from its shadows, and so land-locked does the scene appear, that you could fancy the mountains had fallen in, since you passed, and blocked up forever your path to the ocean. You turn to look ahead, and, lo! a scene as wonderful again lies before you. You are in an inland sea!—you are in Francisco Bay. To your right lies the Golden City; at a distance in front rise the steep shores, and all round you an expanse of water,—a lake for calmness, a sea for extent,—in which the fleets of the world might ride at anchor.

3. San Francisco will be the entrepôt^m of nations, the emporium^m of the East and West. High prices, and the absorption of the people in gold-seeking, will long cause it to import everything, and the deficiency of wood and the want of coal will impede anything like manufactures; even her ships will for a long time be built in the harbors of the Atlantic. But her merchants will be the brokers, her halls the exchange, of the Pacific. Turn to the map, and you will see the rare advantages of her position. The whole Pacific, with its countless isles, lies open to her enterprise; the Australian continent, and the realms of Hindōstan', will reciprocate her commerce; and the Golden Gate fronts the harbor of Canton' and the mouth of the Yang-tze-kiang,^m the great artery of Chinese traffic.

4. Instead of the tedious route by the Cape of Good Hope, steam-vessels from California will carry the prod'uce of China, India, and the Isles, to the Isthmus of Dariën, and shorten by a half the voyage to Europe and Eastern America. The very winds and currents combine to favor the new region; and a vessel from Cape Horn, by keeping well out to sea, will arrive sooner at San Francisco than at the intermediate ports on the South American coast.

CXXXVII. — EXECUTION OF MADAME ROLAND.

1. THE examination and trial of Madame Roland^m were but a repetition of those charges against the Gironde^m with which every harangue of the Jacobin^m party was filled. She was reproached with being the wife of Roland, and the friend of his accomplices. With a proud look of triumph, Madame Roland admitted her guilt in both instances; spoke with tenderness of her husband, with respect of her friends, and with dignified modesty of herself; but, borne down by the clamors of the court whenever she gave vent to her indignation against her persecutors, she ceased

speaking amid the threats and invectives of her hearers. The people were at that period permitted to take a fearful and leading part in the dialogue between the judges and accused; they even permitted persons on trial to address the court, or compelled their silence; the very verdict^m rested with them.

2. Madame Roland heard herself sentenced to death with the air of one who saw in her condemnation merely her title to immortality. She rose, and, slightly bowing to her judges, said, with a bitter and ironical smile, "I thank you for considering me worthy to share the fate of the good and great men you have murdered!" She flew down the steps of the Conciergerie^m with the rapid swiftness of a child about to obtain some long-desired object: the end and aim of her desires was death. As she passed along the corridor, where all the prisoners had assembled to greet her return, she looked at them smilingly, and, drawing her right hand across her throat, made a sign expressive of cutting off a head. This was her only farewell; it was tragic as her destiny, joyous as her deliverance; and well was it understood by those who saw it. Many who were incapable of weeping for their own fate shed tears of unfeigned sorrow for hers.

3. On that day (November 10th, 1793) a greater number than usual of carts laden with victims rolled onward toward the scaffold. Madame Roland was placed in the last, beside an infirm old man, named Lamarche. She wore a white robe, as a symbol of her innocence, of which she was anxious to convince the people; her magnificent hair, black and glossy as a raven's wing, fell in thick masses almost to her knees; her complexion, purified by her long captivity, and now glowing under the influence of a sharp, frosty November day, bloomed with all the freshness of early youth. Her eyes were full of expression; her whole countenance seemed radiant with glory, while a movement between pity and contempt agitated her lips. A crowd followed them, uttering the coarsest threats and most revolting expressions. "To the guillotine!" to the guillotine!" exclaimed the female part of the rabble.

4. "I am going to the guillotine," replied Madame Roland; "a few moments and I shall be there; but those who send me thither will follow me ere long. I go innocent, but they will come stained with blood, and you who applaud our execution will then applaud theirs with equal zeal." Sometimes she would turn away her head that she might not appear to hear the insults with which she was assailed, and would lean with almost filial tenderness over the aged partner of her execution. The poor old man wept bitterly, and she kindly and cheerfully encouraged him to bear up with firmness, and to suffer with resignation. She even

tried to enliven the dreary journey they were performing together by little attempts at cheerfulness, and at length succeeded in winning a smile from her fellow-sufferer.

5. A colossal statue of Liberty, composed of clay, like the liberty of the time, then stood in the middle of the Place^m de la Concorde, on the spot now occupied by the Obelisk ; the scaffold was erected beside this statue. Upon arriving there, Madame Roland descended from the cart in which she had been conveyed. Just as the executioner had seized her arm to enable her to be the first to mount to the guillotine, she displayed an instance of that noble and tender consideration for others, which only a woman's heart could conceive, or put into practice at such a moment. "Stay!" said she, momentarily resisting the man's grasp. "I have one only favor to ask, and that is not for myself; I beseech you grant it me." Then, turning to the old man, she said, "Do you precede me to the scaffold; to see my blood flow would be making you suffer the bitterness of death twice over. I must spare you the pain of witnessing my punishment." The executioner allowed this arrangement to be made.

6. With what sensibility and firmness must the mind have been imbued which could, at such a time, forget its own sufferings, to think only of saving one pang to an unknown old man! and how clearly does this one little trait attest the heroic calmness with which this celebrated woman met her death! After the execution of Lamarche, which she witnessed without changing color, Madame Roland stepped lightly up to the scaffold, and, bowing before the statue of Liberty, as though to do homage to a power for whom she was about to die, exclaimed, "O, Liberty! Liberty! how many crimes are committed in thy name!" She then resigned herself to the hands of the executioner, and in a few seconds her head fell into the basket placed to receive it.

LAMARTINE.

CXXXVIII. — WHAT A COMMON MAN MAY SAY.

1. I AM lodged in a house that affords me conveniences and comforts which even a king could not command some centuries ago. There are ships crossing the seas in every direction, some propelled by steam and some by the wind, to bring what is useful to me from all parts of the earth. In China, men are gathering the tea-leaf for me; in the Southern States, they are planting cotton for me; in the West India Islands, and in Brazil, they are preparing my sugar and my coffee; in Italy, they are feeding silk-worms for me; at home, they are shearing sheep to make me

clothing; powerful steam-engines are spinning and weaving for me, and making cutlery for me, and pumping the mines, that minerals useful to me may be procured.

2. My patrimony was small, yet I have locomotive engines running, day and night, on all the railroads, to carry my correspondence. I have canals to bring the coal for my winter fire. Then I have telegraphic lines, which tell me what has happened a thousand miles off, the same day of its occurrence; which flash a message for me in a minute to the bedside of a sick relative hundreds of miles distant; and I have editors and printers who daily send me an account of what is going on throughout the world, amongst all these people who serve me. By the daguerreotype I procure in a few seconds a perfect likeness of myself or friend, drawn without human touch, by the simple agency of light.

3. And then, in a corner of my house, I have *books*! — the miracle of all my possessions, more wonderful than the wishing-cap of the Arabian Tales; for they transport me instantly not only to all places, but to all times. By my books I can conjure up before me, to vivid existence, all the great and good men of old; and, for my own private satisfaction, I can make them act over again the most renowned of all their exploits. In a word, from the equator to the pole, and from the beginning of time until now, by my books I can be where I please.

4. This picture is not overcharged, and might be much extended; such being the miracle of God's goodness and providence, that each individual of the civilized millions that cover the earth may have nearly the same enjoyments as if he were the single lord of all!

CXXXIX. — STRONG DRINK MAKETH MEN FOOLS.

1. This gentleman and I
Passed but just now by your next neighbor's house,
Where, as they say, dwells one young Lionel,
An unthrift youth, — his father now at sea, —
And there, this night, was held a sumptuous feast.
In the height of their carousing, all their brains
Warmed with the heat of wine, discourse was offered
Of ships and storms at sea; when, suddenly,
Out of his giddy wildness, one conceives
The room wherein they quaffed to be a pinnacle,
Moving and floating, and the confusedst noise
To be the murmuring of winds, gusts, mariners,

What their unsteadfast footing did proceed
From rocking of the vessel.

2. This conceived,
Each one begins to apprehend the danger,
And to look out for safety. Fly, saith one
Up to the main-top and discover. He
Climbs by the bed-post to the taster,² there
Reports a turbulent sea and tempest towards,²
And wills them, if they 'll save their ship and lives,
To cast their lading overboard. At this,
All fall to work, and hoist into the street,
As to the sea, what next comes to their hand —
Stools, tables, tressels, trenchers, budsteds, cups,
Pots, plate, and glasses.
3. Here a fellow whistles —
They take him for the boatswain ;² one lies struggling
Upon the floor, as if he swam for life ;
A third takes the bass-viol for a cock-boat,
Sits in the hollow on 't, labors and rows, —
His oar, the stick with which the fiddler played ;
A fourth bestrides his fellow, thinking to escape,
As did Amion,² on the dolphin's back,
Still fumbling on a gittern.² The rude multitude,
Watching without, and gaping for the spoil
Cast from the windows, went by the ears about it.
4. The constable is called to atone² the broil ;
Which done, he, hearing such a noise within
Of imminent shipwreck, enters the house, and finds them
In this confusion ; they adore his staff,
And think it Neptune's² trident ; and that he
Comes with his Tritons² (so they call his watch)
To calm the tempest, and appease the waves ; —
And at this point we left them.

T. HEYWOOD.

CXL. — THE LUTIST AND THE NIGHTINGALE.*

1. PASSING from Italy to Greece, the tales
Which poets of an elder time have feigned
To glorify their Tempè² bred in me
Desire of visiting this Paradise.
To Thessaly I came, and living private,
Without acquaintanc: of more sweet companions

* There are well-authenticated instances of singing-birds that have dropped down dead in the apparent effort to emulate the music produced from some instrument.

Than the old inmates to my love, my thoughts,
 I day by day frequented silent groves
 And solitary walks. One morning early
 This accident encountered me: I heard
 The sweetest and most ravishing contention
 That art and nature ever were at strife in.

2. A sound of music touched mine ears, or rather,
 Indeed, entranced my soul: as I stole nearer,
 Invited by the melody,²¹ I saw
 This youth, this fair-faced youth, upon his lute,
 With strains of strange variety and harmony,
 Proclaiming; as it seemed, so bold a challenge
 To the clear choristers of the woods, the birds,
 That, as they flocked about him, all stood silent,
 Wondering at what they heard. I wondered too.
3. A nightingale,
 Nature's best-skilled musician, undertakes
 The challenge; and for every several strain
 The well-shaped youth could touch, she sang him down.
 He could not run divisions with more art
 Upon his quaking instrument than she,
 The nightingale, did with her various notes
 Reply to.
4. Some time thus spent, the young man grew at last
 Into a pretty anger, that a bird,
 Whom art had never taught cliffs,²² moods, or notes
 Should vie with him for mastery, whose study
 Had busied many hours to perfect practice.
 To end the controversy, — in a rapture
 Upon his instrument he plays so swiftly,
 So many voluntaries, and so quick,
 That there was curiosity in cunning,
 Concord in discord, lines of differing method
 Meeting in one full centre of delight.
5. The bird (ordained to be
 Music's true martyr) strove to imitate
 These several sounds; which, when her warbling throat
 Failed in, for grief down dropt she on his lute,
 And brake her heart. It was the quaintest sadness
 To see the conqueror²³ upon her hearse
 To weep a funeral elegy of tears.
6. He looked upon the trophies of his art,
 Then sighed, then wiped his eyes; then sighed and cried,
 "Alas! poor creature, I will soon revenge
 This cruelty upon the author of it.
 Henceforth this lute, guilty of innocent blood,

Shall never more betray a harmless peace
 To an untimely end : — and in that sorrow
 As he was dashing it against a tree,
 I suddenly stepped in.

FORD.

CXLI. — POETRY OF THE SEASONS.

PART FIRST.

1. THE TARDY SPRING. — *Whittier.*

We wait for thy coming, sweet wind of the south,
 The touch of thy light wings, the kiss of thy mouth :
 For the yearly evangel thou bearest from God, —
 Resurrection and life to the graves of the sod !
 Up our long river valley for days have not ceased
 The wail and the shriek of the bitter north-east,
 Raw and chill as if winnowed through ices and snow,
 All the way from the land of the wild Esquimaux.
 O, soul of the spring-time, its balm and its breath !
 O, light of its darkness, and life of its death !
 Why wait we thy coming ? why linger so long
 The warmth of thy breathing, the voice of thy song ?
 Renew the great miracle ! let us behold
 The stone from the mouth of the sepulchre rolled,
 And Nature, like Lazarus, rise as of old !

2. THE BLUE-BIRD'S SONG. — *A. B. Street.*

Hark, that sweet carol ! With delight
 We leave the stifling room ;
 The little blue-bird meets our sight, —
 Spring, glorious Spring, has come !
 The south-wind's balm is in the air,
 The melting snow-wreaths everywhere
 Are leaping off in showers ;
 And Nature, in her brightening looks,
 Tells that her flowers, and leaves, and brooks,
 And birds, will soon be ours.

3. THE DELIGHTS OF SPRING. — *Mary Howitt.*

The Spring, — she is a blessed thing,
 She is the mother of the flowers ;
 She is the mate of birds and bees,
 The partner of their revelries, —
 Our star of hope through wintry hours,
 The little brooks run on in light,
 As if they had a chase of mirth ;

The skies are blue, the air is balm ;
 Our very hearts have caught the charm
 That sheds a beauty o'er the earth.

4. THE FIRST WARM DAY OF SPRING. — *Horace Smith.*

The perfume and the bloom that shall decorate the flower
 Are quickening in the gloom of their subterranean bower ;
 And the juices meant to feed trees, vegetables, fruits,
 Unerringly proceed to their preappointed roots.
 How awful is the thought of the wonders under ground,
 Of the mystic changes wrought in the silent, dark profound !
 How each thing upward tends, by necessity decreed,
 And a world's support depends on the shooting of a seed !
 The Summer 's in her ark, and this sunny-pinioned day
 Is commissioned to remark whether Winter holds his sway ;
 Go back, thou dove of peace, with the myrtle on thy wing,
 Say that floods and tempests cease, and the world is ripe for Spring

5. A WELCOME TO SPRING. — *Wm. G. Simms.*

O ! thou bright and beautiful day,
 First bright day of the virgin Spring,
 Bringing the slumbering life into play,
 Giving the leaping bird his wing !
 I feel thy promise in all my veins,
 They bound with a feeling long suppressed,
 And, like a captive who breaks his chains,
 Leap the glad hopes in my heaving breast.
 There are life and joy in thy coming, Spring,
 Thou hast no tidings of gloom and death,
 But buds thou shakest from every wing,
 And sweets thou breathest with every breath.

6. THE BIRDS OF SPRING.

Sing on by fane and forest old, by tombs and cottage eaves,
 And tell the waste of coming flowers, the wood of coming leaves,
 Sing the same song that o'er the birth of earliest blossoms rang,
 And caught its music from the hymn the stars of morning sang !
 It hailed the radiant path of Spring by stream and valley fair,
 And o'er the earth's green hill-tops when no step but hers was there
 And, like the laurel's gift of green, the violet's depth of blue,
 It has survived a thousand thrones, and yet the song is new.

7. DIVINE BOUNTY MANIFEST IN SPRING. — *Thomson.*

What is this mighty breath, ye sages, say,
 That, in a powerful language, felt, not heard,
 Instructs the fowls of heaven ; and through their breast

These arts of love diffuses! What, but God?
Inspiring God! who, boundless spirit all
And unremitting energy, pervades,
Adjusts, sustains, and agitates the whole.
He ceaseless works *alone*; and yet *alone*
Seems not to work; with such perfection framed
Is this complex stupendous scheme of things.
But, though concealed, to every purer eye
The informing Author in his works appears.
Chief, lovely Spring, in thee, and thy soft scenes,
The smiling God is seen; while water, earth,
And air, attest his bounty; which exalts
The brute creation to this finer thought,
And annual melts their undesigning hearts
Profusely thus in tenderness and joy.

CXLII. — THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

1. TRAITS OF CHARACTER. — *Flint*.

AN Indian seldom jests. He usually speaks low, and under his breath. Loquacity is with him an indication of being a trifling character, and of deeds inversely less as his words are more. The young men, and even the boys, have a sullen, moody, and unjoyous countenance; and seem to have little of that elastic gayety with which the benevolence of Providence has endowed the first days of the existence of most other beings. In this general remark, we ought not, perhaps, to include the squaw, who shows some analogy of feeling to the white female.

The males evidently have not the quick sensibilities, the acute perceptions, of most other races. They do not easily sympathize with what is enjoyment or suffering about them. Nothing but an overwhelming excitement can arouse them. They seem callous to all the passions, but rage. Every one has remarked how little surprise they express for whatever is new, strange, or striking. True, it is partially their pride that induces them to affect this indifference, — for, that it is affected, we have had numberless opportunities to discover. It is, with them, not only pride, but calculation, to hold in seeming contempt things which they are aware they cannot obtain and possess. But they seem to be born with an instinctive determination to be independent, if possible, of nature and society, and to concentrate within themselves an existence, which, at any moment, they seem willing to lay down.

Their impossible fortitude and endurance of suffering, their contempt of pain and death, invest their character with a kind of

moral grandeur. Some part of this may be the result of their training, discipline, and exercise of self-control; but it is to be doubted whether some part be not the result of a more than ordinary degree of physical insensibility. It has been said, but with how much truth we do not pretend to say, that, in undergoing amputation, and other surgical operations, their nerves do not shrink, or show the same tendency to spasms, with those of the whites. When the savage—to explain his insensibility to cold—called upon the white man to recollect how little his own *face* was affected by it, in consequence of its constant exposure, the savage added, "*My body is all face.*"

Surely it is preposterous to admire, as some pretend to do, the savage character in the abstract. Let us make every effort to convey pity, mercy, and immortal hopes, to their rugged bosoms. Pastorals that sing savage independence and generosity, and gratitude and happiness in the green woods, may be Arcadian^m enough to those who never saw savages in their wigwams, or never felt the apprehension of their nocturnal and hostile yell, from the depth of the forest around their dwelling. But let us not undervalue the comfort and security of municipal^m and social life; nor the sensibilities, charities, and endearments, of a civilized home. Let our great effort be to tame and domesticate the Indians. Their happiness, steeled against feeling, at war with nature, the elements, and one another, can have no existence, except in the visionary dreamings of those who have never contemplated their actual condition.

It is curious to remark, however, that, different as are their religions, their discipline, and their standards of opinion, in most respects, from ours, in the main they have much the same notion of a great, respectable, and good man, that we have. If we mark the universal passion for military display among our own race, and observe what place is assigned by common feeling, as well as history, to military prowess, we shall hardly consider it a striking difference from our nature, that bravery, and contempt of death, and reckless daring, command the first place in their homage. But, apart from these views, the same traits of character that entitle a man to the appellation of virtuous and good, and that insure respect among us, have much the same bearing upon the estimation of the Indians. In conversing with them, we are struck with surprise, to observe how widely and deeply the obligations of truth, constancy, honor, generosity, and forbearance, are felt and understood among them.

As regards their vanity, we have not often had the fortune to contemplate a young squaw at her toilet; but, from the studied arrangement of her calico jacket, from the glaring circles of ver-

million on her plump and circular face, from the artificial manner in which her hair, of intense black, is clubbed in a coil of the thickness of a man's wrist, from the long time it takes her to complete these arrangements, from the manner in which she minces and ambles, and plays off her prettiest airs, after she has put on all her charms, we should clearly infer, that dress and personal ornament occupy the same portion of her thoughts that they do of the fashionable woman of civilized society. In regions contiguous to the whites, the squaws have generally a calico shirt of the finest colors.

A young Indian warrior is notoriously the most thorough going beau in the world. Bond-street and Broadway furnish no subjects that will undergo as much crimping and confinement, to appear in full dress. We are confident that we have observed such a character, constantly occupied with his paints and his pocket-glass, three full hours, laying on his colors, and arranging his tresses, and contemplating, from time to time, with visible satisfaction, the progress of his growing attractions. When he has finished, the proud triumph of irresistible charms is in his eye. The chiefs and warriors, in full dress, have one, two, or three broad clasps of silver about their arms; generally jewels in their ears, and often in their noses; and nothing is more common than to see a thin, circular piece of silver, of the size of a dollar, depending from the nose, a little below the upper lip.

Nothing shows more clearly the influence of fashion: this ornament, so painfully inconvenient, as it evidently is to them, and so horridly ugly and disfiguring, seems to be the utmost finish of Indian taste. Painted porcupine-quills are twisted in their hair. Tails of animals hang from their hair behind. A necklace of bear's or alligator's teeth, or of claws of the bald eagle hangs loosely down, with an interior and smaller circle of large red beads; or, in default of them, a rosary^m of red hawthorns surrounds the neck. From the knees to the feet, the legs are ornamented with great numbers of little, perforated, cylindrical^m pieces of silver or brass, that emit a simultaneous tinkle as the person walks. If to all this he add an American hat, and a soldier's coat of blue, faced with red, over the customary calico shirt of the gaudiest colors. that can be found, he lifts his feet high, and steps firmly on the ground, to give his tinklers an uniform and full sound, and apparently considers his appearance with as much complacency as the human bosom can be supposed to feel. This is a very curtailed view of an Indian beau, but every reader competent to judge will admit its fidelity, as far as it goes, to the description of a young Indian warrior, when prepared to take part in a public dance.

2. INDIAN MOUNDS. — *Flint.*

At first the eye mistakes these mounds for hills; but when it catches the regularity of their breast-works and ditches, it discovers, at once, that they are the labors of art and of men. When the evidence of the senses convinces us that human bones moulder in these masses; when you dig about them, and bring to light domestic utensils, and are compelled to believe that the busy tide of life once flowed here; when you see, at once, that these races were of a very different character from the present generation, — you begin to inquire if any tradition, if any, the faintest records, can throw any light upon these habitations of men of another age. Is there no scope, beside these mounds, for imagination and for contemplation of the past? The men, their joys, their sorrows, their bones, are all buried together. But the grand features of nature remain. There is the beautiful prairie over which they “strutted through life’s poor play.” The forests, the hills, the mounds, lift their heads in unalterable repose, and furnish the same sources of contemplation to us that they did to those generations that have passed away.

These mounds must date back to remote depths in the olden time. From the ages of the trees on them, we can trace them back six hundred years, leaving it entirely to the imagination to descend further into the depths of time beyond. And yet, after the rains, the washing, and the crumbling, of so many ages, many of them are still twenty-five feet high. Some of them are spread over an extent of acres. I have seen, great and small, I should suppose, a hundred. Though diverse in position and form, they all have an uniform character. They are, for the most part, in rich soils, and in conspicuous situations. Those on the Ohio are covered with very large trees. But in the prairie regions, where I have seen the greatest numbers, they are covered with tall grass, and are generally near beaches, which indicate the former courses of the rivers, in the finest situations for present culture; and the greatest population clearly has been in those very positions where the most dense future population will be.

3. DISAPPEARANCE OF INDIANS FROM THE OHIO. — *Audubon.*

When I think of the times, and call back to my mind the grandeur and beauty of those almost uninhabited shores; when I picture to myself the dense and lofty summits of the forest, that everywhere spread along the hills, and overhung the margins of the stream, unmolested by the axe of the settler; when I know how dearly purchased the safe navigation of that river has been by

the blood of many worthy Virginians; when I see that no longer any aboriginēs are to be found there, and that the vast herds of elks, deer, and buffaloes, which once pastured on these hills and in these valleys, making for themselves great roads to the several salt springs, have ceased to exist; when I reflect that all this grand portion of our Union, instead of being in a state of nature, is now more or less covered with villages, farms, and towns, where the din of hammers and machinery is constantly heard; that the woods are fast disappearing under the axe by day and the fire by night; that hundreds of steamboats are gliding to and fro, over the whole length of the majestic river, forcing commerce to take root and to prosper at every spot; when I see the surplus population of Europe coming to assist in the destruction of the forest and transplanting civilization into its darkest recesses; when I remember that these extraordinary changes have all taken place in the short period of twenty years — I pause, wonder, and, although I know all to be true, can scarcely believe its reality.

4. THEIR RETREAT WESTWARD. — *Sprague.*

As a race, they have withered from the land. Their arrows are broken, their springs are dried up, their cabins are in the dust. Their council-fire has long since gone out on the shore, and their war-cry is fast dying away to the untrodden West. Slowly and sadly they climb the distant mountains, and read their doom in the setting sun. They are shrinking before the mighty tide which is pressing them away; they must soon hear the roar of the last wave, which will settle over them forever. Ages hence, the inquisitive white man, as he stands by some growing city, will ponder on the structure of their disturbed remains, and wonder to what manner of person they belonged. They will live only in the songs and chronicles of their exterminators. Let these be faithful to their rude virtues as men, and pay due tribute to their unhappy fate as a people.

CXLIII. — WAR THE CHILD OF BARBARISM.

1. It is only from the soldier himself, and in the language of the eye that has seen its agonies, and of the ear that has heard its shrieks, that we can obtain a correct idea of the miseries of war. Though far from our happy shores, many of us may have seen it in its ravages and in its results, — in the green mound

which marks the recent battle-field, in the shattered forest, in the razed and desolate village, and, perchance, in the widows and orphans it made! And yet, this is but the memory of war, the faint shadow of its realities, the reflection but of its blood, and the echoes but of its thunders. I shudder when imagination carries me to the sanguinary field, to the death-struggles between men who are husbands and fathers, to the horrors of the siege and sack, to the deeds of rapine, and violence, and murder, in which neither age nor sex is spared. In acts like these the soldier is converted into a fiend, and his humanity even disappears under the ferocious mask of the démon or the brute.

2. To men who reason, and who feel while they reason, nothing in the history of their species appears more inexplicable than that war, the child of barbarism, should exist in an age enlightened and civilized, when the arts of peace have attained the highest perfection, and when science has brought into personal communion nations the most distant, and races the most unfriendly. But it is more inexplicable still that war should exist where Christianity has for nearly two thousand years been shedding its gentle light, and that it should be defended by arguments drawn from the Scriptures² themselves. When the pillar of fire conducted the Israelites to their promised home, their Divine Leader no more justified war, than he justified murder by giving skill to the artist who forges the stiletto, or nerve to the arm that wields it. If the combativeness of man, as evinced in his history, is a necessary condition of his humanity, and is ever to have its issue in war, his superstition, his credulity, his ignorance, his lust for power, must also be perpetuated in the institutions to which they have given birth. Where, then, are the orgies, the saturnalia² of ancient times,—the gods who were invoked, and the temples where they were worshipped?

3. If the sure word of prophecy has told us that the time must come when men shall learn the art of war no more, it is doubtless our duty, and it shall be our work, to hasten its fulfilment, and upon the anvil of Christian truth, and with the brawny arm of indignant reason, to beat the sword² into the ploughshare, and the spear into the pruning-hook. I am ashamed in a Christian community to defend on Christian principles the cause of universal peace. He who proclaimed peace on earth and good-will to man, who commands us to love our enemies, and to do good to them who despitefully use us and persecute us, will never acknowledge as disciples, or admit into his immortal family, the sovereign or the minister who shall send the fiery cross over tranquil Europe, and summon the blood-hounds of war to settle the disputes and gratify the animosities of nations.

SIR DAVID BREWSTER.

CXLIV. — AN ADVENTURE IN CALABRIA.

FROM A LETTER TO THE AUTHOR'S COUSIN, MADAME FIGALLE.

1. I WAS once travelling in Calabria,^m a land of wicked people, who, I believe, do not love anybody over much, and least of all a Frenchman. To tell you the why and the wherefore would take too long; suffice it to say, that they hate us with a deadly hatred, and that one of our countrymen who falls into their hands is not likely to fare very well. In these mountains the roads are precipices. It was with difficulty that my horse made his way over them. I had for a companion a young man who took the lead. Thinking that he had hit upon a shorter and more practicable route,^m he led us astray. It served me right. What business had I to trust to a head of only twenty years?

2. We sought, while the day lasted, our way through these woods; but the more we sought the more we were baffled; and it was black night when we drew near to a very black-looking house. We entered,—not without suspicion,—but what could we do? There we found a whole family of charcoal-burners, seated round a table, at which they forthwith invited us to take places. My young man did not wait for a second invitation. We soon made ourselves at home, and began to eat and drink; or rather my companion did. As for myself, I was occupied in examining the place and the aspects of our hosts. That they were charcoal-burners, their faces gave ample pledge; but as for the house—you would have taken it for an arsenal.

3. What an assortment of guns, pistols, sabres, knives, and cutlasses! Everything displeased me, and I saw that I also displeased everybody. My comrade, on the contrary, made himself quite one of the family; laughed and chatted with them, and, with an imprudence that I ought to have foreseen (but, alas! fate would have it so), informed them whence we came, where we were going, who we were. He told them, in short, that we were Frenchmen! Conceive of it! We, all the while, poor, bewildered travellers, far from all human succor, and in the power of our mortal enemies!

4. And then, as if to omit nothing that might contribute to our destruction, he played the rich man; promised to pay these people whatever they might ask for our entertainment, and for guides the next day. Then he spoke of his valise,^m requested that they would take particular care of it, and put it at the head of his bed, remarking that he wanted no better bolster. Ah! youth, youth, you are to be pitied. Cousin, one would have thought we had charge of the crown diamonds! All that there

was in my companion's valise to occasion this amount of solicitude was a bundle of his sweetheart's letters!

5. Supper being ended, our hosts left us. They slept below, we in the room above that where we had supped. A loft, to which we had to mount seven or eight feet by a ladder, was our destined place of repose. It was a sort of nest, into which one had to insinuate himself by creeping under cross-beams, hung with provisions for the whole year. My comrade made his way up alone, and threw himself down, already half-asleep, with his head on the precious valise. As for myself, I determined to watch; and, making a good fire, I sat down near it.

6. The night wore away tranquilly enough, and was at length near its end. I was beginning to be reassured, when, just before the break of day, I heard our host and his wife talking and disputing down stairs. Listening intently at the chimney, which communicated with that below, I distinctly heard the husband utter these words: "Well, come, now, must we kill them both?" To which the woman replied, "Yes;" and I heard nothing more. How shall I describe my emotions? I remained almost breathless, my whole body frigid as marble. To have seen me, you would not have known whether I was dead or alive. Ah! when I but think of it, even now!

7. Two of us, almost without weapons, against twelve or fifteen, so remarkably well provided! And my comrade half-dead with sleep and fatigue! To call him—to make a noise—I did not dare; escape by myself I could not; the window was not very high from the ground, but beneath it were two savage bull-dogs, howling like wolves. Imagine, if you can, in what a dilemma I found myself. At the end of a long quarter of an hour I heard some one on the stairs, and, through the cracks of the door, I saw the father, with a lamp in one hand, and one of his big knives in the other. Up he came, his wife after him, I behind the door: he opened it; but, before entering, he put down the lamp, which his wife took; then he entered barefoot, and she, outside, said, in a low tone, shading the light with her hand, "Softly, go softly!"

8. When he got to the ladder he mounted, holding the knife between his teeth. Approaching the head of the bed, where my poor young companion, with throat uncovered, was lying, with one hand the monster grasped his knife, and with the other—Ah! cousin—with the other—he seized a ham, which hung from the ceiling, cut a slice, and retired as he had entered. The door closed, the lamp disappeared, and I was left alone to my reflections.

9. As soon as the day dawned, all the family came bustling to

waken us, as we had requested. They brought us something to eat, and spread, I assure you, a very clean and nice breakfast. Two chickens formed part of it, of which, our hostess told us, we were to eat one and take away the other. Seeing these, I at length comprehended the meaning of those terrible words, "*Must we kill them both?*" And I think you, too, cousin, will have penetration enough to guess now what they signified.

10. Cousin, I have a favor to ask : do not tell this story. In the first place, as you cannot fail to perceive, I do not play a very enviable part in it. In the next place, you will spoil it. Indeed, I do not flatter : it is that face of yours which will ruin the effect of the recital. As for myself, without vanity I may say, I have just the countenance one ought to have in telling a tale of terror.

ORIGINAL TRANSLATION FROM P. L. COURIER

CXLV. — IN ROME.

1. I AM in Rome ! Oft as the morning ray
Visits these eyes, waking, at once I cry,
Whence this excess of joy ! What has befallen me !
And from within a thrilling voice replies,
Thou art in Rome ! A thousand busy thoughts
Rush on my mind, a thousand images ;
And I spring up as girt to run a race !
2. Thou art in Rome ! the city that so long
Reigned absolute, the mistress of the world ;
Thou art in Rome ! the city where the Gauls,
Entering at sunrise through her open gates,
And, through her streets silent and desolate,
Marching to slay, thought they saw gods, not men
The city that by temperance, fortitude,
And love of glory, towered above the clouds,
Then fell — but, falling, kept the highest seat,
And in her loneliness, her pomp of woe,
Where now she dwells, withdrawn into the wild,
Still o'er the mind maintains, from age to age,
Her empire undiminished.
3. There, as though
Grandeur attracted grandeur, are beheld
All things that strike, ennobled — from the depths
Of Egypt, from the classic fields of Greece,
Her groves, her temples — all things that inspire
Wonder, delight ! Who would not say the forms
Most perfect, most divine, had by consent
Flocked thither to abide eternally,

Within those silent chambers where they dwell
In happy intercourse ?

4. And I am there !

Ah ! little thought I, when in school I sat,
A schoolboy on his bench, at early dawn
Glowing with Roman story, I should live
To tread the Appian, once an avenue
Of monuments most glorious, palaces,
Their doors sealed up and silent as the night,
The dwellings of the illustrious dead ; — to turn
Toward Tiber, and, beyond the city gate,
Pour out my unpremeditated verse,
Where on his mule I might have met so oft
Horace^u himself ; — or climb the Palatine,^u
Dreaming of old Evander^u and his guest, —
Inscribe my name on some broad aloe-leaf,
That shoots and spreads within those very walls
Where Virgil^u read aloud his tale divine,
Where his voice faltered, and a mother wept
Tears of delight !

5. But what a narrow space

Just underneath ! In many a heap the ground
Heaves, as though Ruin in a frantic mood
Had done his utmost. Here and there appears,
As left to show *his* handiwork, not ours,
An idle column, a half-buried arch,
A wall of some great temple. It was once
The Forum,^u whence a mandate, eagle-winged,
Went to the ends of the earth. Let us descend,
Slowly. At every step much may be lost.
The very dust we tread stirs as with life ;
And not the lightest breath that sends not up
Something of human grandeur. We are come,
Are now where once the mightiest spirits met
In terrible conflict ; this, while Rome was free,
The noblest theatre on this side heaven !

6. Here the first Brutus^u stood, — when o'er the corse

Of her so chaste all mourned, — and from his cloud
Burst like a god. Here, holding up the knife
That ran with blood, the blood of his own child,
Virginus^u called down vengeance.
Here Cincinnatus^u passed, his plough the while
Left in the furrow ; and how many more
Whose laurels fade not, who still walk the earth,
Consuls, dictators, still in curule^u pomp
Sit and decide, and, as of old in Rome,
Name but their names, set every heart on fire !

7. Now all is changed ; and here, as in the wild,
 The day is silent, dreary as the night ;
 None stirring, save the herdsman and his herd,
 Savage alike ; or they that would explore,
 And learnedly discuss ; or they that come
 (And there are many who have crossed the earth)
 That they may give the hours to meditation,
 And wander, often saying to themselves,
 ' This was the Roman Forum ! '

ROGERS.

CXLVI. — SELECT PASSAGES IN VERSE.

1. THE PLEASURES OF HOPE. — *Campbell.*

At summer eve, when Heaven's ethereal bow
 Spans with bright arch the glittering hills below,
 Why to yon mountain turns the musing eye,
 Whose sunbright summit mingles with the sky ?
 Why do those cliffs of shadowy tint appear
 More sweet than all the landscape smiling near ?
 'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
 And robes the mountain in its azure hue.
 Thus, with delight, we linger to survey
 The promised joys of life's unmeasured way ;
 Thus from afar each dim-discovered scene
 More pleasing seems than all the past hath been ;
 And every form that Fancy can repair,
 From dark oblivion, glows divinely there.

2. FAME. — *Pope.*

Nor Fame I slight, nor for her favors call ;
 She comes unlooked for, if she comes at all.
 But if the purchase cost so dear a price
 As soothing Folly, or exalting Vice,
 O ! if the Muse^m must flatter lawless sway,
 And follow still where Fortune leads the way, —
 Or if no basis bear my rising name,
 But the fallen ruins of another's fame, —
 Then teach me, Heaven ! to scorn the guilty bays,^m
 Drive from my breast that wretched lust of praise ;
 Unblemished let me live, or die unknown ;
 O, grant an honest fame, or grant me none !

3. DEATH. — *Young.*

Why start at death ? Where is he ? Death arrived
 Is past ; not come, or gone, — he's never here !
 Ere hope, sensation fails ; black-boding man
 Receives, not suffers, death's tremendous blow.

The knell, the shroud, the mattock, and the grave,
 The deep damp vault, the darkness, and the worm,
 These are the bugbears of a winter's eve,
 The terrors of the living, not the dead.
 Imagination's fool, and error's wretch,
 Man makes a death which Nature never made ;
 Then on the point of his own fancy falls,
 And feels a thousand deaths in fearing one.

4. KOSCIUSKO.²¹ — *Campbell.*

O ! bloodiest picture in the book of time,
 Sarmatia²² fell, unwept, without a crime ;
 Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,
 Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe !
 Dropped from her nerveless grasp the shattered spear,
 Closed her bright eye, and curbed her high career ; —
 Hope for a season bade the world farewell,
 And Freedom shrieked as Kosciusko fell !

5. THE CAPTIVE'S DREAMS. — *Mrs. Hemans.*

I dream of all things free ! of a gallant, gallant bark,
 That sweeps through storm and sea like an arrow to its mark .
 Of a stag that o'er the hills goes bounding in its glee ;
 Of a thousand flashing rills, — of all things glad and free.
 I dream of some proud bird, a bright-eyed mountain king !
 In my visions I have heard the rushing of his wing.
 I follow some wild river, on whose breast no sail may be ;
 Dark woods around it shiver, — I dream of all things free ;
 Of a happy forest child, with the fawns and flowers at play,
 Of an Indian midst the wild, with the stars to guide his way ;
 Of a chief his warriors leading, of an archer's greenwood tree :
 My heart in chains is bleeding, and I dream of all things free !

6. ON ANCIENT GREECE. — *Byron.*

Clime of the unforgotten brave ! —
 Whose land from plain to mountain-cave
 Was Freedom's home or Glory's grave —
 Shrine of the mighty ! can it be
 That this is all remains of thee ?
 Approach, thou craven,²³ crouching slave !
 Say, is not this Thermopylæ ?
 Those waters blue that round you lave,
 O, servile offspring of the free ! —
 Pronounce what sea, what shore is this ? —
 The gulf, the rock of Salamis !
 These scenes — their story not unknown —
 Arise, and make again your own ;
 Snatch from the ashes of your sires
 The embers of their former fires,
 And he who 'n the strife expires

Will add to theirs a name of fear,
 That Tyranny shall quake to hear,
 And leave his sons a hope, a fame,
 They too will rather die than shame;
 For Freedom's battle once begun,
 Bequeathed by bleeding sire to son,
 Though baffled oft, is ever won.

7. THE BANYAN-TREE. — *Moore.*

They tell us of an Indian tree,
 Which, howsoever the sun and sky
 May tempt its boughs to wander free,
 And shoot and blossom wide and high,
 Far better loves to bend its arms
 Downward again to that dear earth,
 From which the life that fills and warms
 Its grateful being first had birth.
 'Tis thus, though wooed by flattering friends,
 And fed with fame, — if fame it be, —
 This heart, my own dear mother, tends,
 With love's true instinct, back to thee!

8. GAYETY. — *Cowper.*

Whom call we gay? that honor has been long
 The boast of mere pretenders to the name.
 The innocent are gay — the lark is gay,
 That dries his feathers, saturate with dew,
 Beneath the rosy cloud, while yet the beams
 Of day-spring overshoot his humble nest.
 The peasant, too, a witness of his song,
 Himself a songster, is as gay as he.
 But save me from the gayety of those
 Whose headaches nail them to a noon-day bed;
 And save me, too, from theirs whose haggard eyes
 Flash desperation, and betray their pangs
 For property stripped off by cruel chance; —
 From gayety, that fills the bones with pain,
 The mouth with blasphemy, the heart with woe.

CLXVII. — SHAKSPEARE'S POWER OF EXPRESSION.

1. To say that he was the greatest *man* that ever lived is to provoke a useless controversy, and comparisons that lead to nothing, between Shakspeare and Cæsar, Shakspeare and Charlemagne,^m Shakspeare and Cromwell;ⁿ to say that he was the greatest *intellect* that ever lived is to bring the shades of Aristotle, and Pläto, and Bacon, and Newton, and all your other

systematic thinkers, grumbling about us, with demands for a definition of intellect, which we are by no means in a position to give; nay, finally, to say that he is the greatest *poet* that the world has produced (a thing which we would certainly say, were we provoked to it) would be unnecessarily to hurt the feelings of Homer, and Soph'oclēs, and Dantē, and Milton. What we will say, then, and what we will challenge the world to gainsay, is that he was the greatest *expresser* that ever lived. This is glory enough, and it leaves the other question open.

2. Other men may have led, on the whole, greater and more impressive lives than he; other men, acting on their fellows through the same medium of speech that he used, may have expended a greater power of thought, and achieved a greater intellectual effect, in one consistent direction; other men, too (though this is very questionable), may have contrived to issue the matter which they did address to the world in more compact^{ss} and perfect artistic shapes. But no man that ever lived said such splendid extem'porē^{ss} things on all subjects universally; no man that ever lived had the faculty of pouring out on all occasions such a flood of the richest and deepest language. He may have had rivals in the art of imagining situations; he had no rival in the power of sending a gush of the appropriate intellectual effusion over the image and body of a situation once conceived.

3. From the jewelled ring on an alderman's finger to the most mountainous thought or deed of man or démon, nothing suggested itself that his speech could not envelop and enfold with ease. That excessive fluency which astonished^{ss} Ben Jonson when he listened to Shakspeare in person astonishes the world yet. Abundance, ease, redundancy,^{ss} a plenitude of word, sound, and im'age-ry, which, were the intellect at work only a little less magnificent, would sometimes end in sheer braggardism and bombast,^{ss} are the characteristics of Shakspeare's style. Nothing is suppressed, nothing omitted, nothing cancelled. On and on the poet flows, words, thoughts, and fancies, crowding on him as fast as he can write, all related to the matter on hand, and all poured forth together, to rise and fall on the waves of an established cadence.

4. Such lightness and ease in the manner, and such prodigious wealth and depth in the matter, are combined in no other writer. How the matter was first accumulated — what proportion of it was the acquired capital of former efforts, and what proportion of it welled up in the poet's mind during and in virtue of the very act of speech — it is impossible to say; but this, at least, may be affirmed without fear of contradiction, that there never was a mind in the world from which, when it was pricked by any occa-

mon whatever, there poured forth on the instant such a stream of precious substance intellectually related to it. By his powers of expression, in fact, Shakspeare has beggared all his posterity, and left mere practitioners of expression nothing possible to do.

5. There is, perhaps, not a thought, or feeling, or situation, really common and generic to human life, on which he has not exercised his prerogative; and wherever he has once been, woe to the man that comes after him! He has overgrown the whole system and face of things, like a universal ivy, which has left no wall uncovered, no pinnacle unclimbed, no chink unpenetrated. Since he lived, the concrete world has worn a richer surface. He found it great and beautiful, with stripes here and there of the rough old coat seen through the leafy labors of his predecessors; he left it clothed throughout with the wealth and autumnal luxuriance of his own unparalleled language.

QUARTERLY REVIEW.

CXLVIII.—MORAL AND RELIGIOUS ELOQUENCE.

1. RELIGION ESSENTIAL TO MORALITY. — Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism, who should labor to subvert these great pillars of human happiness, these firmest props of the duties of men and citizens. The mere politician, equally with the pious man, ought to respect and to cherish them. A volume could not trace all their connections with private and public felicity. Let it simply be asked, where is the security for property, for reputation, for life, if the sense of religious obligation desert the oaths which are the instruments of investigation in courts of justice? And let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principles. — *Geo. Washington.*

2. UNAPPRECIATED OBLIGATIONS. — We live in the midst of blessings till we are utterly insensible of their greatness, and of the source from whence they flow. We speak of our civilization, our arts, our freedom, our laws, and forget entirely how large a share is due to Christianity. Blot Christianity out of man's history, and what would his laws have been, what his civilization? Christianity is mixed up with our very being and our very life.

there is not a familiar object around us which does not wear a different aspect because the light of Christian love is upon it, not a law which does not owe its truth and gentleness to Christianity, not a custom which cannot be traced, in all its holy, beautiful parts, to the Gospel. — *Sir A. Park.*

3. THIS LIFE'S EXPERIENCES POINT TO ANOTHER. — O, my friends, if this winged and swift life be all our life, what a mournful taste have we had of a *possible* happiness! We have, as it were, from some cold and dark edge of a bright world, just looked in and been plucked away again! Have we come to experience pleasure by fits and glimpses, but intertwined with pain, burdensome labor, weariness, and indifference? Have we come to try the solace and joy of a warm, fearless, and confiding affection, to be then chilled or blighted by bitterness, by separation, by change of heart, or by the dread sunderer of loves — Death? Have we found the gladness and the strength of knowledge, when some rays of truth flashed in upon our souls, in the midst of error and uncertainty, or amidst continuous, necessitated, unconstructive avocations of the understanding; and is that all? Have we felt in fortunate hour the charm of the beautiful, that invests as with a mantle the visible creation, or have we found ourselves lifted above the earth by sudden apprehensions of sublimity, — have we had the consciousness of such feelings, which seemed to us as if they might themselves make up a life, — almost an angel's life, — and were they "instant come and instant gone"? Have we known the consolation of *doing right*, in the midst of much that we have done wrong, and was that also a coruscation of a transient sunshine? Have we lifted up our thoughts to see Him who is Love, Light, and Truth, and Bliss, to be in the next instant plunged into the darkness of annihilation? Have all these things been but flowers that we have pulled by the side of a hard and tedious way, and that, after gladdening us for a brief season with hue and color within our hands, and are like ourselves — nothing? — *Professor Wilson.*

4. JOY OF A GOOD CONSCIENCE. — The testimony of a good conscience will make the comforts of heaven descend upon man's weary head, like a refreshing dew or shower upon a parched land. It will give him lively earnestness and secret anticipations of approaching joy; it will bid his soul go out of the body undauntedly, and lift up his head with confidence before saints and angels. The comfort which it conveys is greater than the capacities of mortality can appreciate, mighty and unspeakable, and not to be understood till it is felt. — *South.*

5. OUTWARD AND INWARD RICHES. — In the presence of the great thought of immortality, how vain appears all undue rest-

lessness for a little or a great change in our outward earthly condition! How worse than idle all assumptions of the superior dignity of one mode of honorable toil to another! how worthless all differences of station, except so far as station may enable men to vindicate some everlasting principle, to exemplify some arduous duty, to grapple with some giant oppression, or to achieve the blessings of those who are ready to perish! How trivial, even as the pebbles and shells upon "this bank and shoal of time," seem all those immunities which can only be spared by fortune to be swept away by death, compared with those images and thoughts which, being reflected from the eternal, not only through the clear medium of Holy Writ, but, though more dimly, through all that is affecting in history, exquisite in art, suggestive in eloquence, profound in science, and divine in poetry, shall not only outlast all the chances and changes of this mortal life, but shall defy the chillness of the grave! Believe me, there is no path more open to the influences of heaven than the common path of daily duty. — *Talfourd*.

6. **DEBASING EFFECTS OF INFIDELITY.** — It requires but little reflection to perceive, that whatever veils a future world, and contracts the limits of existence within the present life, must tend in a proportionable degree to diminish the grandeur and narrow the sphere⁹⁹ of human agency. As well might you expect exalted sentiments of justice from a professed gamester, as look for noble principles in the man whose hopes and fears are all suspended on the present moment, and who stakes the whole happiness of his being on the events of this vain and fleeting life. If he be ever impelled to the performance of great achievements in a good cause, it must be solely by the hope of fame, a motive which, besides that it makes virtue the servant of opinion, usually grows weaker at the approach of death, and which, however it may surmount the love of existence in the field of battle, or in the moment of public observation, can seldom be expected to operate with much force on the retired duties of a private station. Combine the frequent and familiar perpetration of atrocious deeds with the dearth of great and generous actions, and you have the exact picture of that condition of society which completes the degradation of the species, — the frightful contrast of dwarfish virtues and gigantic vices, where everything good is mean and little, and everything evil is rank and luxuriant: a dead and sickening uniformity prevails, broken only at intervals by volcanic eruptions of anarchy and crime. — *Robt. Hall*.

7. **KNOWLEDGE AN ASSURANCE OF IMMORTALITY.** — Were the Eternal Being to slacken the course of a planet, or increase even the distance of the fixed stars, the decree would be soon known on

earth. Our ignorance is great, because so is our knowledge; for it is from the mightiness and vastness of what we do know that we imagine the illimitable unknown creation. And to whom has God made these revelations? To a worm, that the next moment is to be in darkness? To a piece of earth, momentarily raised into breathing? To a soul perishable as the telescope through which it looks into the gates of Heaven?

“O, star-eyed Science! hast thou wandered there
To waft us home the message of despair?”

No; there is no despair in the gracious light of heaven. As we travel through those orbs, we feel indeed that we have but little or no power, but we feel that we have mighty knowledge. We can create nothing, but we can dimly understand all. It belongs to God only to *create*, but it is given to man to know, and that knowledge is itself an assurance of immortality. — *Professor Wilson.*

8. DEMORALIZATION CONSEQUENT ON IRRELIGION. — Once let men thoroughly believe that secret crimes have no witness but the perpetrator; that human existence has no purpose, and human virtue no unfailing friend; that this brief life is everything to us, and that death is total, everlasting extinction; once let men *thoroughly* abandon religion, and who can conceive or describe the extent of the desolation which would follow! We hope, perhaps, that human laws and natural sympathy would hold society together. As reasonably might we believe that, were the sun quenched in the heavens, *our* torches would illuminate, and *our* fires quicken and fertilize, the creation! What is there in human nature to awaken respect and tenderness, if man be the unprotected insect of a day? And what is he more, if atheism be true? Erase all thought and fear of God from a community, and selfishness and sensuality would absorb the whole man. Appetite, knowing no restraint, and poverty and suffering, having no solace of hope, would trample in scorn on the restraints of human laws. Virtue, duty, principle, would be mocked and spurned as unmeaning sounds. A sordid self-interest would supplant every other feeling; and man would become, in fact, what the theory of atheism declares him to be—a companion for brutes. — *Channing.*

9. ON THE STUDY OF GOD'S WORKS. — The just relations of all created things to one another prove them to be the work of one Almighty Designer. The great globe may be considered as a *muséum*, furnished forth with the works of the Supreme Being; man being placed in the midst of it, as alone capable of comprehending and valuing it. And, if this be true, as cer-

tainly it is, what then becomes man's duty? Moralists and divines, with nature herself, testify that the purpose of so much beauty and perfection being made manifest to man is that he may study and celebrate the works of God. If we have no faith in the things which are seen, how should we believe those which are not seen? The man who takes no interest in the contemplation of the marvels of God's external universe resembles those animals which, wandering in the woods, are fattened with acorns, but never look upwards to the tree which affords them food, much less have they an idea of the beneficent Author of the tree and its fruit. Whoever shall regard with contempt the economy of the Creator here, is as truly impious as the man who takes no thought of the future. — *Linnaeus*.

10. THE MINISTRY OF THE BEAUTIFUL. — It is truly a most Christian exercise to extract a sentiment of piety from the works and the appearances of nature. It has the authority of the sacred writers upon its side, and even our Saviour himself gives it the weight and the solemnity of his example. "Behold the lilies of the field: they toil not, neither do they spin; yet your heavenly Father careth for them." He expatiates on the beauty of a single flower, and draws from it the delightful argument of confidence in God. He gives us to see that taste may be combined with piety, and that the same heart may be occupied with all that is serious in the contemplation of religion, and be at the same time alive to the charms and the loveliness of nature. — *Chalmers*.

11. THE MOST PRECIOUS POSSESSION. — I envy no quality of mind or intellect in others, be it genius, power, wit, or fancy; but, if I could choose what would be most delightful, and I believe most useful to me, I should prefer a firm religious belief to every other blessing; for it makes life a discipline of goodness; creates new hopes when all earthly hopes vanish; and throws over the decay, the destruction of existence, the most gorgeous of all lights; awakens life even in death, and from corruption and decay calls up beauty and divinity; makes an instrument of fortune, and shame the ladder of ascent to Paradise; and, far above all combinations of earthly hopes, calls up the most delightful visions of palms and amaranths,²¹ the gardens of the blest, the security of everlasting joys, where the sensualist and the sceptic²² view only gloom, decay, annihilation, and despair. — *Sir Humphrey Davy*.

12. REFLECTIONS IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY. — When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies in me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out; when I meet with the grief of parents upon a tomb-

stone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tomb of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow. When I see kings lying by those who deposed them, — when I consider rival^m wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes, — I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions, and debates, of mankind. When I read the several dates of the tombs, of some that died yesterday, and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together. — *Addison*.

13. THE EFFICACY OF PRAYER. — There are some who say, "What good to pray? God is too far above us to hear creatures so insignificant." And who has made these creatures so insignificant? Who but God has given them thought, sentiment, and the faculty of speech? And if He has been thus good towards them, was it to abandon them afterwards, and repel them far from Him? Verily, I say to you, whoever says in his heart that God despises his works, the same blasphemes God. There are others who say, "What good to pray to God? Does not God know better than we what we have need of?" Yes; God knows better than you what you have need of; and that is why He would have you ask it of Him; for God is himself your first need, and to pray to God is to begin to possess God. The father knoweth the wants of his son; must the son therefore never make a request of his father, nor thank him for his benefits? There sometimes passes over the land a wind which dries the plants, and then we see their withered stems droop towards the earth; but, moistened by the dew, they recover their freshness, and lift up their languishing heads. The world has its scorching winds which pass over the soul of man, and make it arid. Prayer is the dew which refreshes the soul. — *De Lammenais*.

14. DEATH. — O, death! dark hour to hopeless unbelief! hour to which, in that creed of despair, no hour shall succeed! being's last hour! to whose appalling darkness even the shadows of an avenging retribution were brightness and relief — death! — what art thou to the Christian's assurance? Great hour! answer to life's prayer; great hour that shall break asunder the bond of life's mystery; hour of release from life's burden; hour of reunion with the loved and lost, — what mighty hopes hasten to their fulfilment in thee! What longings, what aspirations, breathed in the still night, beneath the silent stars; what dread emotions of curiosity; what deep meditations of joy; what hallowed impossibilities shadowing forth realities to the soul, all verge to their consummation in thee! O, death! the Chris

tian's death! What art thou, but a gate of life, a portal of heaven, the threshold of eternity! — *Dewey*.

CXLIX. — ADAM AND ORLANDO.

Orlando. WHY, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have me go.

Adam. No matter whither, so you come not here.

Orl. What! wouldst thou have me go and beg my food?
Or, with a base and boisterous sword, enforce
A thievish living on the common road!
This I must do, or know not what to do:
Yet this I will not do, do how I can;
I rather will subject me to the malice
Of a diverted blood, and bloody brother.

Adam. But do not so; I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I saved under your father,
Which I did store, to be my foster-nurse,
When service should in my old limbs lie lame,
And unregarded age in corners thrown;
Take that; and He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;
All this I give you: let me be your servant;
Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty:
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly: let me go with you;
I'll do the service of a younger man
In all your business and necessities.

Orl. O, good old man! how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed!
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat, but for promotion;
And having that, do choke their service up
Even with the having: it is not so with thee.
But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossom yield,
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry:
But come thy ways, we'll go along together;
And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
We'll light upon some settled low content.

Adam. Master, go on, and I will follow thee,
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.
From seventeen years till now almost fourscore
Here lived I, but now live here no more.

At seventeen years many their fortunes seek ;
 But at fourscore, it is too late a week :
 Yet fortune cannot recompense me better
 Than to die well, and not my master's debtor.

SHAKESPEARE.

CL. — A SISTER PLEADS FOR A BROTHER'S LIFE.

Isabella. I AM a woful suitor to your honor,
 Please but your honor hear me.

Angelo. Well ; what 's your suit ?

Isab. There is a vice, that most I do abhor,
 And most desire should meet the blow of justice ;
 For which I would not plead, but that I must ;
 For which I must not plead, but that I am
 At war 'twixt will and will not.

Ang. Well ; the matter ?

Isab. I have a brother is condemned to die :
 I do beseech you, let it be his fault,¹²
 And not my brother.

Ang. Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it !
 Why, every fault 's condemned, ere it be done :
 Mine were the very cipher of a function,
 To fine the faults, whose fine stands in record,¹³
 And let go by the actor.

Isab. O just, but severe law !
 Must he needs die ?

Ang. Maiden, no remedy.

Isab. Yes ; I do think that you might pardon him,
 And neither Heaven nor man grieve at the mercy.

Ang. I will not do 't.

Isab. But can you, if you would ?

Ang. Look ! what I will not, that I cannot do.

Isab. But might you do 't, and do the world no wrong
 If so your heart were touched with that remorse
 As mine is to him !

Ang. He 's sentenced ; 't is too late.

Isab. Too late ! why, no ; I, that do speak a word,
 May call it back again. Well, believe this :
 No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,¹⁴
 Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
 The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
 Become them with one-half so good a grace
 As mercy does. If he had been as you,
 And you as he, you would have slipt like him ;
 But he, like you, would not have been so stern.

Ang. Pray you, begone.

Isab. I would to Heaven I had your pōtency,
 And you were Isabe ! should it then be thus !

No! I would tell 'what 't were to be a judge,
And what a prisoner.

Ang. Your brother is a forfeit of the law,
And you but waste your words.

Isab. Alas! alas!

Why, all the souls that were were forfeit once;
And He that might the 'vantage best have took
Found out the remedy! How would you be,
If He, which is the top of judgment, should
But judge you as you are? O, think on that,
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made.

Ang. Be you content, fair maid;
It is the law, not I, condemns your brother:
Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,
It should be thus with him; — he must die to-morrow.

Isab. To-morrow! O, that 's sudden! Spare him, spare him.
He 's not prepared for death! Even for our kitchens
We kill the fowl of season: shall we serve Heaven
With less respect than we do minister
To our gross selves! Good, good, my lord, bethink you:
Who is it that hath died for this offence?
There 's many have committed it.

Ang. The law hath not been dead, though it hath slept:
Those many had not dared to do that evil,
If the first man that did the edict infringe
Had answered for his deed: now, 't is awake;
Takes note of what is done; and, like a prophet,
Looks in a glass,^m that shows what future evils
(Either now, or by remissness new-conceived,
And so in progress to be hatched and born),
Are now to have no successive^m degrees,
But, where they live, to end.

Isab. Yet show some pity!

Ang. I show it most of all when I show justice;
For then I pity those I do not know,
Which a dismissed offence would after gall;
And do him right, that, answering one foul wrong,
Lives not to act another. Be satisfied:
Your brother dies to-morrow; be content.

Isab. So you must be the first that gives this sentence, --
And he, that suffers! O, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant. — Could great men thunder
As Jove^m himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,
For every pelting,^m petty officer
Would use his heaven for thunder; nothing but thunder.
Merciful Heaven!

Thou rather, with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt,
Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak,
Than the soft myrtle: — But man, proud man:

Drest in a little brief authority,
 Most ignorant of what he's most assured, —
 His glassy essence, — like an angry ape,
 Plays such fantastic tricks before high Heaven
 As make the angels weep.
 We cannot weigh our brother with ourself:
 Great men may jest with saints: 't is wit in them.
 But, in the less, foul profanation.
 That in the captain's but a choleric word,
 Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

Ang. Why do you put these sayings upon me?

Isab. Because authority, though it err like others,
 Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself.

Go to your bosom:

Knock there, and ask your heart what it doth know
 That's like my brother's fault; if it confess
 A natural guiltiness, such as is his,
 Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue
 Against my brother's life.

Ang. [*Aside.*] She speaks, and 't is
 Such sense, my sense breeds with it. [*To her.*] Fare you well

Isab. Gentle, my lord, turn back.

Ang. I will bethink me. — Come again to-morrow.

Isab. Hark, how I'll bribe you! Good, my lord, turn back

Ang. How! bribe me?

Isab. Ay, with such gifts that heaven shall share with you.
 Not with fond shékels of the tested gold,
 Or stones, whose rates are either rich or poor,
 As fancy values them: but with true prayers,
 That shall be up at heaven, and enter there,
 Ere sunrise; prayers from preserv'd souls,
 From fasting maids, whose minds are dedicate
 To nothing temporal.

Ang. Well; come to me
 To-morrow.

Isab. Heaven keep your honor safe!

Ang. Amen.

SHAKESPEARE.

CLI. — THE MIND ITS OWN EDUCATOR.

1. KNOWLEDGE and virtue, or, in other words, intellectual and moral improvement, are mainly the mind's own work. The ordinary processes of direct instruction are, at best, but means, facilities, and aids, — of immense importance, it is true, but which presuppose in the mind to which they are applied an active, self-moving coöperation. None can carry us up the hill of learning. It must be done, if done, by the strain upon our own sinews by the wrenching of our own muscles, by the indomi-

table resolution of our own wills. Without this effort on our parts, all the means of instruction which this and all other ages have devised are vain, worse than vain.

2. There is a vague notion widely prevalent that schools and ampler seminaries are able, by a power inherent in themselves, to fill the mind with learning; or that it is to be received inertly, like the influences of the atmosphere, by a mere residence at the places of instruction. But this is a sad mistake. Something, in this way, doubtless, may be effected. Something may be thus insensibly imbibed. A young person cannot pass his time, for years, in scenes like these, without catching something from the inspiration of the place. Intercourse, conversation, sympathy with his companions, will, without much voluntary effort on his part, convey some information, and mould, in some degree, the habits of his mind. But this, admitting it in its full extent, amounts to but very little. It is, moreover, too vague to be of any practical value.

3. The truth, after all, is, that the most elaborate and manifold apparatus of instruction can impart nothing of importance to the passive and inert mind. It is almost as unavailing as the warmth and light of the sun, and all the sweet influences of the heavens, shed upon the desert sands. "The schoolmaster," we are told by one, who, be it observed, is himself a prodigy of self-education, "the schoolmaster is abroad." The word has been caught up by the nations as prophetic of mighty changes. But the schoolmaster is abroad to little purpose, unless his pupils stand ready in their places to receive him with open and active minds, and to labor with him for their own benefit.

4. If all the means of education which are scattered over the world, and if all the philosophers and teachers of ancient and modern times, were to be collected together, and made to bring their combined efforts to bear upon an individual, all they could do would be to afford the *opportunity* of improvement. They could not give him a single valuable thought independently of his own exertion. All that could be accomplished must still be done within the little compass of his own mind; and they could not approach this by a hair's breadth nearer than access was made for them by his own coöperation. Nothing short of a miracle can teach a man anything independently of this. All that he learns is effected by self-discipline, and self-discipline is the mind's own work. We all are, under God, intellectually, the makers of ourselves.

5. Virtue, religion, as well as knowledge, must also be mainly the mind's own work. Here, too, external means are useless, without the earnest coöperation of the individual. The usual

means of religious improvement, public religious instruction, public worship, the solemn and tender rites of our religion, seasons of abstraction from ordinary cares for self-intercourse, and for communion of the soul with God, are valuable, most valuable, — valuable very far beyond the common estimate that is made of them, — so valuable, that they are the principal head-springs of public morals, and possess a preventive and sanative influence over public sentiment, which is more effective in preserving good order, good institutions, civil rights, and private welfare, than any other influences which are brought to bear upon the community.

6. But how and why are they thus valuable? Simply and only as means and aids of personal exertion; simply and only by being brought into contact with the minds and hearts of men. Unless this is done, religious meetings and services and rites are a mockery. Worse, even, than this; they are a perversion of those overtures of mercy, and those means of improvement, which a gracious God has vouchsafed, to raise us from a mere earthly life, and make us partakers of a divine nature. What is prayer to him who does not pray? What is religious instruction to the vain, the frivolous, the indifferent, the preoccupied and fore-closed mind? What is the keeping of holy time to him, who, while he is ostensibly present at places of social worship, has yet left his thoughts and affections behind, to hold companionship with his business or his pleasures? Alas! nothing. It is but as the vain oblations, the pageantry, and sacrifices of a darker age, without the excuse of ignorance to be pleaded in palliation. Under God, and by those spiritual aids which are ever vouchsafed in exact proportion to our endeavors to obtain them (how gracious and glorious is this truth!), we are morally and religiously, as well as intellectually, the makers of ourselves.

FROM THE FRENCH OF DEGERANDO

CLII. — FULTON'S FIRST STEAMBOAT.

1. It was in reference to the astonishing impulse given to mechanical pursuits, that Dr. Darwin, more than forty years ago, broke out in strains equally remarkable for their poetical enthusiasm and prophetic truth, and predicted the future triumph of the steam-engine:

“Soon shall thy arm, unconquered steam, afar
Drag the slow barge, or drive the rapid car;

Or on wide waving wing expanded bear
The flying chariot through the fields of air, —
Fair crews triumphant, leaning from above,
Shall wave their fluttering kerchiefs as they move,
Or warrior bands alarm the gaping crowd,
And armies shrink beneath the shadowy cloud."

2. What would he have said, if he had but lived to witness the immortal invention of Fulton,² which seems almost to move in the air, and to fly on the wings of the wind? And yet how slowly did this enterprise obtain the public favor! I myself have heard the illustrious inventor relate, in an animated and affecting manner, the history of his labors and discouragements. When, said he, I was building my first steamboat at New York, the project was viewed by the public either with indifference or with contempt, as a visionary scheme. My friends, indeed, were civil, but they were shy. They listened with patience to my explanations, but with a settled cast of incredulity on their countenances. I felt the full force of the lamentation of the poet,

"Truths would you teach, to save a sinking land,
All shun, none aid you, and few understand."

3. As I had occasion to pass daily to and from the building-yard, while my boat was in progress, I have often loitered unknown near the idle groups of strangers, gathering in little circles, and heard various inquiries as to the object of this new vehicle. The language was uniformly that of scorn, or sneer, or ridicule. The loud laugh often rose at my expense; the dry jest; the wise calculation of losses and expenditures; the dull but endless repetition of "the Fulton Folly." Never did a single encouraging remark, a bright hope, or a warm wish, cross my path. Silence itself was but politeness veiling its doubts, or hiding its reproaches.

4. At length the day arrived when the experiment was to be put into operation. To me it was a most trying and interesting occasion. I invited many friends to go on board to witness the first successful trip. Many of them did me the favor to attend, as a matter of personal respect; but it was manifest that they did it with reluctance, fearing to be the partners of my mortification, and not of my triumph. I was well aware that, in my case, there were many reasons to doubt of my own success. The machinery was new and ill made; many parts of it were constructed by mechanics unaccustomed to such work; and unexpected difficulties might reasonably be presumed to present themselves from other causes. The moment arrived in which the word was to be given for the vessel to move. My friends were

in groups on the deck. There was anxiety mixed with fear among them. They were silent, and sad, and weary. I read in their looks nothing but disaster, and almost repented of my efforts.

5. The signal was given, and the boat moved on a short distance, and then stopped, and became immovable. To the silence of the preceding moment now succeeded murmurs of discontent, and agitations, and whispers, and shrugs. I could hear distinctly repeated, "I told you it would be so. It is a foolish scheme. I wish we were well out of it." I elevated myself upon a platform, and addressed the assembly. I stated that I knew not what was the matter; but, if they would be quiet and indulge me for a half-hour, I would either go on or abandon the voyage for that time. This short respite was conceded without objection. I went below, examined the machinery, and discovered that the cause was a slight mal-adjustment of some of the work. In a short period it was obviated.

6. The boat was again put in motion. She continued to move on. All were still incredulous. None seemed willing to trust the evidence of their own senses. We left the fair city of New York; we passed through the romantic and ever-varying scenery of the Highlands; we descried the clustering houses of Albany; we reached its shores; and then, even then, when all seemed achieved, I was the victim of disappointment. Imagination superseded the influence of fact. It was then doubted if it could be done again; or, if done, it was doubted if it could be made of any great value.

7. Such was the history of the first experiment, as it fell, not in the very language which I have used, but in its substance, from the lips of the inventor. He did not live, indeed, to enjoy the full glory of his invention. It is mournful to say that attempts were made to rob him, in the first place, of the merits of his invention, and next of its fruits. He fell a victim to his efforts to sustain his title to both.

JUDGE STORY.

CLIII. — THE PASSAGE OF THE BERESINA.²²

1. On the twenty-fifth of November, 1812, the whole French army under Napoleon, reduced now to about twenty-eight thousand fighting men, and forty thousand stragglers, still encumbered with a quantity of baggage, were assembled on the banks of the Beresina, which they had to cross. The passage of this river was one of the most disastrous points in the retreat. The

bridge of Bori'zof had been destroyed ; a Russian army occupied the opposite bank of the river, and the passage appeared impracticable. So desperate seemed the state of affairs, that Murat^m advised Napoleon to leave the army to its fate, and make his own way to Paris. Napoleon, however, refused to listen to such a proposal, and occupied himself for two days in making such preparations as should enable him to cross the river, and at the same time deceive the enemy as to the exact spot at which he intended to cross it.

2. "What a frightful picture," says Labaume,^m "did such a multitude of men present ! Our soldiers, pale, emaciated, dying with hunger and cold, having nothing to defend them from the inclemency of the season but tattered pelisses,^m and half-burnt sheep-skins, and muttering the most mournful lamentations, crowded the banks of this fatal river. Germans, Poles, Italians, Spaniards, Cro'äts, Portuguese, and French, were all mingled together, disputing and quarrelling with one another in their different languages ; finally, the officers, and even the generals, wrapped in pelisses covered with dirt and filth, mingling with the soldiers, and abusing those who pressed upon them, or braved their authority, formed a scene of strange confusion, of which no painter could trace the faintest resemblance."

3. The passage of the river commenced on the twenty-seventh, two wooden bridges having been by that time hastily constructed. A considerable part of the army crossed safely during the forenoon and afternoon of that day ; among the rest, Napoleon, with a division of about six thousand men, whom he marched immediately to Zembir, leaving the remainder to follow. Unfortunately, many of the stragglers preferred remaining on the left bank till the morning of the twenty-eighth, lōth to quit the fires which they had kindled. The delay proved calamitous. The Russian armies in pursuit had come up before daylight ; and, in order to afford time for the stragglers and baggage to cross, the soldiers who remained on the left side had to interpose themselves between them and the Russians. A terrible carnage ensued : one whole division of the French was obliged to surrender, and the rest were exposed to an incessant fire.

4. Meanwhile the crowd was crushing along both bridges in the wildest confusion, — men, women, children, horses, baggage, — all struggling to be first. A heavy snow was falling ; the weather was bitterly cold ; large pieces of ice were floating down the river, and dashing against the frail wood-work ; and the Russian bullets and cannon-balls were sweeping overhead. The scene became every moment more horrible. Here might be seen strong men, brutal in their selfishness, driving carriages through

the crowd, crushing to death those who stood in their way ; there, poor weak wretches, sitting composedly on the bank, gazing at the water ; and further on, persons who had been thrown off the bridge into the water, trying to climb up again, or grasping, in their agony, floating fragments of ice. One of the bridges at length broke down. The crowd still pushing on from behind, scores were thrown into the water, and carried down by the stream. The rest rushed pell-mell to the other bridge.

5. Nothing now was to be heard but groans, curses, and screams, from victims trampled to death under the feet of their companions. So it continued during the whole night of the twenty-eighth, the Russian artillery never slackening their murderous fire. When morning dawned, many thousands still remained waiting to cross. Before this time, however, the Russians had approached so near, that, to save those who had crossed it became necessary to burn the bridge. This was accordingly done at about half-past eight o'clock ; and all who had not passed were abandoned to the Russians. The fatal passage of the Beresina cost the army an immense number of its men ; about twenty thousand armed men, and thirty thousand stragglers, alone escaping to the other side.

6. The miseries of the fugitives, however, were not yet over. The dreadful winter, the want of food, the goading attacks of the Cossacks, who hovered on the skirt of the army, continued to thin the ranks of the wretched caravan, and to strew its route with corpses.⁶⁰ On the fifth of December the army reached Smorghoni, on the banks of the Wilna. Here Napoleon left it in a private manner, taking with him a small body-guard, and travelling as fast as possible, by means of sledges, in the direction of Poland and France. At his departure, the retreating army was left in the command of Murat, who was to conduct it homeward. No sooner, however, was it known that Napoleon had left the army to its fate, than there arose universal disorganization and anarchy.

Then came the mad retreat — the whirlwind snows
Sweeping around them merciless as man, —
The stiffening hand, the pulseless heart and eye,
The frozen standard and the palsied arm ;
The unfrequent watch-fires rising like red sparks
Amidst the illimitable snows ; the crowds
Of spectral myriads shuddering around them,
Frozen to statues ; scathed by the red flames
Or speared by howling savages ; until
Winter, less merciless than they, threw o'er them
Her winding sheet of snows, deep burying
Armies whose presence vanished like a dream !

7. "On the sixth of December, the very day after Napoleon's departure," says Ségur, "the sky exhibited a dreadful appearance. You might see icy particles floating in the air; the birds fell from it quite stiff and frozen. We flitted along in this empire of death like unhappy spirits. The dull and monotonous sound of our steps, the crackling of the snow, and the feeble groans of the dying, were the only interruptions to the vast and doleful silence. Such of our soldiers as had hitherto been the most persevering, here lost heart entirely. Whenever they stopped for a moment, from exhaustion, the winter, laying his heavy and icy hand upon them, was ready to seize upon his prey. Comrades would pass by their dying comrades without moving a step out of the way, for fear of prolonging their journey, or even turning their heads; for their beards and their hair were stiffened with ice, and every movement was a pain."

8. On the ninth of December the fugitives reached Wilna. From this place they pushed on in broken bands to Kowno, the last town on the Russian frontier. The greater number of them arrived here on the twelfth of December, and crossed the Niemen^m next day. Out of four hundred thousand men, in the prime of health and strength, who had crossed the Niemen on their advance into Russia, not more than twenty-five thousand now recrossed it on their return; and these with hollow eyes, and hunger-bitten faces, and covered with rags. Plunging into the forests of Russian Poland, these poor wretches made their way to their several homes as well as they could, pursued for miles by the remorseless Cossacks. Many perished by the sword and by famine; and, finally, only a mere handful reached France. Prince Eugene, after making every research to gather together the remains of his division, could muster only about eight hundred wounded, the miserable wreck of forty-eight thousand warriors.

9. Thus the grand army, which was to have subdued Russia, was annihilated, and its boastful chief a fugitive towards France. On the evening of the tenth of December, the sledges which bore Napoleon and a few attendants from the scene of danger reached Warsaw; and hence, wrapped in furs, after a brief stay, they pursued their way as secretly as possible through Germany and France to Paris. What a miserable contrast did this rapid and obscure journey present to that of the French emperor's advance, only a few months before! His sudden and unexpected appearance in Paris, on the nineteenth of December, caused general surprise; and it was only by concealing for a time the result of the campaign, and issuing false intelligence respecting the movements and state of the army, that he was able to prevent the discontent which was likely to arise.

10. From the most careful calculations that can be made, it would appear that upwards of six hundred and fifty thousand men, French and Russians, invaders and defenders, perished in this most disastrous campaign. All estimates of the loss of life, and also of property, must, however, fall short of the truth. Many thousands of Russians perished obscurely, murdered in defence of their homes; thousands died of fatigue, hunger, and other privations. Innumerable villages, towns, and cities, were sacked, burnt, and destroyed; and many years of dire suffering elapsed before the general distress was allayed, or the marks of disaster were obliterated. What outrages were committed during the progress of the war, what hearts were broken, what grief was endured for the loss of fathers, brothers, and other relatives, what tears were shed, must all be left to the imagination of the reader. Such is war!

FROM CHAMBERS AND OTHERS.

CLIV. — DUELLING.

1. If two boys, who disagreed about a game of marbles or a penny tart, should therefore walk out by the river side, quietly take off their clothes, and, when they had got into the water, each try to keep the other's head down until one of them was drowned, we should doubtless think that these two boys were mad. If, when the survivor returned to his schoolfellows, they patted him on the shoulder, told him he was a spirited fellow, and that if he had not tried the feat in the water they would never have played at marbles or any other game with him again, we should doubtless think that these boys were infected with a most revolting and disgusting depravity and ferociousness. We should instantly exert ourselves to correct their principles, and should feel assured that nothing could ever induce us to tolerate, much less to encourage, such abandoned conduct.

2. And yet we do both tolerate and encourage such depravity every day. Change the penny tart for some other trifle, instead of boys put men, and instead of a river a pistol, and we encourage it all. We virtually pat the survivor's shoulder, tell him he is a man of honor, and that if he had not shot at his acquaintance we would never have dined with him again. "Revolting and disgusting depravity" are at once excluded from our vocabulary. We substitute such phrases as "the course which a gentleman is obliged to pursue," "it was necessary to his honor," "one could not have associated with him if he had not fought." We are the schoolboys grown up; and by the absurdity, and more than

absurdity, of our phrases and actions, shooting or drowning (it matters not which) becomes the practice of the national school.

3. It is not a trifling question that a man puts to himself when he asks, What is the amount of *my* contribution to this detestable practice? It is by individual contributions to the public notions respecting it that the practice is kept up. Men do not fire at one another because they are fond of risking their own lives or other men's, but because public notions are such as they are. Nor do I think any deduction can be more manifestly just than that he who contributes to the misdirection of these notions is responsible for a share of the evil and the guilt.

4. When some offence has given probability to a duel, every man acts immorally who evinces any disposition to coolness with either party until he has resolved to fight; and if, eventually, one of them falls, he is a party to his destruction. Every word of unfriendliness, every look of indifference, is positive guilt; for it is such words and such looks that drive men to their pistols. It is the same after a victim has fallen. "I pity his family, but they have the consolation of knowing that he vindicated his honor," is equivalent to urging another and another to fight. Every heedless gossip who asks, "Have you heard of this affair of honor?" and every reporter of news who relates it as a proper and necessary procedure, participates in the general crime.

JONATHAN DYMOND.

CLV. — BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

1. HIS PREDOMINANT TRAITS.—His predominant passion seems to have been the love of the useful. The useful was to him the *summum bonum*,² the supremely fair, the sublime and beautiful, which it may not, perhaps, be extravagant to believe he was in quest of every week for half a century. No department was too plain or humble for him to occupy himself in for this purpose; and, in affairs of the most unambitious order, this was still systematically his object. Whether in the construction of chimneys or of constitutions, lecturing on the saving of candles or on the economy of national revenues, he was still intent on the same end; the question always being how to obtain the most of solid, tangible advantage, by the plainest and easiest means.

There has rarely been a mortal of high intelligence and flattering fame on whom the pomps of life were so powerless. On him were completely thrown away the oratorical and poetical heroics about glory, of which heroics it was enough that he easily

perceived the intention or effect to be, to explode all sober truth and substantial good, and to impel men, at the very best of the matter, through some career of vanity, but commonly through mischief, slaughter, and devastation, in mad pursuit of what amounts at last, if attained, to some certain quantity of noise, and empty show, and intoxicated transient elation. He was so far an admirable spirit for acting the Mentor^m to a young republic.

It will not be his fault if the citizens of America shall ever become so servile to European example as to think a multitude of supernumerary places, enormous salaries, and a privileged order, a necessary security or decoration of that political liberty which they enjoy in preëminence above every other nation on earth. In the letters of their patriarch and philosopher, they will be amply warned, by repeated and emphatic representations, of the desperate mischief of a political system in which the public resources shall be expended in a way to give the government both the interest and the means to corrupt the people. — *John Foster.*

2. HIS COLLOQUIAL POWERS. — His cheerfulness and his colloquial powers spread around him a perpetual spring. Of Franklin no one ever became tired. There was no ambition of eloquence, no effort to shine, in anything which came from him. There was nothing which made any demand either upon your allegiance or your admiration. His manner was as unaffected as infancy. It was nature's self. He talked like an old patriarch; and his plainness and simplicity put you at once at your ease, and gave you the full and free possession and use of all your faculties. His thoughts were of a character to shine by their own light, without any adventitious aid. They required only a medium of vision like his pure and simple style to exhibit, to the highest advantage, their native radiance and beauty. His cheerfulness was unremitting. It seemed to be as much the effect of the systematic and salutary exercise of the mind as of its superior organization.

His wit was of the first order. It did not show itself merely in occasional condescensions; but, without any effort or force on his part, it shed a constant stream of the purest light over the whole of his discourse. Whether in the company of commons or nobles, he was always the same plain man; always most perfectly at his ease, his faculties in full play, and the full orbit of his genius forever clear and unclouded. And then the stores of his mind were inexhaustible. He had commenced life with an attention so vigilant that nothing had escaped his observation, and a judgment so solid that every incident was turned to advantage. His

youth had not been wasted in idleness, nor overcast by intemperance. He had been all his life a close and deep reader, as well as thinker; and, by the force of his own powers, had wrought up the raw materials, which he had gathered from books, with such exquisite skill and felicity, that he had added a hundred-fold to their original value, and justly made them his own. — *Wm. Wirt*.

3. **TRIBUTES TO HIS MEMORY.** — Brave, benevolent, wonderful old man! Well did our Congress declare of him, in the resolutions adopted on his death, on motion of James Madison, that "his native genius was not more an ornament to human nature, than his various exertions of it have been precious to science, to freedom, and to his country." Well, too, was it said by that matchless French orator, Mirabeau, in announcing the event to the National Assembly of France, which went into mourning on the occasion, that "antiquity would have raised altars to this mighty genius, who, to the advantage of mankind, compassing in his mind the heavens and the earth, was able to restrain alike thunderbolts and tyrants." — *R. C. Winthrop*.

CLVI. — A STORM ON THE MOUNTAINS.

1. The sky is changed! — and such a change! O, night,
And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong;
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman! far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
Leaps the live thunder! not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!
2. And this is in the night: — Most glorious night!
Thou wert not sent for slumber! let me be
A sharer in thy fierce and far delight, —
A portion of the tempest and of thee!
How the lit lake shines, a phosphoric sea,
And the big rain comes dancing to the earth!
And now again 't is black, — and now, the glee
Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain-mirth
As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth.
3. The morn is up again, the dewy morn,
With breath all incense, and with cheek all bloom,
Laughing the clouds away with playful scorn,
And living as if earth contained no tomb, —

Are glowing into day : we may resume
 The march of our existence : and thus I,
 Still on thy shores, fair Leman ! may find room
 And food for meditation, nor pass by
 Much that may give us pause, if pondered fittingly.

BYRON.

CLVII. — A WISHED-FOR RETREAT.

1. GIVE me, O, indulgent Fate,
 Give me, yet before I die,
 A sweet but absolute retreat, —
 'Mong paths so lost, and trees so high,
 That the world may ne'er invade,
 Through such windings and such shade,
 My unshaken liberty !
2. No intruders thither come,
 Who visit but to be from home, —
 None who their vain moments pass,
 Only studious of their glass !
 Be no tidings thither brought !
 But, silent as a midnight thought,
 Where the world may ne'er invade,
 Be those windings and that shade !
3. Courteous Fate ! afford me there
 A table spread without my care
 With what the neighboring fields impart,
 Whose cleanliness be all its art. —
 Fruits, indeed (would Heaven bestow),
 All that did in Eden grow
 (All but the *forbidden* tree)
 Would be coveted by me ; —
 Grapes, with juice so crowded up,
 As breaking through their native cup ;
 Cherries, with the downy peach, —
 All within my easy reach !
 Whilst, creeping near the humble ground,
 Should the strawberry be found,
 Springing wheresoe'er I strayed,
 Through those windings and that shade !
4. Give me there (since Heaven has shown
 It was not good to be alone)
 A partner suited to my mind, —
 Solitary, pleased, and kind ; —
 Who, partially, may something see,
 Preferred to all the world, in me ;

Slighting, by my humble side,
 Fame and splendor, wealth and pride.
 Rage, and jealousy, and hate, —
 Transports of man's fallen state,
 When by Satan's wiles betrayed, —
 Fly those windings, and that shade !

5. Let me, then, indulgent Fate !
 Let me, still in my retreat,
 From all roving thoughts be freed,
 Or aims that may contention breed,
 Nor be my endeavors led
 By goods that perish with the dead !
 Fitly might the life of man
 Be, indeed, esteemed a span,
 If the present moment were
 Of delight his only share ;
 If no other joys he knew
 Than what round about him grew : —

6. But, — as those who stars would trace
 From a subterranean place,
 Through some engine lift their eyes
 To the outward glorious skies, —
 So the immortal spirit may,
 When descended to our clay,
 From a rightly governed frame,
 View the height from whence she came ;
 To her Paradise be caught,
 And things unutterable taught !

7. Give me, then, in that retreat, —
 Give me, O, indulgent Fate ! —
 For all pleasures left behind,
 Contemplations of the *mind*.
 Let the fair, the gay, the vain,
 Courtship and applause obtain ;
 Let the ambitious rule the earth ;
 Let the giddy fool have mirth ;
 Give the epicure his dish,
 Every one his several wish ;
 Whilst *my* transports I employ
 On that more extensive joy,
 When all Heaven shall be surveyed
 From those windings and that shade !

COUNTRESS OF WINCHELSEA.*

* This lady, whose maiden name was Anne Kingmill, died in 1720. She was the friend of Pope, who complimented her highly in some of his verses. Wordsworth says of her, that she is "one of the very few original observers of nature who appeared in an artificial age."

CLVIII. — JOHN LITTLEJOHN.

1. JOHN LITTLEJOHN was stanch and strong,
Upright and downright, scorning wrong ;
He gave good weight, and paid his way,
He thought for himself, and he said his say.
Whenever a rascal strove to pass,
Instead of silver, money of brass,
He took his hammer, and said, with a frown,
" The coin is spurious, nail it down."
2. John Littlejohn was firm and true,
You could not cheat him in " two and two ;"
When foolish arguers, might and main,
Darkened and twisted the clear and plain,
He saw through the mazes of their speech
The simple truth beyond their reach ;
And crushing their logic, said, with a frown,
" Your coin is spurious, nail it down."
3. John Littlejohn maintained the right,
Through storm and shine, in the world's despite ;
When fools or quacks desired his vote,
Dosed him with arguments, learned by rote,
Or by coaxing, threats, or promise, tried
To gain his support to the wrongful side,
" Nay, nay," said John, with an angry frown,
" Your coin is spurious, nail it down."
4. When told that kings had a right divine,
And that the people were herds of swine,
That nobles alone were fit to rule,
That the poor were unimproved by school,
That ceaseless toil was the proper fate
Of all but the wealthy and the great,
John shook his head, and said, with a frown,
" The coin is spurious, nail it down."
5. When told that events might justify
A false and crooked policy,
That a decent hope of future good
Might excuse departure from rectitude,
That a lie, if white, was a small offence,
To be forgiven by men of sense,
" Nay, nay," said John, with a sigh and frown,
" The coin is spurious, nail it down."

MACFAR.

CLIX. — POETRY OF THE SEASONS.

PART SECOND.

1. SUNRISE IN SUMMER. — *Thomson.*

But yonder comes the powerful king of day,
 Rejoicing in the east. The lessening cloud,
 The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow
 Illumed with fluid gold, his near approach
 Betoken glad. Lo! now apparent all,
 Aslant the dew-bright earth and colored air
 He looks in boundless majesty abroad,
 And sheds the shining day, that burnished plays
 On rocks, and hills, and towers, and wandering streams,
 High gleaming from afar! Prime cheerer Light!
 Of all material beings first and best!
 Efflux divine! Nature's resplendent robe!
 Without whose vesting beauty all were wrapt
 In unessential gloom; and thou, O Sun!
 Soul of surrounding worlds! in whom best seen
 Shines out thy Maker! May I sing of thee!

2. WELCOME OF THE BIRDS. — *Holmes.*

Now bursts the song from every leafy glade,
 The yielding season's bridal serenade;
 Now flash the wings returning Summer calls
 Through the deep arches of her forest halls.
 The crack-brained bobolink courts his crazy mate,
 Poised on a bulrush tipsy with his weight;
 Nay, in his cage the lone canary sings,
 Feels the soft air, and spreads his idle wings.

3. TO THE FLOWERS. — *Horace Smith.*

Day-stars! that ope your frownless eyes, to twinkle
 From rainbow galaxies of earth's creation,
 And dew-drops on her holy altars sprinkle
 As a libation!

Your voiceless lips, O flowers! are living preachers,
 Each cup a pulpit and each leaf a book,
 Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers
 From loneliest nook!

"Thou wast not, Solomon, in all thy glory
 Arrayed," the lilies cry, "in robes like ours!
 How vain your grandeur! Ah, how transitory
 Are human flowers!"

Ephém'eral⁼⁼ sages ! what instructors hoāry
 For such a world of thought could furnish scope ?
 Each fading cālyx⁼⁼ a memento⁼⁼ mōri,
 Yet fount of hope !

Pōst'humous⁼⁼ glories ! āngel-like collection !
 Upraised from seed or bulb interred in earth,
 Ye are to me a type of resurrection
 And second birth.

Were I, O God ! in churchless lands remaining,
 Far from all teachers and from all divines,
 My soul would find in flowers of Thy ordaining
 Priests, sermons, shrines !

4. SUMMER WIND. — *Bryant.*

It is a sultry day ; the sun has drunk
 The dew that lay upon the morning grass ;
 There is no rustling in the lofty elm
 That canopies my dwelling, and its shade
 Scarce cools me. All is silent, save the faint
 And interrupted murmur of the bee,
 Settling on the sick flowers, and then again
 Instantly on the wing. The plants around
 Feel the too potent fervors ; the tall maize
 Rolls up its long green leaves ; the clover droops
 Its tender foliage, and declines its blooms.
 But far in the fierce sunshine tower the hills,
 With all their growth of woods, silent and stern,
 As if the scorching heat and dazzling light
 Were but an element they loved. Bright clouds,
 Motionless pillars of the brazen heaven, —
 Their bases on the mountains, their white tops
 Shining in the far ðther, — fire the air
 With a reflected radiance, and make turn
 The gazer's eye away. For me, I lie
 Languidly in the shade, where the thick turf,
 Yet virgin from the kisses of the sun,
 Retains some freshness, and I woo the wind
 That still delays its coming.

CLX. — PROGRESS OF CIVILIZATION.

I. Of the blessings which civilization and philosophy bring with them, a large proportion is common to all ranks, and would, if withdrawn, be missed as painfully by the laborer as by the peer. The market-place, which the rustic can now reach with

his cart in an hour, was, a hundred and sixty years ago, a day's journey from him. The street, which now affords to the ar'tisan, during the whole night, a secure, a convenient, and a brilliantly-lighted walk, was, a hundred and sixty years ago, so dark after sunset that he would not have been able to see his hand, so ill paved that he would have run constant risk of breaking his neck, and so ill watched that he would have been in imminent danger of being knocked down and plundered of his small earnings. Every bricklayer who falls from a scaffold, every sweeper of a crossing who is run over by a carriage, now may have his wounds dressed and his limbs set with a skill such as, a hundred and sixty years ago, all the wealth of a great lord like Ormond, or of a merchant prince like Clayton, could not have purchased.

2. Some frightful diseases have been extirpated by science, and some have been banished by police. The term of human life has been lengthened over the whole kingdom, and especially in the towns. The year 1685 was not accounted sickly; yet in the year 1685 more than one in twenty-three of the inhabitants of the capital died. At present only one inhabitant of the capital in forty dies annually. The difference in salubrity between the London of the nineteenth century and the London of the seventeenth century is very far greater than the difference between London in an ordinary season and London in the cholera.

3. Still more important is the benefit which all orders of society, and especially the lower orders, have derived from the mollifying influence of civilization on the national character. The ground-work of that character has indeed been the same through many generations, in the sense in which the ground-work of the character of an individual may be said to be the same when he is a rude and thoughtless schoolboy and when he is a refined and accomplished man. It is pleasing to reflect that the public mind of England has softened while it has ripened, and that we have, in the course of ages, become, not only a wiser, but also a kinder people. There is scarcely a page of the history or lighter literature of the seventeenth century which does not contain some proof that our ancestors were less humane than their posterity.

4. The discipline of work-shops, of schools, of private families, though not more efficient than at present, was infinitely harsher. Masters, well born and bred, were in the habit of beating their servants. Pedagogues^m knew no way of imparting knowledge but by beating their pupils. Husbands of decent station were not ashamed to beat their wives. The implacability of hostile factions was such as we can scarcely conceive. As little mercy was shown by the populace to sufferers of a

humbler rank. If an offender was put into the pillory,^m it was well if he escaped with life from the shower of brick-bats and paving-stones. If he was tied to the cart's tail, the crowd pressed round him, imploring the hangman to give it the fellow well, and make him howl.

5. Gentlemen arranged parties of pleasure to Bridewell^m on court days, for the purpose of seeing the wretched women who beat hemp there whipped. A man pressed to death for refusing to plead, a woman burned for coining, excited less sympathy than is now felt for a galled horse or an over-driven ox. Fights compared with which a boxing-match is a refined and humane spectacle were among the favorite diversions of a large part of the town. Multitudes assembled to see gladiators^m hack each other to pieces with deadly weapons, and shouted with delight when one of the combatants lost a finger or an eye.

6. The prisons were hells on earth, seminaries of every crime and of every disease. At the assizes,^m the lean and yellow culprits brought with them from their cells to the dock^m an atmosphere of stench and pestilence which sometimes avenged them signally on bench, bar, and jury. But on all this misery society looked with profound indifference. Nowhere could be found that sensitive and restless compassion which, in our time, pries into the stores and water-casks of every emigrant ship, which winces at every lash laid on the back of a drunken soldier, which will not suffer the thief in the hulks^m to be ill fed or over-worked, and which has repeatedly endeavored to save the life even of the murderer.

7. It is true that compassion ought, like all other feelings, to be under the government of reason, and has, for want of such government, produced some ridiculous and some deplorable effects. But, the more we study the annals of the past, the more shall we rejoice that we live in a merciful age, in an age in which cruelty is abhorred, and in which pain, even when deserved, is inflicted reluctantly and from a sense of duty. Every class, doubtless, has gained largely by this great moral change; but the class which has gained most is the poorest, the most dependent, and the most defenceless.

MACAULAY.

CLXI. — GIL^m BLAS AND THE ARCHBISHOP.

Archbishop. WHAT is your business with me, my friend?

Gil Blas. I am the young man who was recommended to you by your nephew,^m Don Fernando.

Arch. O! you are the person of whom he spoke so handsomely. I retain you in my service; I regard you as an acquisition. Your education, it would seem, has not been neglected; you know enough of Greek and Latin for my purpose, and your handwriting suits me. I am obliged to my nephew for sending me so clever a young fellow. So good a copyist must be also a grammarian. Tell me, did you find nothing in the sermon you transcribed for me which shocked your taste?—no little negligence of style, or impropriety of diction?

Gil B. O, sir! I am not qualified to play the critic; and if I were, I am persuaded that your Grace's compositions would defy censure.

Arch. Ahem! well, I do flatter myself that not many flaws could be picked in them. But, my young friend, tell me what passages struck you most forcibly.

Gil B. If, where all was excellent, any passages more particularly moved me, they were those personifying hope, and describing the good man's death.

Arch. You show an accurate taste and delicate appreciation. I see your judgment may be relied upon. Give yourself no inquietude, Gil Blas, in regard to your advancement in life. I will take care of that. I have an affection for you, and, to prove it, I will now make you my confidant. Yes, my young friend, I will make you the depositary of my most secret thoughts. Listen to what I have to say. I am fond of preaching, and my sermons are not without effect upon my hearers. The conversions of which I am the humble instrument ought to content me. But,—shall I confess my weakness?—my reputation as a finished orator is what gratifies me most. My productions are celebrated as at once vigorous and elegant. But I would, of all things, avoid the mistake of those authors who do not know when to stop—I would produce nothing beneath my reputation; I would retire seasonably, ere that is impaired. And so, my dear Gil Blas, one thing I exact of your zeal, which is, that when you shall find that my pen begins to flag and to give signs of old age in the owner, you shall not hesitate to apprise me of the fact. Do not be afraid that I shall take it unkindly. I cannot trust my own judgment on this point; self-love may mislead me. A disinterested understanding is what I require for my guidance. I make choice of yours, and mean to abide by your decision.

Gil B. Thank Heaven, sir, the period is likely to be far distant when any such hint shall be needed. Besides, a genius like yours will wear better than that of an inferior man; or, to speak more justly, your faculties are above the encroachments of

age. Instead of being weakened, they promise to be invigorated by time.

Arch. No flattery, my friend. I am well aware that I am liable to give way at any time, all at once. At my age, certain infirmities of the flesh are unavoidable, and they must needs affect the mental powers. I repeat it, Gil Blas, so soon as you shall perceive the slightest symptom of deterioration in my writings, give me fair warning. Do not shrink from being perfectly candid and sincere; for I shall receive such a monition as a token of your regard for me.

Gil B. In good faith, sir, I shall endeavor to merit your confidence.

Arch. Nay, your interests are bound up with your obedience in this respect; for if, unfortunately for you, I should hear in the city a whisper of a falling-off in my discourses, — an intimation that I ought to stop preaching, — I should hold you responsible, and consider myself exempted from all care for your fortunes. Such will be the result of your false discretion.

Gil B. Indeed, sir, I shall be vigilant to observe your wishes, and to detect any blemish in your writings.

Arch. And now tell me, Gil Blas, what does the world say of my last discourse? Think you it gave general satisfaction?

Gil B. Since you exact it of me in so pressing a manner to be frank —

Arch. Frank? O, certainly, by all means; speak out, my young friend.

Gil B. Your Grace's sermons never fail to be admired; but —

Arch. But — Well? Do not be afraid to let me know all.

Gil B. If I may venture the observation, it seemed to me that your last discourse did not have that effect upon your audience which your former efforts have had. Perhaps your Grace's recent illness —

Arch. What, what! Has it encountered, then, some Aristarchus? —

Gil B. No, sir, no. Such productions as yours are beyond criticism. Everybody was charmed with it; but — since you have demanded it of me to be frank and sincere — I take the liberty to remark that your last discourse did not seem to me altogether equal to your preceding. It lacked the strength — the — Do you not agree with me, sir?

Arch. Mr. Gil Blas, that discourse, then, is not to your taste?

Gil B. I did not say that, sir. I found it excellent — only a little inferior to your others.

Arch. So! Now I understand. I seem to you to be on the wane—eh? Out with it! You think it about time that I should retire?

Gil B. I should not have presumed, sir, to speak so freely, but for your express commands. I have simply rendered you obedience; and I humbly trust that you will not be offended at my hardihood.

Arch. Offended! O! not at all, Mr. Gil Blas. I utter no reproaches. I don't take it at all ill that you should speak your sentiments; it is your sentiment only that I find ill. I have been duped in supposing you to be a person of any intelligence—that is all.

Gil B. But, sir, if, in my zeal to serve you, I have erred in—

Arch. Say no more—say no more! You are yet too raw to discriminate. Know that I never composed a better sermon than that which has had the misfortune to lack your approbation. My faculties, thank Heaven, have lost nothing of their vigor. Hereafter I will make a better choice of an adviser. Go, tell my treasurer to count you out a hundred ducats, and may Heaven conduct you with that sum. Adieu, Mr. Gil Blas! I wish you all manner of prosperity—with a little more taste.

DRAMATIZED FROM LE SAGE

CLXII. — THE TRADE OF WAR.

Max. He is possessed by a commanding spirit,
And his, too, is the station of command,
And well for us it is so!

Well for the whole, if there be found a man¹⁰⁰
Stands fixed and stately, like a firm-built column,
Where all may press with joy and confidence.
Now, such a man is Wallenstein.

The oracle *within* him, that which *lives*,
He must invoke and question—not dead books,
Not ordinances, not mould-rotted papers.

Octavio. My son, of those old narrow ordinances
Let us not hold too lightly.

The way of ancient ordinance, though it *winds*,
Is yet no devious way. Straight forward goes
The lightning's path, and straight the fearful path
Of the cannon-ball. Direct it flies and rapid,
Shattering that it *may* reach, and shattering what it reaches
My son, the road the human being travels,
That on which blessing comes and goes, doth follow
The river's course, the valley's playful windings,

Curves round the cornfield and the hill of vines,
Honoring the holy bounds of property ;
And thus secure, though late, leads to its end.

Quiestenburg. O, hear your father, noble youth! hear him
Who is at once the hero and the man.

Oct. My son, the nurrling of the camp spoke in thee.

A war of fifteen years

Hath been thy education and thy school.

Peace hast thou never witnessed! There exists

A higher than the warrior's excellence.

In war itself war is no ultimate purpose.

The vast and sudden deeds of violence,

Adventures wild, and wonders of the moment,

These are not they, my son, that generate

The Calm, the Blissful, the enduring Mighty!

Lo there! the soldier, rapid architect,

Builds his light town of canvas, and at once

The whole scene moves and bustles momentarily

With arms and neighing steeds; and mirth and quarrel

The motley market fill; the roads, the streams,

Are crowded with new freights; trade stirs and hurries!

But on some morrow morn all suddenly

The tents drop down, the horde renews its march. —

Dreary and solitary as a church-yard

The meadow and down-trodden seed-plot lie,

And the year's harvest is gone utterly.

Max. O, let the emperor make peace, my father!

Most gladly would I give the blood-stained laurel

For the first violet of the leafless spring,

Plucked in those quiet fields where I have journeyed!

Oct. What ails thee? What so moves thee, all at once?

Max. Peace have I ne'er beheld! I have beheld it.

From thence am I come hither: O! that sight,

It glimmers still before me, like some landscape

Left in the distance, — some delicious landscape!

My road conducted me through countries where

The war has not yet reached. Life, life, my father —

My venerable father, life has charms

Which we have ne'er experienced. We have been

But voyaging along its barren coasts,

Like some poor ever-roaming horde of pirates,

That, crowded in the rank and narrow ship,

House on the wild sea with wild usages,

Nor know aught of the mainland, but the bays

Where safest they may venture a thieves' landing

Whate'er in the inland dales the land conceals

Of fair and exquisite, — O! nothing, nothing

Do we behold of that in our rude voyage.

Oct. And so your journey has revealed this to you?

Max. 'T was the first leisure of my life. O, tell me,

What is the meed and purpose of the toil.

The painful toil, which robbed me of my youth,
 Left me a heart unsouled and solitary,
 A spirit uninformed, unornamented !
 For the camp's stir, and crowd, and ceaseless lärum,
 The neighing war-horse, the air-shattering trumpet,
 The unvaried, still returning hour of duty,
 Word of command, and exercise of arms —
 There's nothing here, there's nothing in all this
 To satisfy the heart, the gasping heart !
 Mere bustling nothingness, where the soul is not —
 This cannot be the sole felicity,
 These cannot be man's best and only pleasures !

Oct. Much hast thou learnt, my son, in this short journey.

Mar. O ! day thrice lovely ! when at length the soldier
 Returns home into life ; when he becomes
 A fellow-man among his fellow-men.
 The colors are unfurled, the cavalcade
 Marshals, and now the buzz is hushed, and, hark !
 Now the soft peace-march beats, Home, brothers, home .
 The caps and helmets are all garlanded
 With green boughs, the last plundering of the fields
 The city gates fly open of themselves ;
 They need no longer the petard to tear them.
 The ramparts are all filled with men and women,
 With peaceful men and women, that send onwards
 Kisses and welcomings upon the air,
 Which they make breezy with affectionate gestures.
 From all the towers rings out the merry peal,
 The joyous vespers of a bloody day.
 O, happy man, O, fortunate ! for whom
 The well-known door, the faithful arms are open,
 The faithful tender arms with mute embracing !

SCHILLER, TRANSLATED BY COLERIDGE.

CLXIII. — THE VANITY AND GLORY OF LITERATURE.

1. PARADOXICAL^m as it may seem, the chief cause of the virtual oblivion of books is no longer their extinction, but the fond care with which they are preserved, and their immensely rapid multiplication. The press is more than a match for the moth and the worm, or the mouldering hand of time ; yet the great destroyer equally fulfils his commission, by burying books under the pyramid^m which is formed by their accumulation. It is a striking example of the im'potence with which man struggles against the destiny which awaits him and his works, that the very means he takes to insure immortality destroy it ; that the very activity of the press, of the instrument by which he seemed to have taken

pledges against time and fortune, is that which will make him the spoil of both. The books themselves may no longer die; but their spirit does: and they become like old men whose bodies have outlived their minds, — a spectacle more piteous than death itself.

2. It is really curious to look into the index of such learned writers as Jeremy Taylor, Cudworth, or Leibnitz,²¹ and to see the havoc which has been made on the memory of the greater part of the writers they cite, and who still exist, though no longer to be cited; of men who were *their* great contemporaries or immediate predecessors, and who are quoted by them just as Locke or Burke is quoted by us. Of scarcely one in ten of these grave authorities has the best-informed student of our day read ten pages. The very names of vast numbers have all but perished; at all events, have died out of familiar remembrance. Let the student, who flatters himself that he is not ill-informed, glance over the index of even such a work as Hallam's "History of European Literature," — designed only to record the more memorable names, — and ask himself of how many of the authors there mentioned he has read so much as even five pages. It will be enough to chastise all ordinary conceit of extensive attainments, and, perhaps, as effectually as anything, teach a man that truest kind of knowledge, the knowledge of his own ignorance.

3. But, without a gibe,²² the destiny of the honest writer, even though but moderately successful, and much more if long and widely popular, is surely glorious and enviable. It may be true that he is to die, — for we do not count the record of a name, when the works are no longer read, as anything better than an epitaph, and even that may vanish; yet to come into contact with other minds, even though for limited periods, — to move them by a silent influence, to coöperate in the construction of character, to mould the habits of thought, to promote the dominion of truth and virtue, to exercise a spell over those one has never seen and never can see, — in other climes, at the extremity of the globe, and when the hand that wrote it is still forever, — is surely a most wonderful and even awful prerogative. It comes nearer to the idea of the immediate influence of spirit on spirit than anything else with which this world presents us. It is of a purely moral nature; it is also silent as the dew, invisible as the wind!

4. We can adequately conceive of such an influence only by imagining ourselves, under the privilege of Gyges,²³ to gaze, invisible, on the solitary reader as he pores over a favorite author, and watch in his countenance, as in a mirror, the reflection of the page which holds him captive; now knitting his brow over a

difficult argument, and deriving at once discipline and knowledge by the effort; now relaxing into smiles at wit and humor; now dwelling with a glistening eye on tenderness and pathos; and, in either case, the subject of emotions which not only constitute the mood of the moment, but, in their measure, coöperate to the formation of those *habits* which issue in character and conduct; now yielding up some fond illusion to the force of truth, and anon betrayed into another by the force of sophistry; now rebuked for some vice or folly, and binding himself with renewed vows to the service of virtue; and now sympathizing with the too faithful delineation of vicious passions and depraved pleasures, and strengthening by one more rivet the dominion of evil over the soul!

5. Surely, to be able to wield such a power as this implies, in any degree and for limited periods, is a stupendous attribute; one which, if more deeply pondered, would frequently cause a writer to pause and tremble, as though his pen had been the rod of an enchanter. Happy those who have wielded it well, and who, "dying, leave no line they wish to blot." Happier, far happier such, in the prospect of speedy extinction, than those whose loftier genius promises immortality of fame, and whose abuse of it renders that immortality a curse. Melancholy, indeed, is the lot of all, whose high endowments have been worse than wasted; who have left to that world which they were born to bless only a legacy of shame and sorrow; whose vices and follies, unlike those of other men, are not permitted to die with them, but continue active for evil after the men themselves are dust.

6. It becomes every one who aspires to be a writer to remember this. The ill which other men do, for the most part, dies with them. Not, indeed, that this is literally true, even of the obscurest of the species. We are all but links in a vast chain which stretches from the dawn of time to the consummation of all things, and unconsciously receive and transmit a subtle influence. As we are, in a great measure, what our forefathers made us, so our posterity will be what we make them; and it is a thought which may well make us both proud and afraid of our destiny. But such truths, though universally applicable, are more worthy of being pondered by great authors than by any other class of men. These outlive their age; and their thoughts continue to operate immediately on the spirit of their race. How sad, to one who feels that he has abused his high trust, to know that he is to perpetuate his vices; that he has spoken a spell for evil, and cannot unsay it; that the poisoned shaft has left the bow, and cannot be recalled!

7 Even such authors, however, will reach the oblivion they

have desired, at last ; for this must be the ultimate doom (what ever might otherwise have been the case) of all who have set at defiance the maxims of decency, morality, and religion, however bright their genius, and however vast their powers. As the world grows older, and, we trust, better, — as it approximates to that state of religious and moral elevation which Christianity warrants us to anticipate, — many a production which a licentious age has pardoned for its genius will be thrown aside in spite of it. In that day, if genius rebelliously refuse, as it assuredly will not, — for the highest genius has not even hitherto refused, — to consecrate itself to goodness, the world will rather turn to the humblest productions which are instinct with virtue, than to the fairest works of genius when polluted by vice. In a word, the long idolatry of intellect which has enslaved the world will be broken ; and that world will perceive that, bright as genius may be, virtue is brighter still.

HENRY ROGERS.

CLXIV. — FROM MILTON'S "PARADISE LOST."

1. ON HIS BLINDNESS.

Thus with the year
Seasons return ; but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine ;
But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and, for the book of knowledge fair,
Presented with a universal blank
Of Nature's works, to me expunged and razed,
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.
So much the rather thou, celestial Light,
Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
Irradiate ; there plant eyes ; all mist from thence
Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight !

2. MARCH OF THE REBEL ANGELS.

All in a moment, through the gloom were seen
Ten thousand banners rise¹⁰⁸ into the air,
With orient colors waving ; with them rose
A forest huge of spears ; and thronging helms
Appeared, and serried shields in thick array
Of depth immeasurable : anon they move
In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood
Of flutes and soft recorders ;¹⁰⁹ such as raised

To height of noblest temper heroes old
 Arming to battle ; and instead of rage
 Deliberate valor breathed, firm and unmoved
 With dread of death to flight or foul retreat ;
 Not wanting power to mitigate and 'suage
 With solemn touches troubled thoughts, and chase
 Anguish, and doubt, and fear, and sorrow, and pain,
 From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they,
 Breathing united force, with fixed thought,
 Moved on in silence to soft pipes, that charmed
 Their painful steps o'er the burnt soil : and now
 Advanced in view they stand : a horrid front
 Of dreadful length and dazzling arms, in guise
 Of warriors old with ordered spear and shield,
 Awaiting what command their mighty chief
 Had to impose.

3. DESCRIPTION OF SATAN.

He, above the rest
 In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
 Stood like a tower ; his form had not yet lost
 All her original brightness, nor appeared
 Less than archangel ruined, and the excess
 Of glory obscured : as when the sun, new risen,
 Looks through the horizontal misty air
 Shorn of his beams, or from behind the moon,
 In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
 On half the nations, and with fear of change
 Perplexes monarchs ; darkened so, yet shone
 Above them all the archangel : but his face
 Deep scars of thunder had intrenched ; and care
 Sat on his faded cheek ; but under brows
 Of dauntless courage, and considerate pride,
 Waiting revenge.

4. SATAN'S APOSTROPHE^m TO THE SUN.

O, thou ! that, with surpassing glory crowned,
 Look'st from thy sole dominion like the God
 Of this new world ; at whose sight all the stars
 Hide their diminished heads ; to thee I call,
 But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,
 O, Sun ! to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
 That bring to my remembrance from what state
 I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere !
 Till pride, and, worse, ambition, threw me down,
 Warring in heaven against heaven's matchless King.

5. EVENING.

Now came still Evening on, and Twilight gray
 Had in her sober livery^m all things clad.

Silence accompanied : for beast and bird,
 They to their grassy couch, these to their nests,
 Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale :
 She all night long her amorous descant sung :
 Silence was pleased. Now glowed the firmament
 With living sapphires : Hesperus,²¹ that led
 The starry host, rode brightest ; till the moon,
 Rising in clouded majesty, at length
 Apparent queen, unveiled her peerless light,
 And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

6. HAPPINESS.

With thee conversing I forget all time,
 All seasons and their change : all please alike.
 Sweet is the breath of morn ; her rising sweet,
 With charm of earliest birds ; pleasant the sun
 When first on this delightful land he spreads
 His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
 Glistening with dew ; fragrant the fertile earth
 After soft showers ; and sweet the coming on
 Of grateful evening mild ; then, silent night,
 With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,
 And these the gems of heaven, her starry train.

7. EVE'S REGRETS ON QUITTING PARADISE.

Must I thus leave thee, Paradise ! thus leave
 Thee, native soil ! these happy walks and shades,
 Fit haunt of gods ! where I had hope to spend,
 Quiet, though sad, the respite of that day
 That must be mortal to us both ! O, flowers,
 That never will in other climate grow,
 My early visitation and my last
 At even, which I bred up with tender hand
 From the first opening bud, and gave ye names !
 Who now shall rear ye to the sun, or rank
 Your tribes, and water from the ambrosial fount !
 Thee, lastly, nuptial bower ! by me adorned
 With what to sight or smell was sweet ! from thee
 How shall I part, and whither wander down
 Into a lower world, to this obscure
 And wild ! How shall we breathe in other air
 Less pure, accustomed to immortal fruits !

CLXV. — QUARREL OF BRUTUS AND CASSIUS.

Cassius. THAT you have wronged me, doth appear in this
 You have condemned and noted Lucius Pella,
 For taking bribes here of the Sardians,

Wherein my letters (praying on his side
Because I knew the man) were slighted off.

Brutus. You wronged yourself, to write in such a case.

Cas. At such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear its comment.

Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemned to have an itching palm ;
To sell and mart your offices for gold,
To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm !
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last !

Bru. The name of Cassius honors this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide its head.

Cas. Chastisement !

Bru. Remember March, the ides^m of March remember !
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake ?
What villain touched his body, that did stab,
And not for justice ? — What ! shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world,
But for supporting robbers, — shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honors
For so much trash as may be graspèd thus ! —
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman !

Cas. Brutus, bay not me !
I'll not endure it. You forget yourself,
To hedge me in : I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

Bru. Go to !^m you 're not, Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more : I shall forget myself :
Have mind upon your health : tempt me no further !

Bru. Away, slight man !

Cas. Is 't possible !

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.

Must I give way and room to your rash choler !
Shall I be frightened when a madman stares !

Cas. Must I endure all this !

Bru. All this ! Ay, more ! Fret till your proud heart break
Go, show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge ?
Must I observe you ? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humor !
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you ; for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, — yea, for my laughter —
When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this!

Bru. You say you are a better soldier ;
Let it appear so ; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well. For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me every way ; you wrong me, Brutus ;
I said an elder soldier, not a better.

Did I say better ?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When Cæsar lived, he durst not thus have moved me

Bru. Peace, peace ! you durst not so have tempted him.

Cas. I durst not !

Bru. No.

Cas. What ! durst not tempt him !

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love.
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats ;
For I am armed as strong in honesty,
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me ; —
For I can raise no money by vile means :

I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas,^{as} than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
By any indirection. I did send

To you for gold to pay my legions ;
Which you denied me. Was that done like Cassius ?
Should I have answered Caius Cassius so !

When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces !

Cas. I denied you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not : he was but a fool
That brought my answer back. Brutus hath rived my heart
A friend should bear a friend's infirmities ;
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, till you practice them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.

Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come !
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius ;
For Cassius is a-weary of the world —
Hated by one he loves ; braved by his brother

Checked like a bondman ; all his faults observed,
 Set in a note-book, learned and conned by rote,
 To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
 My spirit from my eyes ! — There is my dagger,
 And here my naked breast ; within, a heart
 Dearer than Plutus⁷⁴¹ mine, richer than gold ;
 If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth :
 I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart.
 Strike as thou didst at Cæsar ; for I know,
 When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him better
 Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.

Bru. Sheathe your dagger :
 Be angry when you will, it shall have scope :
 Do what you will, dishonor shall be humor.
 O, Cassius, you are yokéd with a lamb,
 That carries anger as the flint bears fire ;
 Who, much enforcéd, shows a hasty spark,
 And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius lived
 To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
 When grief and blood ill-tempered vexeth him ?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-tempered too.

Cas. Do you confess so much ? Give me your hand

Bru. And my heart, too. —

Cas. O, Brutus !

Bru. What's the matter ?

Cas. Have you not love enough to bear with me,
 When that rash humor which my mother gave me
 Makes me forgetful ?

Bru. Yes, Cassius ; and, henceforth,
 When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
 He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

SHAKESPEARE.

CLXVI. — A PAPER OF TOBACCO.

In France, tobacco has long been a monopoly⁷⁴² — and a very productive one — in the hands of government. This fact should be borne in mind in reading the following satirical remarks by a French writer against the use of tobacco.

1. **THERE** is a family of poisonous plants, amongst which we may notice the henbane, the *datūra stramonium*, and the tobacco-plant. The tobacco-plant is perhaps a little less poisonous than the *datūra*, but it is more so than the henbane, which is a violent poison. Here is the tobacco-plant, as fine a plant as you can wish to see. It grows to the height of six feet ; and from the centre of a tuft of leaves, of a beautiful green, shoot out elegant and graceful clusters of pink flowers.

2. For a long while the tobacco-plant grew unknown and solitary in the wilds of America. The savages to whom we had given brandy gave us in exchange tobacco, with the smoke of which they used to intoxicate themselves on grand occasions. The intercourse between the two worlds began by this amiable interchange of poisons.

3. Those who first thought of putting tobacco-dust up their noses were first laughed at, and then persecuted more or less. James I. of England wrote against snuff-takers a book entitled *Miscapnos*.^m Some years later, Pope Urban VIII. excommunicatedⁿ all persons who took snuff in churches. The Empress Elizabeth thought it necessary to add something to the penalty of excommunication pronounced against those who used the black dust during divine service, and authorized the beadles^o to confiscate^p the snuff-boxes to their own use. Amurath IV. forbade the use of snuff, under pain of having the nose cut off.

4. No useful plant could have withstood such attacks. If before this invention a man had been found to say, "Let us seek the means of filling the coffers of the state by a voluntary tax; let us set about selling something which everybody will like to do without: in America there is a plant essentially poisonous; if from its leaves you extract an empyreumatic^q oil, a single drop of it will cause an animal to die in horrible convulsions: suppose we offer this plant for sale chopped up or reduced to a powder: we will sell it very dear, and tell people to stuff the powder up their noses——"

5. "That is to say," might a hearer remark, "I suppose you will force them to do so by law?"

6. "Not a bit of it; I spoke of a voluntary tax. As to the portion we chop up, we will tell them to inhale it, and swallow a little of the smoke from it besides."

7. "But it will kill them——"

8. "No; they will become rather pale, perhaps feel giddy, spit blood, and suffer from colics, or have pains in the chest; that's all. Besides, you know, although it has been often said that habit is second nature, people are not yet aware how completely man resembles the knife of which the blade first and then the handle had been changed two or three times. In man there is sometimes no nature left; nothing but habit remains. People will become like Mithridatēs,^r who had learnt to live on poisons.

9. "The first time that a man will smoke he will feel sickness, nausea, giddiness, and colics; but that will go off by degrees, and in time he will get so accustomed to it that he will only feel such symptoms now and then,—when he smokes tobacco that is particularly bad, or too strong, or when he is not well,

and in five or six other cases. Those who take it in powder will sneeze, have a disagreeable smell, lose the sense of smelling, and establish in their nose a sort of perpetual blister."

10. "Then, I suppose it smells very nice?"

11. "Quite the reverse. It has a very unpleasant smell; but, as I said, we'll sell it very dear, and reserve to ourselves the monop'oly of it."

12. "My good friend," one would have said to any one absurd enough to hold a similar language, "nobody will envy you the privilege of selling a weed that no one will care to buy. You might as well open a shop and write on it, Kicks sold here; or, Such-a-one sells blows, wholesale and retail. You would find as many customers as for your poisonous weed."

13. Well, who would have believed that the first speaker was right, and that the tobacco speculation would answer perfectly? The Kings of France have written no satires against snuff, have had no noses to cut off, no snuff-boxes confiscated. Far from it. They have sold tobacco, laid an im'pôt on noses, and given snuff-boxes, with their portraits on the lid and diamonds all round, to poets. This little trade has brought them in I don't know how many millions a year. The potato was far more difficult to popularize, and has still some adversaries.

FROM THE FRENCH OF ALPHONSE KARR.

CLXVII.—DIALOGUE BETWEEN FRANKLIN AND THE GOUT.

Franklin. Eh! O! eh! What have I done to merit these cruel sufferings?

Gout. Many things; you have ate and drunk too freely, and too much indulged those legs of yours in their indolence.

Franklin. What is it that accuses me?

Gout. It is I, even I, the gout.

Franklin. What! my enemy in person?

Gout. No, not your enemy.

Franklin. I repeat it,—my enemy: for you would not only torment my body to death, but ruin my good name. You reproach me as a glutton and tippler; now, all the world that knows me will allow that I am neither the one nor the other.

Gout. The world may think as it pleases: it is always very com'plaisant to itself, and sometimes to its friends; but I very well know that the quantity of meat and drink proper for a man who takes a reasonable degree of exercise would be too much for another, who never takes any.

Franklin. I take — Eh! O! — as much exercise — Eh! — as I can, Madam Gout. You know my sedentary state, and on that account, it would seem, Madam Gout, as if you might spare me a little, seeing it is not altogether my own fault.

Gout. Not a jot! your rhetoric and your politeness are thrown away; your apology avails nothing. If your situation in life is a sedentary one, your amusements, your recreations, at least, should be active. But let us examine your course of life. While the mornings are long, and you have leisure to go abroad, what do you? Why, instead of gaining an appetite for breakfast by salutary exercise, you amuse yourself with books, pamphlets, or newspapers; you eat an inordinate breakfast; immediately afterward you sit down to write at your desk, or converse on business. Thus the time passes till one, without any kind of bodily exercise. What is your practice after dinner? To be fixed down to chess, for two or three hours! What can be expected from such a course of living, but a body replete with stagnant humors, ready to fall a prey to all kinds of dangerous maladies, if I, the gout, did not occasionally bring you relief by agitating these humors, and so purifying or dissipating them? Fie, then, Mr. Franklin! But amidst my instructions I had almost forgot to administer my wholesome corrections: so take that twinge, — and that!

Franklin. O! eh! O! — O-o-o-o! As much instruction as you please, Madam Gout, and as many reproaches, but pray, madam, a truce with your corrections!

Gout. No, sir, no; I will not abate a particle of what is so much for your good, — therefore —

Franklin. O! eh-h-h! — It is not fair to say I take no exercise, when I do very often, going out to dine, and returning in my carriage.

Gout. That, of all imaginary exercise, is the most slight and insignificant, if you allude to the motion of a carriage suspended on springs. By observing the degree of heat obtained by different kinds of motion, we may form an estimate of the quantity of exercise given by each. Thus, for example, if you turn out to walk in winter with cold feet, in an hour's time you will be in a glow all over; ride on horseback, the same effect will scarcely be perceived by four hours' round trotting; but if you loll in a carriage, such as you have mentioned, you may travel all day, and gladly enter the last inn to warm your feet by a fire. Flatter yourself, then, no longer, that half an hour's airing in your carriage deserves the name of exercise. Providence has appointed few to roll in carriages, while he has given to all a pair of legs, which are machines infinitely more commodious and serviceable

Franklin. Your reasonings grow very tiresome.

Gout. I stand corrected. I will be silent, and continue my office; take that, and that!

Franklin. O! O-o! Talk on, I pray you!

Gout. No, no; I have a good number of things for you to-night, and you may be sure of some more to-morrow.

Franklin. What, with such a fever! I shall go distracted. O! eh! Can no one bear it for me?

Gout. Ask that of your horses; they have served you faithfully.

Franklin. How can you so cruelly sport with my torments?

Gout. Sport! I am very serious. I have here a list of your offences against your own health distinctly written, and can justify every stroke inflicted on you.

Franklin. Read it, then.

Gout. It is too long a detail; but I will briefly mention some particulars.

Franklin. Proceed; I am all attention.

Gout. Do you remember how often you have promised yourself, the following morning, a walk in the grove of Boulogne,^m or in your own garden, and have violated your promise, alleging, at one time, it was too cold, at another, too warm, too windy, too moist, or what else you pleased; when, in truth, it was too nothing, but your insuperable love of ease?

Franklin. That, I confess, may have happened occasionally probably ten times in a year.

Gout. Your confession is very short of the truth; the gross amount is one hundred and ninety-nine times.

Franklin. Is it possible?

Gout. So possible that it is fact; you may rely on the accuracy of my statement. You know Mr. B.'s gardens, and what fine walks they contain; you know the handsome flight of a hundred steps, which lead from the terrace above to the lawn below. You have been in the practice of visiting this amiable family twice a week after dinner, and, as it is a maxim of your own that "a man may take as much exercise in walking a mile up and down stairs as in ten on level ground," what an opportunity was there for you to have had exercise in both these ways! Did you embrace it, and how often?

Franklin. I cannot immediately answer that question.

Gout. I will do it for you; not once.

Franklin. Not once? I am convinced now of the justness of poor Richard's remark, that "our debts and our sins are always greater than we think for."

Gout. So it is! You philosophers are sages in your maxims, and fools in your conduct.

Franklin. Ah! how tiresome you are!

Gout. Well, then, to my office; it should not be forgotten that I am your physician. There!

Franklin. O-o! what a physician!

Gout. How ungrateful are you to say so! Is it not I, who, in the character of your physician, have saved you from the palsy, dropsy, and apoplexy? one or other of which would have done for you long ago, but for me.

Franklin. I submit, and thank you for the past, but entreat the discontinuance of your visits for the future; for in my mind one had better die, than be cured so dolefully. Permit me just to hint that I have also not been unfriendly to *you*. I never feed physician or quack of any kind, to enter the lists against you; if, then, you do not leave me to repose, it may be said you are ungrateful too.

Gout. I can scarcely acknowledge that as any objection. As to quacks, I despise them; they may kill *you*, indeed, but cannot injure *me*. And as to regular physicians, they are at last convinced that the gout, in such a subject as you are, is no disease, but a remedy; and wherefore cure a remedy? But to our business. There!

Franklin. O! O! Leave me, and I promise faithfully never more to play at chess, but to take exercise daily, and live temperately.

Gout. I know you too well. You promise fair; but after a few months' good health, you will return to your old habits; your fine promises will be forgotten, like the forms of the last year's clouds. Let us, then, finish the account, and I will go. But I leave you, with an assurance of visiting you again at a proper time and place; for my object is your good, and you are sensible now that I am your real friend.

FRANKLIN (ABRIDGED)

CLXVIII. — MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

1. ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND. — *Halleck*.

GREEN be the turf above thee, friend of my better days!
 None knew thee but to love thee, nor named thee but to praise.
 Tears fell when thou wert dying from eyes unused to weep,
 And long where thou art lying will tears the cold turf steep.
 When hearts whose truth is proven, like thine, are laid in earth.
 There should a wreath be woven to tell the world their worth;

And I, who woke each morrow to clasp thy hand in mine,
 Who shared thy joy and sorrow, whose weal and woe were thine,
 It should be mine to braid it around thy faded brow,
 But I've in vain essayed it, and feel I cannot now.
 While memory bids me weep thee, nor thoughts nor words are free,
 The grief is fixed too deeply that mourns a man like thee.

2. WOMAN'S MISSION. — *Ebenezer Elliott.*

What highest prize hath woman won in science or in art?
 What mightiest work by woman done boasts city, field, or mart?
 "She hath no Raphael," Painting saith; "no Newton," Learning
 cries;
 "Show us her steamship, her Macbeth, her thought-won vic-
 tories!"

Wait, boastful man! though worthy are thy deeds, when thou art
 true,
 Things worthier still, and holier far, our sister yet will do;
 For this the worth of woman shows: on every peopled shore,
 Ever as man in wisdom grows, he honors her the more.

O, not for wealth, or fame, or power, hath man's meek angel striven,
 But, silent as the growing flower, to make of earth a heaven!
 And, in her garden of the sun, Heaven's brightest rose shall bloom:
 For woman's best is unbegun, her advent yet to come!

3. THE LEE-SHORE. — *Thomas Hood.*

Sleet! and Hail! and Thunder! and ye Winds that rave,
 Till the sands thereunder tinge the sullen wave, —
 Winds, that, like a dēmon, howl with horrid note
 Round the toiling seaman in his tossing boat, —
 From his humble dwelling, on the shingly shore,
 Where the billows swelling keep such hollow roar, —
 From that weeping woman, seeking with her cries
 Succor superhuman from the frowning skies, —
 From the urchin pining for his father's knee, —
 From the lattice shining — *drive him out to sea!*
 Let broad leagues dis sever him from yonder foam;
 Ah! to think man ever comes too near his home!

4. THE RHINE. — *From the German.*

No, they shall never have it, the free, the German Rhine!
 Though, vulture-like, to seize it, with talons fierce, they pine:
 So long as gently floating between its banks of green
 A ship shall on the current of its dear stream be seen,
 No, they shall never have it!

They shall never have it — never! — the glorious German Rhine,
While on its storied borders shall grow the oak and vine;
So long as the proud shadows of tall cliffs o'er it gleam,
So long as old cathedrals are imaged in its stream,
No, they shall never have it!

No, they shall never have it, the free, the German Rhine,
While round its graceful daughters the arms of strong men twine;
And while one fish within it springs glittering from the deep,
And while soft midnight music shall o'er its waters sweep;
No, they shall never have it, the German Rhine's free wave,
Till its sacred tide is flowing above the last man's grave!

5. BEAUTY AND THE DAWN. — *Arndt.*

I said unto the dawn, "Why art thou bright
With amber glow, and tints of rosy light?"
I said unto a maid, as morning fair,
"Why wreath thy smiles thy lip, with flowers thy hair?
Beauty and morn! ye quickly must decay,
Soon fade your tints, and flit your smiles away!
Therefore adorn not!"

"I deck myself," the Dawn replied, "in light,
In amber glow and roseate splendor bright,
In those rich hues rejoice to be arrayed,
Nor ask, nor know, when fate shall bid them fade;
He who the moon and stars ordained to shine
Made those rich hues and fading splendor mine,
Therefore I mourn not!"

"I deck myself," replied the beauteous maid,
"Ere yet the spring-time of my youth doth fade.
Shall that short spring in settled gloom be past
Because stern fate must bid it fade at last?
He who its plumage on the bird bestows,
Who gives, and takes, the colors of the rose,
In Him I trust, and mourn not!"

CLXIX. — THE COMPLAINT OF A PAIR OF LUNGS.

PART FIRST.

1. As you have given place to the recital of the grievances
of a Stomach,* we claim the privilege of being heard in regard
to some of the abuses to which we, a respectable pair of Lungs,

* See page 157.

are subjected. If our worthy cousin, the Stomach, digests food, we have to digest air; and our province is quite as indispensable as his to health and life. We belong to a young lady, whom we have always endeavored to serve faithfully; but the trials, the injuries, the privations, to which she has exposed us, surpass all calculation.

2. Our principal business, as everybody knows, is to purify the blood by subjecting it to the action of the Oxygen of the atmosphere. It is upon the blood that the body depends for its existence, from moment to moment; and it is Oxygen which gives to the blood its healthy properties and bright color, and removes from it its impurities. The combination of the carbon of the blood with Oxygen in the Lungs produces the evolution of heat; the necessary warmth of the body is thus maintained and distributed, by means of the circulating blood, from the Lungs to every part. Besides this important function as expurgator of the blood, we have to carry off an incalculable quantity of waste animal matter and superfluous moisture, which, without our agency, would be productive of disease and pain.

3. How we accomplish all this we shall not stop to describe. There are books enough which will explain to your satisfaction the whole process, and which will prove to you some wonderful facts in regard to the tasks that we are put to. What will you say, for instance, when we tell you that the amount of blood sent to us, to refine and vitalize, at every pulsation of the heart, is about two ounces? Will you believe it when we tell you that, with every breath, we inhale about one pint of air; making eighteen pints of air inhaled every minute? Such is the fact; and a little ciphering will show you that, every twenty-four hours, we inhale sixty hogsheads of air, and give passage to thirty hogsheads of blood!

4. After this assertion (which you can easily verify), we hope you will listen to what we have to say with a little attention and respect. You need not be told that the act of breathing is essential to organic life. Exclusion of atmospheric air from the lungs for the space of three minutes will generally cause death. Breathing consists of two actions: *inspiration*, or drawing in the air; and *expiration*, or forcing out the air. Now, why is breathing essential to life? Simply because the blood could not be so purified as to be rendered fit to support life without being subjected to the action of the air continually pumped into our reservoirs by the act of respiration. The blood comes in from the heart of a purple color, and in a heterogeneous state, unfit for the nutrition of the animal body. We send it back to the heart,

purified and transmuted by the Oxygen of the air into a homogeneous^m fluid of a bright-red color.

5. But if the air we inhale is thus made to part with its Oxygen, has the air we exhale undergone no change in our service? Of course it has — a very important change! You may easily test the fact. Put a piece of quill into the nozzle of a pair of bellows, cause the bellows to blow into a cup of lime-water, and you will find no change in the appearance of the latter; for through the bellows the same kind of air which we require to inhale is blown in. But put the quill into your mouth, and blow into the lime-water, and you will see it become turbid and white, and, if allowed to stand, a fine white powder will fall to the bottom. The reason is, the air which you have blown into the water *has passed through your Lungs*, and parted with its Oxygen, and its place has been supplied by another and a compound gas, known as Carbonic Acid.

6. We hope we are not growing tedious; but we here wish you to be distinctly impressed with the fact that the air which we *take in* is a very different article from that which we *give out*. The air we *take in* is a compound gas, of whose weight Nitrogen forms four-fifths and Oxygen one-fifth. The air we *give out* contains about eight per cent. more Carbonic Acid than it had when we inhaled it, and its Oxygen is diminished in the proportion necessary to form this acid. If the same air be respired over and over several times, all its Oxygen is consumed, and the air becomes loaded with Carbonic Acid gas.

7. Now, pray remember this: unmixed Carbonic Acid gas when inhaled *is a deadly poison*; and even when mixed with a large quantity of atmospheric air, it is pernicious to health in proportion to its amount beyond a certain quantity. Thrust a lighted candle into a jar full of it, and the flame will be extinguished. An ignorance of its poisonous quality, and of the importance of continuous fresh supplies of Oxygen, has often led to the destruction of life. In the year 1797, the master of a small vessel belonging to Southampton, in England, had seventy passengers collected in the hold during a storm. Thinking to make them more secure, he spread a tarpaulin^m over the hatches and battened it down. On opening the hold, all the passengers were found dead! The air being shut out, all the Oxygen had been consumed, and the deadly Carbonic Acid had been generated in its place. The master who had brought about this immense loss of life, through ignorance of the effects of foul air, became mad, and died soon after.

8. The same catastrophe was repeated, December 22d, 1848, on board the steamer Londonderry, from Sligo, bound for Amer-

ica *via* Liverpool. Into a space about eighteen feet long by ten or twelve in width, one hundred and fifty human beings were packed. It was ventilated by only one opening, the companion-way, as it is called; and, for fear that the water would get admission, this aperture was at length closed, and a tarpaulin nailed over it. In the darkness and heat and loathsomeness of their airless prison, the wretched inmates shrieked for aid; but the boisterousness of the storm was such that they could not make themselves heard by those on deck. When at length an opening was made, it was found that the floor was covered with dead bodies to the depth of some feet. Seventy-two men, women, and children, perished on this occasion, through the ignorance of the captain and mate of the facts that we have been endeavoring to impress upon you!

9. Perhaps you will cry out against this most culpable ignorance. Alas! every day we witness instances of similar heedlessness, which, if not so instantly fatal, do undoubtedly operate to undermine the health and shorten the lives of thousands. In the sleeping-room, the parlor, the school-room, the church, and the hall of assembly, men, women, and children, are too often subjected to the inhalation of an atmosphere partially poisoned, the effect of which must unavoidably be mischievous in a greater or less degree. We have sometimes wished that air might become dyed of a different color after having been used, that those who live in a perpetual terror of fresh air might see the poisonous atmosphere to which they condemn themselves. It would seem as if some people were so in the habit of avoiding pure air, that if you were to shut them up in a bottle they would call out to you to put in the cork!

CLXX. — THE COMPLAINT OF A PAIR OF LUNGS.

PART SECOND.

1. AH! It is our mistress's fault, and not ours, if we occasionally are obliged to stop in order to cough. We had almost forgotten our own private grievances in speaking of the general suffering to our fraternity resulting from an insufficient supply of pure air. We were born into what we may not improperly style "this breathing world" a very healthy and perfect pair of Lungs. But we had not been in it long, before the nurse to whom our young lady had been confided caused us great suffering by covering her with blankets and

shawls so as to exclude the pure air, thus introducing into our laboratory air which had already lost a good part of its Oxygen, and which was wholly unfit for our purposes. The emanations of the skin also, being confined by superfluous swathings, gave new force to our first and worst enemy, Carbonic Acid, and contributed to weaken and perplex us in our operations.

2. Many infants in our neighborhood died under a similar course of mal-treatment, having been almost smothered under the coverlid, in a room the atmosphere of which had been vitiated by the presence of a number of visitors. It is a wonder that our young lady survived as she did. We made the most, however, of the little Oxygen we managed to get, and kept up a vigilant warfare against Carbonic Acid until the summer came, and open windows and out-of-door exercise fed us with invigorating drafts, and enabled us to overcome the tendencies to disease which an impure atmosphere had generated.

3. No sooner had we escaped the perils of infancy, however, than our little mistress was placed at a school where we had to undergo a new series of trials. Some twenty pupils were kept five hours a day in an apartment, about sixteen feet long by fourteen wide, the windows and doors of which were carefully closed. By an accurate arithmetical calculation, we convinced ourselves that, supposing the room to be filled with fresh air when the pupils entered, it would be all used up in just three minutes afterwards, at the end of which time we poor Lungs had to inhale the waste animal matter and Carbonic Acid with which the atmosphere was loaded. Languor, irritability, and dulness of the intellect, were the sure result; and then the children were rapped over the knuckles for faults which a little fresh air would have prevented.

4. Persons entering, and inhaling the air thus exhausted and corrupted, would often complain of the oppressive and offensive smell. But the schoolmistress could never be made to believe that anything was wrong. She had been accustomed to it so long that she did not perceive it. The sensibility of her lungs and nostrils had become blunted. Then she had false notions about taking cold. A current of air upon the heated body is to be avoided, as everybody knows; but *taking cold* is often the result of the depression of the vital powers by the absence of pure air, so that when the individual goes forth into the cold there is not sufficient reactive energy to fortify him against the effect of a change of temperature. Depressed and weakened by a want of its natural stimulus, Oxygen, the system is unprepared to meet the emergency to which it is exposed.

5. Well: no sooner had we weathered one danger than we

had to combat another. Our young lady was sent to a boarding-school; and here we not only had to inhale a foul atmosphere during school-hours, but at night we were shut up in a sleeping-room where five or six other pairs of Lungs were at work oxygenizing blood. O, the state of that room in the morning! If our old enemy, Carbonic Acid, did not have it all to himself, he was in a fair way to arrive at the supreme dominion, and to murder us in our beds. Our friend and ally, Oxygen, would be almost entirely driven from the field. Faint and panting, it would be sometimes with an effort that he could strike a last blow in our defence. O! when will people learn that ventilation, or the means of supplying fresh air to the Lungs, is as necessary as the supply of food to the Stomach?

6. At length our young lady, who, to do her justice, was studious and capable, left school. She had become very accomplished in instrumental music, drawing, and several of the sciences; could speak French and Italian; but, alas! knew little of the commonest laws of health — not enough to take care that we had fair play in our efforts to serve her. In reading aloud and singing she was not half as successful as she might have been — owing simply to the delicate state into which we had been thrown by impure air, and the lack of plentiful outdoor exercise. An awful trial now awaited us. She entered society, and her dress-maker persuaded her that an “hour-glass waist” would set off her figure to advantage. How odiously false was the advice! Every person of taste looks with pity or disgust upon the unnatural constraints employed to disfigure the body, and destroy its symmetry.

7. However, we were obliged to submit. The chest, in which we are enclosed, now being restricted to unnatural limits, the volume of air inhaled was necessarily diminished, and thus there was an insufficient quantity of Oxygen to vitalize the blood, even though we might be in a well-ventilated apartment, or in the open air! But the evil was aggravated when our mistress began to pass her evenings in hot and badly-ventilated ball-rooms or concert-rooms. Then what torments, what discouragements, did we poor Lungs have to undergo! How often would we sigh, “O, for a long, deep draft of Oxygen!” When will people consider that to produce ventilation there must be two constant currents; one outward, carrying off the foul air, and one inward, bringing in pure air? It is absurd to provide means for the admission of fresh air by a furnace or otherwise, unless there be some avenue for the foul air to escape.

8. By the end of our eighteenth winter, we were in such a diseased state that the doctor was called in. He sounded us

with his stethoscope. Do you know what a stethoscope is? We will tell you. When the ear is applied to the chest of a healthy person, the sound of the air passing through the branches of the wind-pipe and our air-cells may be distinctly heard. This has given rise to the invention of the stethoscope, a small wooden, trumpet-shaped instrument, which transmits the sounds of respiration with great distinctness, when one end is placed against the chest, and the other against the ear of the listener. The variations of sound, produced by the modifications of disease, enable the listener to detect, though not always with infallible accuracy, the existence and extent of pulmonary affections.

9. The result of the test applied to us was, that a sea-voyage was recommended to the patient. She was sent to a relative in England, and here, under the care of a most intelligent lady, we were in the course of six months restored to a state of comparative health. Why will not our American ladies adopt some of the good habits of their English sisters in respect to exercise and pure air? "In the United States," says the late A. J. Downing, "a gentleman or lady, who is seen regularly devoting a certain portion of the day to exercise, is looked upon as a valétudinarian, — an invalid, who is obliged to take care of himself; poor soul! and his friends daily meet him with sympathizing looks, hoping he 'feels better.' As for the ladies, unless there is some *object* in taking a walk, they look upon it as the most stupid and unmeaning thing in the world. On the other side of the water, a person who should neglect the pleasure of breathing the free air for a couple of hours daily, or should shun the duty of exercise, is suspected of slight lunacy; and ladies who should prefer continually to devote their leisure to the solace of luxurious cushions, rather than an exhilarating ride or walk, are thought a little out of their head."

10. The consequence of this difference of habits is a marked difference in the health of the intelligent females of England and those of this country. An English woman dresses according to the climate and the state of the roads, and takes a healthful amount of exercise, let the weather be what it may. Great attention is also paid by her to the ventilation of her rooms. We had hopes that our young mistress, after her English experience, would, on her return home, devote herself to a more serious fulfilment of her duties towards us. But it is hard to overcome early habits of inattention and neglect. She is gradually relapsing into the most culpable indifference in regard to our comfort and health. Absorbed in her social and fashionable pursuits, she often allows our abominable persecutor, Carbonic Acid, to get the upper hand; and then she will stay within doors

day after day, depriving us of the exhilarating company of our two best friends, Oxygen and Exercise.

11. We feel that another crisis in our condition is approaching; and that the doctor with his stethoscope will soon be called in again. Let others, who have a pair of Lungs to be responsible for, be warned by this recital. We wish we were strong enough to send forth (with the aid of some of our neighboring organs) a voice that should reach from Maine to Oregon, penetrating every school-room, every church, every parlor, every work-shop, every railroad-car, every steamboat-cabin, every sleeping-room, and every hall in the land. Were it our last breath, we would say: Give us pure air! Ventilate, VENTILATE, VENTILATE!

CLXXI. — SELECT PASSAGES.

1. **INDEBTEDNESS TO SOCIETY AND GOVERNMENT.** — What an illusion is that in which often a man exists, and in which often he boasts himself, as though there were over him no authority and no constraining influence! "I am my own. I am of no party. I own no authority. Authority has done nothing for me, and I owe it nothing anywhere. I have made my own fortune, my own mind. I am a self-made man. I am my own, altogether my own." And to such a person the answer is ever so simple: 'The very words you speak, are they of your own inventing? or rather are they not words of long ago, — words of your learning, — language derived to you from the forests of Saxony, from within side the walls of ancient Rome, from the market-place of Athens, and indeed from the manner in which Adam and Eve talked together, even before the birth of their eldest-born? The truths of astronomy, are they of your own discovery? The arts by which your life is made pleasant, are they of your own inventing? Your own, altogether your own? Ah, if there were taken from you everything but that, you would be no better than a dumb savage, hiding yourself in a cave!' We belong to society by every word of our tongues, every thought of our minds, and every thread of our garments. So largely do we belong to society, and perhaps almost without our ever having known it.

And we belong to the government, perhaps almost without our being conscious of its existence. "The government! I have nothing to do with it; and it has nothing to do with me." And, with no government to care for you, how long would you be safe in person or property? With a bad government, would not you

certainly feel yourself belonging to it, even against your wishes, by the oppressions you would suffer? And do you, then, the less belong to a government, because of its being good, and not oppressive? Not belong to a government! Ah! you walk the streets, protected by a shield which you do not see: you are safe in your home at night, not so much by the bolt on the door, as by the invisible presence of law, which is round the house to guard it. In your manner of thinking, in your free conversation with your friends, in your innermost feelings and in your outward life, and even in the tone of your voice, there is the proof and the influence of the government you belong to.— *Wm. Mountford.*

2. **THE LOVE OF HOME.**— It is only shallow-minded pretenders who either make distinguished origin a matter of personal merit, or obscure origin a matter of personal reproach. Taunt and scoffing at the humble condition of early life affect nobody in America but those who are foolish enough to indulge in them, and they are generally sufficiently punished by public rebuke. A man who is not ashamed of himself need not be ashamed of his early condition. It did not happen to me to be born in a log-cabin; but my elder brothers and sisters were born in a log-cabin, raised among the snow-drifts of New Hampshire, at a period so early, that when the smoke first rose from its rude chimney, and curled over the frozen hills, there was no similar evidence of a white man's habitation between it and the settlements on the rivers of Canada.

Its remains still exist; I make to it an annual visit. I carry my children to it, to teach them the hardships endured by the generations which have gone before them. I love to dwell on the tender recollections, the kindred ties, the early affections, and the touching narratives and incidents which mingle with all I know of this primitive family abode. I weep to think that none of those who inhabited it are now among the living; and if ever I am ashamed of it, or if ever I fail in affectionate veneration for him who reared it, and defended it against savage violence and destruction, cherished all the domestic virtues beneath its roof, and, through the fire and blood of a seven years' revolutionary war, shrunk from no danger, no toil, no sacrifice, to serve his country, and to raise his children to a condition better than his own, may my name, and the name of my posterity, be blotted forever from the memory of mankind! — *Daniel Webster.*

3. **RESISTANCE TO RIDICULE.**— Learn from the earliest days to insure your principles against the perils of ridicule; you can no more exercise your reason, if you live in the constant dread of laughter, than you can enjoy your life, if you are in the constant

terror of death. If you think it right to differ from the times, and to make a stand for any valuable point of morals, do it, however rustic, however antiquated, however pedantic it may appear ; — do it, not by insolence, but seriously and grandly, as a man who has a soul of his own in his bosom, and did not wait till it was breathed into him by the breath of fashion. Let men call you mean, if you know you are just ; hypocritical, if you are honestly religious ; pusillanimous, if you feel that you are firm : resistance soon converts unprincipled wit into sincere respect ; and no aftertime can tear from you those feelings which every man carries within him who has made a noble and successful exertion in a virtuous cause. — *Rev. Sydney Smith.*

4. IMPORTANCE OF VERACITY. — Let it be always borne in mind that he who knowingly utters what is false tells a lie ; and a lie, whether white or of any other color, is a violation of the command of that God by whom we must be judged. And let us remember that there is no vice which more easily than this stupifies a man's conscience. He who tells lies frequently will soon become an habitual liar ; and an habitual liar will soon lose the power of readily distinguishing between the conceptions of his imagination and the recollections of his memory. Let every one, therefore, beware of the most distant approaches to this detestable vice. A volume might easily be written on the misery and loss of character which have grown out of a single lie ; and another volume of illustrations of the moral power which men have gained by means of no other prominent attribute than that of bold, unshrinking veracity. — *President Wayland.*

5. ON PERSEVERANCE UNDER FAILURE. — The differences of character are never more distinctly seen than in times when men are surrounded by difficulties and misfortunes. There are some who, when disappointed by the failure of an undertaking from which they had expected great things, make up their minds at once to exert themselves no longer against what they call fate, as if thereby they could avenge themselves upon fate ; others grow desponding and hopeless ; but a third class of men will rouse themselves just at such moments, and say to themselves, "The more difficult it is to attain my ends, the more honorable it will be ;" and this is a maxim which every one should impress upon himself as a law. Some of those who are guided by it prosecute their plans with obstinacy, and so perish others, who are more practical men, if they have failed in one way, will try another. — *Niebuhr.*

6. THE ABUSE OF THE IMAGINATION. — He who cannot command his *thoughts* must not hope to control his *actions*. All mental superiority originates in habits of thinking. By *vain* thoughts,

we may understand those wilful excursions of the imagination, those airy visions of future happiness (as improbable as they are indeed undesirable), which, it is to be feared, are by many not only admitted, but encouraged. The effects of this kind of indulgence on the mind are much the same as those of intemperance on the body; enfeebling its powers, rendering every present occupation insipid, every duty dry, and creating a distaste for all mental improvement; at the same time that it cherishes the love of self, and blunts every benevolent and generous sentiment.

Nor is it too much to say, that an habitual indulgence of these visionary pleasures is absolutely incompatible with religious improvement. The mind, whose favorite employment is forming plans and wishes for possessing the pleasures, honors, riches, vanities of this world, cannot be seeking, "*first*, the kingdom of God;" cannot be "hungering and thirsting after righteousness;" cannot have "fixed its affections on things above." Well, then, might David exclaim, "I hate *vain* thoughts, but Thy law do I love." He knew that to love both was impossible, for he set them in direct opposition to each other. — *Jane Taylor*.

7. IDLENESS. — An idle and vacant life, even with all the aid that amusement can give, is not calculated to be a happy one; and this simply because Providence has constituted us with a view to activity, as what was to be the means of accommodating the raw materials of the physical world to our needs. Idleness, therefore, injures and disorganizes, while activity alone will preserve health or secure the prolongation of life. Who, it may be asked, in one word, are the happy? — Those who have something and not too much to do; that something being suitable to their faculties and their tastes. Who are the unhappy? Alas! what a large portion of the class is composed of those who, having all their ordinary needs supplied from other sources, do not need to labor! — *Chambers*.

8. A HABIT OF JESTING. — Some persons give themselves up so entirely to an ironical and bantering kind of discourse, and use a phraseology so full of whimsical slang, that their real sentiments are at length buried beneath a mass of rubbish, and, after knowing them for years, you become alive to the painful recollection, that, during the whole time, you have not found in their character a single piece of solid ground whereon to rest your foot. Persons of this kind live in a perpetual masquerade; they grow old with the rattle in their hands; and, while their neighbors are all more or less busied with serious objects, they aim at no higher gratification than that of being laughed at. All manly and estimable qualities in time sink under the habit. — *Id.*

9. LOCAL ASSOCIATIONS.—To abstract²² the mind from all local emotion would be impossible if it were endeavored, and would be foolish if it were possible. Whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses, whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future, predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings. Far from me and my friends be such frigid philosophy as may conduct us indifferent and unmoved over any ground which has been dignified by wisdom, bravery, or virtue. The man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force on the plains of Mar'athon,²³ or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iōna.²⁴ — *Johnson*.

CLXXII.—FROM HAMLET.

HAMLET — GUILDENSTERN — ROSENCRANTZ.

Hamlet. WHAT have you, my good friends, deserved at the hands of fortune, that she sends you to prison hither?

Guildestern. Prison, my lord!

Ham. Denmark's a prison.

Rosencrantz. Then is the world one.

Ham. A goodly one; in which there are many con'fines, wards, and dungeons; Denmark being one of the worst.

Ros. We think not so, my lord.

Ham. Why, then 't is none to you; for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so: to me it is a prison.

Ros. Why, then your ambition makes it one; 't is too narrow for your mind.

Ham. O! I could be bounded in a nutshell, and count myself a king of infinite space, were it not that I have bad dreams. . . . But, in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsinore?

Ros. To visit you, my lord; no other occasion.

Ham. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you; and sure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear, a halfpenny.²⁵ Were you not sent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come, come; deal justly with me; come, come; nay, speak.

Guil. What should we say, my lord?

Ham. Anything; but to the purpose. You were sent for, and there is a kind of confession in your looks, which your

modesties have not craft enough to color ; I know the good king and queen have sent for you.

Ros. To what end, my lord ?

Ham. That you must teach me. But let me conjure^m you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more dear a better proposer could charge you withal, be even and direct with me, whether ye were sent for, or no ?

Ros. What say you ? [*To GUILDENSTERN.*]

Ham. Nay, then I have an eye of you ; [*Aside.*] if you love me, hold not off.

Guil. My lord, we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why ; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the king and queen moult^m no feather. I have of late (but wherefore I know not) lost all my mirth, foregone all custom of exercises : and, indeed, it goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory ; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestic roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapors. What a piece of work is a man ! How noble in reason ! how infinite in faculties ! in form, and moving, how express and admirable ! in action, how like an angel ! in apprehension, how like a god ! the beauty of the world ! the p^{ar}'agon of animals ! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust ? . . . Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore. Your hands. You are welcome ; but my uncle-father and aunt-mother are deceived.

Guil. In what, my dear lord ?

Ham. I am but mad north-north-west ; when the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a hand-saw.

ANOTHER SCENE WITH THE SAME.

Guil. Good, my lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

Ham. Sir, a whole history.

Guil. The king, sir, —

Ham. Ay, sir, what of him ?

Guil. Is, in his retirement, marvellous distempered.

Ham. With drink, sir ?

Guil. No, my lord, with choler

Ham. Your wisdom should show itself more^m richer, to signify this to the doctor ; for, for me to put him to his purgation would, perhaps, plunge him into more choler.

Guil. Good, my lord, put your discourse into some frame, and start not so wildly from my affair.

Ham. I am tame, sir; pronounce.

Guil. The queen your mother, in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guil. Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer, I will do your mother's commandment; if not, your pardon and my return shall be the end of my business.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Guil. What, my lord?

Ham. Make you a wholesome answer; my wit's diseased: but, sir, such answer as I can make, you shall command; or, rather, as you say, my mother; therefore no more, but to the matter. My mother, you say, —

Ros. Then thus she says: Your behavior hath struck her into amazement and admiration.

Ham. O wonderful son, that can so astonish a mother! But is there no sequel at the heels of this mother's admiration? Impart.

Ros. She desires to speak with you in her closet, ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother. Have you any further trade with us?

Ros. My lord, you once did love me.

Ham. And do still, by these pickers and stealers! [*Showing his fingers.*]

Ros. Good, my lord; what is your cause of distemper? You do surely but bar the door upon your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.

Ham. Sir, I lack advancement.

Ros. How can that be, when you have the voice of the king himself for your succession in Denmark?

Ham. Ay, sir, but, "While the grass grows," — the proverb is something musty. [*Enter the Players, with recorders.*] O, the recorders: — let me see one. To withdraw with you: — [*To Guil.*] Why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?

Guil. O, my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.

Ham. I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

Guil. My lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guil. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beseech you.

Guil. I know no touch of it, my lord.

Ham. 'Tis as easy as lying; govern these ventages with your fingers and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music. Look you, these are the stops.

Guil. But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the skill.

Ham. Why, look you, now, how unworthy a thing you make of me! You would play upon me;¹² you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass; —and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ; yet cannot you make it speak. Why, do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me. SHAKESPEARE

CLXXIII. — POETRY OF THE SEASONS.

PART THIRD.

1. A BEAUTIFUL DAY IN AUTUMN. — *Southey.*

THERE was not, on that day, a speck to stain
The azure heaven; the blessed Sun alone,
In unapproachable divinity,
Carcered, rejoicing in his fields of light.
How beautiful, beneath the bright blue sky,
The billows heave! one glowing green expanse,
Save where along the bending line of shore
Such hue is thrown as when the peacock's neck
Assumes its proudest tint of amethyst,
Embathed in emerald glory. All the flocks
Of Ocean are abroad; like floating foam,
The sea-gulls rise and fall upon the waves;
With long, protruded neck, the cormorants
Wing their far flight aloft, and round and round
The plovers wheel, and give their note of joy.
It was a day that sent into the heart
A summer feeling: even the insect swarms
From their dark nooks and coverts issued forth,
To sport through one day of existence more;
The solitary primrose on the bank
Seemed now as though it had no cause to mourn

Its bleak autumnal birth ; the rocks and shores,
The forest, and the everlasting hills,
Smiled in that joyful sunshine, — they partook
The universal blessing.

2. AN AMERICAN AUTUMNAL SCENE. — *Anon.*

Standing upon this mountain-side, you look
Far down and round on forest beyond forest,
Sweeping through vales profound and up steep hills,
Where every leaf by Autumn's alchemy
Is changed to some rich gem. The maple here
Shoots up its ruby spire, and there the oak
Stands all transmuted into burnished gold.
The woodbine hangs festoons of purple there
Around the yellow sycamore, and here
A shower of amethysts and sapphires bright
Suspended glitters on the drapery
Of the majestic elm. How glorious all
Beneath this unobscured October sun !
And now a breeze sets every tint in motion.
Lakes, cataracts, and streams of painted leaves,
Are heaving, flowing in the admiring light !
The wild birds sing as if their sense partook
The rapture of the poet, and his speech
Essays to utter the unspeakable !

3. NOVEMBER. — *Bryant.*

Yet one smile more, departing, distant sun !
One mellow smile through the soft vapory air,
Ere o'er the frozen earth the loud winds run,
Or snows are sifted o'er the meadows bare.
One smile on the brown hills and naked trees,
And the dark rocks whose summer wreaths are cast,
And the blue gentian flower, that, in the breeze,
Nods lonely, of her beauteous race the last.
Yet a few sunny days, in which the bee
Shall murmur by the hedge that skirts the way,
The cricket chirp upon the russet lea,
And man delight to linger in thy ray.
Yet one rich smile, and we will try to bear
The piercing winter frost, and winds, and darkened air.

4. HOPE AMID DECAY.

O'er the wild waste the autumnal leaf careers ;
Nor vale nor mountain now is ripe with flowers ;
Nature's fair brow the snow of winter sears,
And all but Hope hath fled her once green bowers, —
Hope, with her sunny hair.

And why thus lonely lingers she, when all
The glorious gifts of Summer are no more! —
Her foot already treads Spring's leafy hall!
Her eyes see sunbeams gild the distant shore, —
Distant, yet still how fair!

CLXXIV. — TELEGRAPHS.

1. From the earliest times, men have known how to communicate with those living at a distance, especially in times of urgency, by means of the fire-signal. When, however, from hill to hill over a whole landscape, the beacon-flames arose, these signals could communicate no very definite information. It could only be learned that some great event had occurred. Vastly more useful, therefore, were the telegraphs,^m which, by varying the positions of their arms, represented letters, syllables, and whole words, and so rendered a regular conversation possible between individuals separated by a hostile army, or other insurmountable obstructions. The language which these telegraphs exchanged with one another, from one tower or steeple to another, before the eyes of the enemy, or thousands of the curious, depended upon an agreement between those who had to converse by these means; to them alone was it intelligible. Others, who lacked the key, could only guess at the meaning of the quickly-changing positions of the machine.

2. Of a quite different character are the telegraphs of which we now propose to speak. By their means the apparently impossible has been made easy. Two persons, living fifty, or, indeed, hundreds of miles apart, may now communicate their thoughts in words, not, as in the case of the ordinary telegraph, in the space of an hour, or a half-hour, but instantly, as if they were seated at the same table. And could a connection by copper wire be established between Washington and Pekin', and the loss of power which the electric fluid would sustain in such a space be avoided, then might a person in the capital of China receive intelligence from the United States in a fraction of a second; and even *the man in the moon*, if our electric fluid could be carried thither, would hear from the earth in the space of a second, for the transmission of thought by this method is swifter than light. The electric fluid travels in this way about two hundred and eighty-eight thousand miles in a second; a ray of light, only one hundred and ninety-two thousand miles.

3. But, in addition to this all-surpassing speed, such a mode

of communication has quite other advantages over the ordinary telegraph. That which is to be communicated to a distant point is not seen by thousands of eyes, but only at the destined place does it make itself known. The course which the word thus expressed takes, in the invisible form of an electric discharge, is hidden under the earth, or, enclosed in the metal of the wire, passing high over the roofs of cities. But when it reaches its goal it announces itself, not only to the eye by the common telegraphic sign, but also to the ear. He with whom another communicates in the still, midnight hour, sits, perhaps, sunk in thought at his desk, or has fallen asleep, — the sound of a little bell arouses him; he listens; the sounds now of a lower, then of a higher toned bell are repeated; the number of bell-strokes, and the difference of the sounds, have meaning.

4. First, a deep sound, then, quickly succeeding, a higher, and then again a low note, represent an A; a low note, succeeded by two high notes, and again a low note, signifies B; a low note followed by no high note, and a high note followed by no low note, signify, the first E, the last J; three low notes, following one upon the other, stand for D. Thus, by the number and variety of sounds, every letter of the alphabet is expressed. Between the letters occurs a short pause; between the words the interval is longer. Thus, rapidly as an intelligent child may make out words by spelling, does it become possible by practice to understand the language of bells.

5. But suppose that the person to whom the distant intelligence comes is not awakened by the first stroke of the bell, and has lost the first part, or the whole, even, of what is thus communicated. Still, the loss is not irreparable. He finds, upon approaching the table at which his magical telegraph is arranged, that everything which he had failed to hear is set down there in visible characters. He finds a letter written, not, indeed, in ordinary characters, but in points, the peculiar position of which (corresponding to the different notes of the bell), and their combination, represent alphabetical signs, marked, like the sounds, with regularly occurring intervals between the letters and the words; or, by another plan, he may find a message legibly printed out in bold letters on a narrow strip of paper.

6. In such phenomena as the motion of the electric fluid and of light, which the mind of man has taken into his service and learned to use at will, we have a type of the difference between the action of the mind and the body. Electricity and Light, although possessing power to penetrate space to an extent almost immeasurable, are indeed both material agents, and yet distance and time are almost annihilated by them; the connection they

establish, although by the material means of a metallic conductor, is miraculously direct and intimate. But what must that uniting attraction of souls be, which requires no corporeal medium, but darts instantaneously through an all-uniting spiritual element from one disembodied spirit to another ! Even now the director of an electric telegraph, although confined by the burthen of a body to a certain spot, is able at pleasure to converse with a distant friend, and be present with him in thought and will. What will not be possible when this confinement to the conditions of our planet shall fall away !

SCHUBER

CLXXV. — THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

1. HARK ! the warning needles click,
Hither — thither — clear and quick.
He who guides their speaking play
Stands a thousand miles away !
Here we feel the electric thrill
Guided by his simple will ;
Here the instant message read,
Brought with more than lightning speed.
Sing who will of Orphean²¹ lyre,
Ours the wonder-working wire !
2. Let the sky be dark or clear,
Comes the faithful messenger ;
Now it tells of loss and grief,
Now of joy in sentence brief,
Now of safe or sunken ships,
Now the murderer outstrips,
Now of war and fields of blood,
Now of fire, and now of flood.
Sing who will of Orphean lyre,
Ours the wonder-working wire !
3. Think the thought, and speak the word,
It is caught as soon as heard,
Borne o'er mountains, lakes, and seas,
To the far antipodes ;²²
Boston speaks at twelve o'clock,
Natchez reads ere noon the shock
Seems it not a feat sublime !
Intellect has conquered Time !
Sing who will of Orphean lyre,
Ours the wonder-working wire !
4. Marvel — triumph of our day,
Flash all ignorance away !

Flash sincerity of speech,
 Noblest aims to all who teach ;
 Flash till Power shall learn the Right,
 Flash till Reason conquer Might ;
 Flash resolve to every mind ;
 Manhood flash to all mankind !
 Sing who will of Orphean lyre,
 Ours the wonder-working wire !

CLXXVI. — PHOTOGRAPHY, OR LIGHT-DRAWING.

1. THE sunlight acts with a decomposing power, especially on the combinations of gold and silver with different substances ; these metals may be separated, by means of light, in a metallic form, or in a condition of imperfect oxydation.^m *Iodine* is a substance obtained from the ashes of several sea-plants. It is mixed, besides, in minute quantities, with the water of various springs. This substance, insoluble in water, soluble in spirits of wine, of an almost metallic brightness, changing by heat into a violet-blue colored gas, enters, like Chlorine and Bromine (its fellow inhabitants of the sea and of sea-plants), into combinations with silver, from which this metal is immediately separated by the influence of light. Upon the facility with which iodide of silver is decomposed rests the discovery made in the year 1839, by *Niepci*^m and *Daguerre*.^m

2. A copper plate is covered (plated) with silver, and carefully polished, in order to obtain as pure and smooth a surface as possible. It is then placed in the dark in a vessel, at the bottom of which is put iodine, which, by being heated from below, is converted into vapor, and in this form combines with the silver on the surface of the plate, which then becomes of a light-yellow color. As soon as this combination is completed, the metal plate, with its fine covering of iodide of silver, is immediately taken out and placed in a camera^m obscura, in which the image of the object, illuminated by the sun, is formed by a lens in diminished proportions upon the metal plate, as upon any other surface placed in the focus. In a few moments the light, passing from the illuminated body into the camera obscura, and upon the iodide of silver, acts upon this composition ; the silver is separated from the iodine.

3. But, still, when the plate is drawn quickly out (before the weaker light of the surrounding air has exerted its decomposing influence), not a trace of a picture is discernible on its surface ; but it becomes visible when the plate is taken from the camera

obscura, and placed for some moments in a dark box, filled with the vapor rising from mercury heated to one hundred and forty-nine or one hundred and fifty-eight degrees, which, in this form, unites with the silver which is disengaged from the iodine by the effect of the light. There now remains nothing to be done but to get rid of the thin film, consisting of iodide of silver undecomposed, in order to prevent the further action of light upon the plate.

4. This is done by dipping the plate in a solution of hyposulphite of soda in water, or in a boiling hot solution of common salt, the iodine thus quitting the silver and uniting with the soda. The plate is then washed in perfectly pure, distilled water. The quicksilver amalgam formed in the places where the silver has separated from the iodine is unaffected by the weak hyposulphite of soda solution, or the boiling salt water. This amalgam stands now, raised upon the bright silver plate, forming the lights of the picture; and the silver, cleansed wholly from the iodine, reflects light so perfectly as to appear dark, thus forming the shades, and the picture is done.

5. This method, first employed and thus described by the inventor of Photography, may be varied in different ways, by using, instead of iodine in a solid form, a solution of the same, diluted with water, in spirits of wine; to get rid of the iodide of silver covering, a cold solution of common salt suffices, if the plate, which is dipped into the solution, be touched by a small rod of zinc, and the chemical action be accelerated by galvanic influence. The sensibility of the silver solution to the influence of light may be still further increased by the use of a combination of iodine and chlorine, instead of pure iodine; or by adding a portion of bromine to the solution; or by holding the plate, when the formation of the iodide of silver film is completed, for some moments over a weak solution of chlorine, by which its yellowish color becomes red. By means of these improvements has it become possible to seize the swiftly-flitting spectacle of the visible world, and fix it as a picture.

6. It is indeed marvellous what can be done by the invention of the Daguerreotype, this simple combination of a camera obscura and a metal plate covered with a tincture of iodide of silver. The traveller, whose way lies through a country never represented by human hand, while he rests in the shade of a rock or tree, has only to let the image of the landscape, illuminated by the sun, fall upon his Daguerreotype plate in a camera obscura, or he may direct his apparatus to a master-piece of ancient architecture, and he has a copy of the landscape or the edifice, with the fidelity of which, to the minutest particular, the art of man

can enter into no rivalry. To obtain copies of the inscriptions, scarcely legible, and as yet undeciphered, which are found on the sites of ancient ruins, formerly required hours and days of learned labor; they may now be prepared at once by the method of Daguerre.

SCHUBERT

CLXXVII. — THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

1. On the second of July, 1776, the resolution of Independence was adopted by the old Congress; and, on the ever-memorable Fourth of July of that year, the Declaration reported by the Committee, with some slight alterations, was agreed to and promulgated. It is now a nation's creed. Let it not be supposed that the measure was carried without opposition. Assaults it did encounter, resistance it did suffer; not from the enemies only of our country, but from her most sincere friends. The timid were alarmed. The minds of men of ordinary constancy were possessed with doubts and hesitation at this final, this irretrievable step. Heroic courage and patriotism were what the occasion demanded, and what — let us be thankful for it! — the occasion found.

2. It was, indeed, a fearful question. At the last moment, when it was about to be put, a celebrated member of the Congress, a gentleman of undoubted patriotism, rose and spoke against the proposed measure. He stated the consequences of it in alarming colors. Silence and doubt ensued. It was then that John Adams, the "pillar of its support," as Mr. Jefferson has styled him, rose in reply. His fervid eloquence silenced every doubt. The question was settled, and the vote of the States was unanimous. In what language he made this last and powerful appeal, we may judge from the triumphant burst of patriotic exultation and pious emotion with which he wrote to a friend on the following day.

3. "Yesterday the greatest question was decided that was ever debated in America; and greater, perhaps, never was or will be decided by men. A resolution was passed, without one dissenting colony, 'that these United States are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States.' The day is passed. The Fourth of July, 1776, will be a memorable epoch^m in the history of America. I am apt to believe it will be celebrated by succeeding generations as the great anniversary festival. It ought to be commemorated as the day of deliverance by solemn acts of devotion to Almighty God.

4. "It ought to be solemnized with pomp, shows, games,

sports, guns, bells, bonfires, and illuminations, from one end of the continent to the other, from this time forward forever. You will think me transported with enthusiasm, but I am not. I am well aware of the toil, and blood, and treasure, that it will cost to maintain this Declaration, and support and defend these States; yet, through all the gloom, I can see the rays of light and glory. I can see that the end is worth more than all the means; and that posterity will triumph, although you and I may rue, — which, I hope, we shall not."

JOHN SERGEANT.

CLXXXVIII. — THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS AMONG
THEMSELVES.

1. HOPING to reach the camp of the rangers before nightfall, we pushed on until twilight, when we were obliged to halt on the borders of a ravine. The rangers bivouacked^m under trees, at the bottom of the dell, while we pitched our tent on a rocky knöll near a running stream. The night came on dark and overcast, with flying clouds, and much appearance of rain. The fires of the rangers burnt brightly in the dell, and threw strong masses of light upon the robber-looking groups that were cooking, eating, and drinking, around them.

2. To add to the wildness of the scene, several Osage Indians, visitors from the village we had passed, were mingled among the men. Three of them came and seated themselves by our fire. They watched everything that was going on round them, in silence, and looked like figures of monumental bronze. We gave them food, and, what they most relished, coffee; for the Indians partake in the universal fondness for this beverage, which pervades the West. When they had made their supper, they stretched themselves, side by side, before the fire, and began a low nasal chant, drumming with their hands upon their breasts by way of accompaniment.

3. Their chant seemed to consist of regular staves, every one terminating, not in a melodious cadence, but in the abrupt interjection, *huh!* uttered almost like a hiccup. The chant related to ourselves, our appearance, our treatment of them, and all that they knew of our plans. This mode of improvising^m is common throughout the savage tribes; and in this way, with a few simple inflections of the voice, they chant all their exploits in war and hunting, and occasionally indulge in a vein of comic humor and dry satire, to which the Indians appear to me much more prone than is generally imagined.

4. In fact, the Indians that I have had an opportunity of seeing in real life are quite different from those described in poetry. They are by no means the stoics²¹ that they are represented; taciturn, unbending, without a tear or a smile. Taciturn they are, it is true, when in company with white men, whose good will they distrust, and whose language they do not understand; but the white man is equally taciturn under like circumstances. When the Indians are among themselves, however, there cannot be greater gossips. Half their time is taken up in talking over their adventures in war and hunting, and in telling whimsical stories.

5. They are great mimics and buffoons, also, and entertain themselves excessively at the expense of the whites with whom they have associated, and who have supposed them impressed with profound respect for their grandeur and dignity. They are curious observers, noting everything in silence, but with a keen and watchful eye; occasionally exchanging a glance or a grunt with each other, when anything particularly strikes them, but reserving all comments until they are alone. Then it is that they give full scope to criticism, satire, mimicry, and mirth.

6. In the course of my journey along the frontier, I have had repeated opportunities of noticing their excitability and boisterous merriment at their games; and have occasionally noticed a group of Osages sitting round a fire until a late hour of the night, engaged in the most animated conversation, and at times making the woods resound with peals of laughter. As to tears, they have them in abundance, both real and affected; at times they make a merit of them. No one weeps more bitterly or profusely at the death of a relative or friend; and they have stated times when they repair to howl and lament at their graves. As far as I can judge, the Indian of poetical fiction is like the shepherd of pastoral romance, a mere personification of imaginary attributes.

IRVING.

CLXXIX. — DRAMATIC EXTRACTS.

1. EFFECT OF ORATORY ON A MULTITUDE. — *Rev. George Croly.*

His words seemed oracles
That pierced their bosoms; and each man would turn,
And gaze in wonder on his neighbor's face,
That with the like dumb wonder answered him:
Then some would weep, some shout, some, deeper touched,
Keep down the cry with motion of their hands,
In fear but to have lost a syllable.

The evening came, yet there the people stood,
As if 't were noon, and they the marble sea,
Sleeping without a wave. You could have heard
The beating of your pulses while he spoke.

2. SOLILOQUY OF VAN ARTEVELDE. — *Henry Taylor.*

Say that I fall not in this enterprise, —
Still must my life be full of hazardous turns,
And they that house with me must ever live
In imminent peril of some evil fate. —
Make fast the doors; heap wood upon the fire;
Draw in your stools, and pass the goblet round.
And be the prattling voice of children heard.
Now let us make good cheer ——— But what is this?
Do I not see, or do I dream I see,
A form that midmost in the circle sits
Half visible, his face deformed with scars,
And foul with blood? — O! yes, — I know it — there
Sits Danger with his feet upon the hearth!

The dweller in the mountains, on whose ear
The accustomed cataract thunders unobserved, —
The seaman, who sleeps sound upon the deck,
Nor hears the loud lamenting of the blast,
Nor heeds the weltering of the plangent wave, —
These have not lived more undisturbed than I.
But build not upon this; the swollen stream
May shake the cottage of the mountaineer,
And drive him forth; the seaman, roused at length,
Leaps from his slumber on the wave-washed deck;
And now the time comes fast when here in Ghent
He who would live exempt from injuries
Of armed men must be himself in arms.
This time is near for all, — nearer for me.
I will not wait upon necessity,
And leave myself no choice of vantage-ground,
But rather meet the times where best I may,
And mould and fashion them as best I can.

3. INNOCENCE.

Whence learned she this? O, she was innocent!
And to be innocent is Nature's wisdom!
The fledge-dove knows the prowlers of the air,
Feared soon as seen, and flutters back to shelter
And the young steed recoils upon his haunches,
The never yet seen adder's hiss first heard.
O, surer than suspicion's hundred eyes
Is that fine sense which to the pure in heart
By mere oppug'nancy of their own goodness
Reveals the approach of evil.

4. TITUS BEFORE JERUSALEM. — *Rev. H. H. Milman*

It must be —
 And yet it moves me, Romans! it confounds
 The counsel of my firm philosophy,
 That Ruin's merciless ploughshare must pass o'er,
 And barren salt^{be} be sown on yon proud city. —
 As on this olive-crown'd hill we stand,
 Where Hebron at our feet its scanty waters
 Distils from stone to stone with gentle motion,
 As through a valley sacred to sweet peace,
 How boldly doth it front us! how majestically!
 Like a luxurious vineyard, the hill-side
 Is hung with marble fabrics, line o'er line,
 Terrace o'er terrace, nearer still and nearer
 To the blue heavens! There bright and sumptuous palaces,
 With cool and verdant gardens interspersed;
 There towers of war that frown in massy strength;
 While over all hangs the rich purple eve,
 As conscious of its being her last farewell
 Of light and glory to that fated city.

And, as our clouds of battle, dust, and smoke,
 Are melted into air, behold the Temple
 In undisturbed and lone serenity,
 Finding itself a solemn sanctuary
 In the profound of heaven! It stands before us
 A mount of snow, fretted with golden pinnacles!
 The very sun, as though he worshipped there,
 Lingers upon the gilded cedar roofs,
 And down the long and branching porticoes!
 On every flowery-sculptured capital
 Glitters the homage of his parting beams!
 By Her'cules! the sight might almost win
 The offended majesty of Rome to mercy.

5. THE DUKE ARANZA TO JULIANA. — *John Tobin.*

I'll have no glittering gewgaws stuck about you,
 To stretch the gaping eyes of idiot wonder,
 And make men stare upon a piece of earth
 As on the star-wrought firmament; no feathers
 To wave as streamers to your vanity;
 Nor cumbrous silk, that, with its rustling sound,
 Makes proud the flesh that bears it. She's adorned
 Amply that in her husband's eye looks lovely —
 The truest mirror that an honest wife
 Can see her beauty in!

Thus modestly attired,
 A half-blown rose stuck in thy braided hair,
 With no more diamonds than those eyes are made of,

No deeper rubies than compose thy lips,
Nor pearls more precious than inhabit them, —
With the pure red and white, which that same hand
Which blends the rainbow mingles in thy cheeks, —
This well-proportioned form (think not I flatter)
In graceful motion to harmonious sounds,
And thy free tresses dancing in the wind, —
Thou'lt fix as much observance as chaste dames
Can meet without a blush.

CLXXX.—THE COLOSSEUM BY MOONLIGHT.

The Colosseum is the name given to the largest amphitheatre in the world, — that of Vespasian and Titus in Rome, completed in the eightieth year of the Christian era, and the ruins of which are still attractive for their stupendous and picturesque appearance. It is a building of an elliptic figure, and covers five acres and a quarter of ground, the walls being one hundred and sixty-six feet high. It had seats for eighty-seven thousand spectators, with standing room for twenty-two thousand others. The great object of this magnificent building was to exhibit the brutal spectacle of the gladiators contending with wild beasts. The following is an account of a recent visit by moonlight to the Colosseum, by an American traveller :

1. As a matter of course, everybody goes to the Colosseum by moonlight. The great charm of the ruin under this condition is, that the imagination is substituted for sight, the mind for the eye. The essential character of moonlight is hard rather than soft. The line between light and shadow is sharply defined, and there is no gradation of color. Blocks and walls of silver are bordered by and spring out of chasms of blackness. But moonlight shrouds the Colosseum in mystery. It opens deep vaults of gloom where the eye meets only an ébon wall, but upon which the fancy paints innumerable pictures in solemn, splendid, and tragic colors. Shadowy forms of emperor and lictor, and vestal virgin and gladiator and martyr, come out of the darkness, and pass before us in long and silent procession. The breezes which blow through the broken arches are changed into voices, and recall the shouts and cries of a vast audience. By day the Colosseum is an impressive fact; by night it is a stately vision. By day it is a lifeless form; by night, a vital thought.

2. The Colosseum should by all means be seen by a bright starlight, or under the growing sickle of a young moon. The fainter ray and deeper gloom bring out more strongly its visionary and ideal character. When the full moon has blotted out the stars, it fills the vast gulf of the building with a flood of spectral light, which falls with a chilling touch upon the spirit; for then the ruin is like a "corpse in its shroud of snow," and the moon is

a pale watcher by its side. But when the walls, veiled in deep shadow, soon a part of the darkness in which they are lost, — when the stars are seen through their chasms and breaks, and sparkle along the broken line of the battlements, — the scene becomes another, though the same; more indistinct, yet not so mournful; contracting the sphere of sight, but enlarging that of thought; less burdening, but more suggestive.

3. It was my fortune to see the Colosseum, on one occasion, under lights which were neither of night nor day. Arrangements were made by a party of German artists to illuminate it with artificial flames of blue, red, and green. The evening was propitious for the object, being dark and still, and nearly all the idlers in Rome attended. Everything was managed with taste and skill, and the experiment was entirely successful. It was quite startling to see the darkness suddenly dispelled by these weird lights, revealing a dense mass of animated countenances, and hanging a broad sheet of green or crimson upon the wall. The magic change was a sort of epigram to the eye. But, from the association of such things with the illusions of the stage, the spectacle suggested debasing comparisons. It seemed a theatrical exhibition, unworthy of the dignity and majesty of the Colosseum. It was like seeing a faded countenance repaired with artificial roses, or a venerable form clothed in some quaint and motley disguise, suited only to the bloom and freshness of youth. Such lights, far more than sunshine, “gild but to flout the ruin gray.”

4. But under all aspects, — in the blaze of noon, at sunset, by the light of the moon or stars, — the Colosseum stands alone and unapproached. It is the monarch of ruins. It is a great tragedy in stone, and it softens and subdues the mind like a drama of *Æschylus* or *Shakspeare*. It is a colossal type of those struggles of humanity against an irresistible destiny, in which the tragic poet finds the elements of his art. The calamities which crushed the house of *Atreus* are symbolized in its broken arches and shattered walls. Built of indestructible materials, and seemingly for eternity, of a size, material, and form, to defy the “strong hours” which conquer all, it has bowed its head to their touch, and passed into the inevitable cycle of decay. “And this, too, shall pass away,” — which the Eastern monarch engraved upon his signet-ring, — is carved upon these *Cyclopéan* blocks. The stones of the Colosseum were once water; and they are now turning into dust.

5. Such is ever the circle of nature. The solid is changing into the fluid, and the fluid into the solid; and that which is unseen is alone indestructible. He does not see the Colosseum

aright, who carries away from it no other impressions than those of form, size, and hue. It speaks an intelligible language to the wiser mind. It rebukes the peevish, and consoles the patient. It teaches us that there are misfortunes which are clothed with dignity, and sorrows that are crowned with grandeur. As the same blue sky smiles upon the ruin, which smiled upon the perfect structure, so the same beneficent Providence bends over our shattered hopes and our answered prayers.

HILLARD.

6. The stars are forth, the moon above the tops
Of the snow-shining mountains. — Beautiful !
I linger yet with Nature, for the night
Hath been to me a more familiar face
Than that of man ; and in her starry shade
Of dim and solitary loveliness
I learned the language of another world.
7. I do remember me that in my youth,
When I was wandering, upon such a night
I stood within the Colosseum's wall,
'Midst the chief relics of almighty Rome ;
The trees which grew along the broken arches
Waved dark in the blue midnight, and the stars
Shone through the rents of ruin ; from afar
The watch-dog bayed beyond the Tiber ; and
More near, from out the Cæsars' palace, came
The owl's long cry, and, interruptedly,
Of distant sentinels the fitful song
Begun and died upon the gentle wind.
8. Some cypresses beyond the time-worn breach
Appeared to skirt the horizon, yet they stood
Within a bow-shot. Where the Cæsars dwelt,
And dwell the tuneless birds of night, amidst
A grove which springs through levelled battlements,
And twines its roots with the imperial hearths,
Ivy usurps the laurel's place of growth ;
But the gladiators' bloody circus stands,
A noble wreck in ruinous perfection !
While Cæsar's chambers, and the Augustan halls,
Grovel on earth in indistinct decay.
9. And thou didst shine, thou rolling moon, upon
All this, and cast a wide and tender light,
Which softened down the hoar austerity
Of rugged desolation, and filled up,
As 't were anew, the gaps of centuries :
Leaving that beautiful which still was so,
And making that which was not, till the place
Became religion, and the heart ran o'er
With silent worship of the great of old, —
The dead but sceptred sovereigns, who still rule
Our spirits from their urns !

LORD BYRON.

CLXXXI. — LITERATURE OF THE ANCIENT HEBREWS.

1. IN no respect does the Hebrew nation appear to greater advantage than when viewed in the light of their sublime compositions. Nor is this remark confined simply to the style or mechanism of their writings, which is nevertheless allowed by the best judges to possess many merits; it may be extended more especially to the exalted nature of their subjects, — the works, the attributes, and the purposes of Jehovah. The poets of pagan antiquity, on the other hand, excite by their descriptions of divine things our ridicule or disgust.

2. Even the most approved of their order exhibit repulsive images of their deities, and suggest the grossest ideas in connection with the principles and enjoyments which prevail among the inhabitants of Olympus. But the contemporaries of David, inferior in many things to the ingenious people who listened to the strains of Homer and of Virgil, are remarkable for their elevated conceptions of the Supreme Being as the Creator and Governor of the world, not less than for the suitable terms in which they give utterance to their exalted thoughts.

3. In no other country but Judæa, at that early period, were such sentiments as the following either expressed or felt: "O Jehovah, our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth, thou that hast set thy glory above the heavens! When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained, what is man, that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man, that thou visitest him? Bless Jehovah, O my soul! O Lord, my God, thou art very great, and art clothed with honor and majesty! Thou coverest thyself with light as with a garment, and stretchest out the heavens like a curtain: who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters, who maketh the clouds his chariot, and walketh upon the wings of the wind!

4. "Bless Jehovah, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name. Bless Jehovah, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits; who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases; who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies. Jehovah is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy. He hath not dealt with us after our sins, neither rewarded us according to our iniquities. For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy toward them that fear him. For he knoweth our frame, he remembereth that we are dust."

5. "O Lord, thou hast searched me and known me: thou
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knowest my downsitting and mine uprising, thou understandest my thoughts long before. Thou art about my bed and about my path, and art acquainted with all my ways. Whither shall I go from thy spirit, or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there; if I go down to the dwelling of the departed, thou art there also. If I take the wings of the morning and abide in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me. If I say, surely the darkness shall cover me, even the night shall be turned into day. Yea, the darkness is no darkness with thee, but the night shineth as the day: the darkness and the light are both alike to thee."

6. A similar train of lofty conception pervades the writings of the prophets. "Who hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and meted out the heavens with a span, and comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance? Behold, the nations are as a drop of a bucket, and are counted as the small dust of the balance; he taketh up the isles as a very little thing. It is he that sitteth upon the circle of the earth, and the inhabitants thereof are as grasshoppers. Lift up your eyes on high, and behold who hath created these things, who bringeth out their host by number; he calleth them all by names by the greatness of his might, for that he is strong in power; not one faileth. Hast thou not known, hast thou not heard, that the everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary? There is no searching of his understanding."

7. But it is not only in such sublimity of language and exalted imagery that the literature of the Hebrews surpasses the writings of the most learned and ingenious portion of the heathen world. A distinction not less remarkable is to be found in the humane and compassionate spirit which animates even the earliest parts of the sacred volume, composed at a time when the manners of all nations were still unrefined, and the softer emotions were not held in honor. "Blessed is he who considereth the poor and needy; the Lord will deliver him in the time of trouble. The Lord will preserve him and keep him alive; he shall be blessed upon earth, and thou wilt not deliver him into the will of his enemies. The Lord will strengthen him upon the bed of languishing; thou wilt make all his bed in his sickness."

8. We shall in vain seek for instances of such a benign and liberal feeling in the volumes of the most enlightened of pagan writers, whether poets or orators. How beautifully does the following observation made by Solomon contrast with the contempt expressed by Horace for the great body of his countrymen: "He

that despiseth his neighbor sinneth ; but he that hath mercy on the poor, happy is he. He that oppresseth the poor reproacheth his Maker."

RUSSELL.

CLXXXII. — PASSAGES FROM SHAKESPEARE.

1. MERCY. — PORTIA TO SHYLOCK.

THE quality of Mercy is not strained ;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blessed ;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes.
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest ; it becomes
The thronèd monarch better than his crown.
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings :
But Mercy is above this sceptred sway ;
It is enthronèd in the hearts of kings ;
It is an attribute to God himself :
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
When Mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,
That in the course of justice none of us
Should see salvation. We do pray for mercy ;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy.

2. A GOOD CONSCIENCE.

What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted ?
Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just ;
And he but naked, though locked up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

3. A MOTHER'S BLESSING.

Be thou blest, Bertram ! and succeed thy father
In manners, as in shape ! thy blood, and virtue,
Contend for empire in thee ! and thy goodness
Share with thy birthright ! Love all, trust a few,
Do wrong to none : be able for thine enemy
Rather in power than use, and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key : be checked for silence,
But never taxed for speech. What heaven more will
That thee may furnish, and my prayers pluck down,
Fall on thy head ! Farewell !

4. EXHORTATION TO COURAGE

But wherefore do you droop ! Why look you sad !
 Be great in act, as you have been in thought ;
 Let not the world see fear and sad distrust
 Govern the motion of a kingly eye ;
 Be stirring as the time ; be fire with fire ;
 Threaten the threatener, and outface the brow
 Of bragging horror ; so shall inferior eyes,
 That borrow their behaviors from the great,
 Grow great by your example ; and put on
 The dauntless spirit of resolution ;
 Show boldness and aspiring confidence.
 What ! shall they seek the lion in his den,
 And fright him there, — and make him tremble there ! —
 O, let it not be said ! Forage, and run
 To meet displeasure further from the doors,
 And grapple with him ere he comes so nigh !

5. GRIEF NOT TO BE JUDGED BY EXTERNALS.

Seems, madam ! — nay, it *is* ; I know not *seems*.
 'T is not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
 Nor customary suits of solemn black,
 Nor windy suspiration of forced breath,
 No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
 Nor the dejected 'havior of the visage,
 Together with all forms, modes, shows of grief,
 That can denote me truly. These, indeed, seem,
 For they are actions that a man might play ;
 But I have that within which passeth show,
 These but the trappings and the suits of woe.

6. THE MIND MAKES THE BODY RICH.

Well, come, my Kate, we will unto your father's
 Even in these honest mean habiliments ;
 Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor ;
 For, 't is the mind that makes the body rich ;
 And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
 So honor peereth in the meanest habit.
 What ! is the jay more precious than the lark.
 Because his feathers are more beautiful ?
 Or is the adder better than the eel,
 Because his painted skin contents the eye ?
 O, no, good Kate ; neither art thou the worse
 For this poor furniture, and mean array.

7. VALUE OF REPUTATION.

Good name in man, and woman, dear¹³⁸ my lord,
 Is the immediate jewel of their souls ;
 Who steals my purse, steals trash ; 't is something, nothing:

'T was mine, 't is his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

8. SUSPICION.

Let me have men about me that are fat;
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights;
Yond¹⁴¹ Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much: — such men are dangerous.
'Would he were fatter! But I fear him not;
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men: he loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music;
Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort,
As if he mocked himself, — and scorned his spirit,
That could be moved to smile at anything.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease
While they behold a greater than themselves,
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be feared,
Than what I fear; for always I am Caesar.
Come on my right hand, — for this ear is deaf, —
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

9. THE CHARACTER OF BRUTUS.

This was the noblest Roman of them all:
All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Caesar;
He only, in a general honest thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle; and the elements
So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, *This was a man!*

CLXXXIII. — NAPOLEON.

1. NAPOLEON's reign was nothing but a campaign; his empire, a field of battle as extensive as all Europe. He concentrated the rights of people and of kings in his sword; all morality in the number and strength of his armies. Nothing which threatened him was innocent; nothing which placed an obstacle in his way was sacred; nothing which preceded him in date was

worthy of respect. From himself alone he wished Europe to date its epoch.^m He swept away the republic with the tread of his soldiers. He trampled on the throne of the Bourbons in exile. Like a murderer, in the darkness of the night, he seized upon the bravest and most confiding of the military princes of this race, the Duke d'Enghien,^m in a foreign country. He slew him in the ditch of Vincennes, by a singular presentiment of crime, which showed him, in this youth, the only armed competitor of the throne against him, or against his race. He conquered Italy, which had been again lost, Germany, Prussia, Holland (reconquered after Pichegru^m), Spain, Naples, — kingdoms and republics. He threatened England, and caressed Russia, in order to lull her to sleep. He carved out the continent, made a new distribution of nations, and raised up thrones for all his family. He expended ten generations of France to establish a royal or imperial dynasty for each of the sons or daughters of his mother.

2. His fame, which grew incessantly in noise and splendor, imparted to France and to Europe that ver'tigo of glory which hides the immorality and the abyss of such a reign. He created the attraction, and was followed even to the delirium, of the Russian campaign. He floated in a whirlwind of events so vast and so rapid, that even three years of errors did not occasion his fall. Glory, which had elevated him, sustained him over the vacuity of all the other principles which he had despised. Spain devoured his armies; Russia served as a sepulchre to seven hundred thousand men; Dresden and Leipsic^m swallowed up the rest. Germany, exasperated, deserted his cause. The whole of Europe hemmed him in, and pursued him from the Rhine to the Pyrenees, with a mighty tide of people. France, exhausted and disaffected, saw him combat and sink without raising an arm in his cause.

3. Yet, when he had nothing against the whole world but a handful of soldiers, he did not fall. Everything was annihilated around his throne, but his glory remained soaring above his head. He at length capitulated, or, rather, France capitulated without him, and he travelled alone, across his conquered country and his ravaged provinces, the route^m to his first exile, — his only *cortège*^m the resentments and the murmurs of his country. What remains behind him of his long reign? for this is the criterion by which God and man judge the political genius of founders. All truth is fruitful; all falsehood barren. In policy, whatever does not create has no existence. Life is judged by what survives it.

4. He left freedom chained, equality compromised by posthumous^m institutions, feudalism^m parodied, without power to exist.

human conscience resold, philosophy proscribed, prejudices encouraged, the human mind diminished, instruction materialized and concentrated in the pure sciences alone, schools converted into barracks, literature degraded by censorship or humbled by baseness, national representation perverted, election abolished, the arts enslaved, commerce destroyed, credit annihilated, navigation suppressed, international hatred revived, the people oppressed, or enrolled in the army, paying, in blood or taxes, the ambition of an unequalled soldier, but covering with the great name of France the contradictions of the age, the miseries and degradations of the country.

5. This is the founder! This is the man! — a man, instead of a revolution! — a man, instead of an epoch! — a man, instead of a country! — a man, instead of a nation! Nothing after him! nothing around him but his shadow, making sterile the eighteenth century, absorbed and concentrated in himself alone. Personal glory will be always spoken of as characterizing the age of Napoleon; but it will never merit the praise bestowed upon that of Augustus, of Charlemagne,^m and of Louis the Fourteenth.ⁿ There is no age; there is only a name; and this name signifies nothing to humanity, but himself. False in institutions, for he retrograded; false in policy, for he debased; false in morals, for he corrupted; false in civilization, for he oppressed, — he was only true in war; for he shed torrents of human blood. But what can we, then, allow him? His individual genius was great, but it was the genius of materialism. His intelligence was vast and clear; but it was the intelligence of calculation. He counted, he weighed, he measured; but he felt not, he loved not, he sympathized with none; he was a statue rather than a man.

6. His metallic nature was felt even in his style. Much superior to Cæsar in the account of his campaigns, his style is not the written expression alone, — it is the action. Every sentence in his pages is, so to speak, the counterpart and counter-impression of the fact. There is neither a letter, a sound, nor a color, wasted between the fact and the word, — and the word is himself. His phrases, concise,^o but struck off without ornament, recall those times when Bajazet and Charlemagne, not knowing how to write their names at the bottom of their imperial acts, dipped their hands in ink or blood, and applied them with all their joints impressed upon the parchment. It was not the signature; it was the hand itself of the hero, thus fixed eternally before the eyes; and such were the pages of his campaigns, dictated by Napoleon, — the very soul of movement, of action, and of combat.

7. This fame, which constituted his morality, his conscience, and his principle, he merited, by his nature and his talents, from

war and from glory; and he has covered with it the name of France. France, obliged to accept the odium of his tyranny and his crimes, should also accept his glory with a serious gratitude. She cannot separate her name from his without lessening it; for it is equally incrustated with his greatness as with his faults. She wished for renown; and what she principally owes to him is the celebrity she has gained in the world. This celebrity, which will descend to posterity, and which is improperly called glory, constituted his means and his end. Let him, therefore, enjoy it. The noise he has made will resound through distant ages; but let it not pervert posterity, or falsify the judgment of mankind. He is admired as a soldier; he is measured as a sovereign; he is judged as a founder of nations; — great in action, little in idea, nothing in virtue. Such is the man!

LAMARTINE.

CLXXXIV. — NAPOLEON AS A STUDENT.

1. DILIGENCE and self-control are the crowning attributes of genius. Napoleon, however extraordinary his mental gifts, no more attained his greatness by fits and starts than he made his way over the Alps by a sudden flight. In both cases the road was opened by labor, toil, and endurance. The evidences of his arduous study and persevering industry in youth afford a useful lesson for the consideration of those who, feeling within them a certain excitement, regard it — and, it may be, justly — as the token of mental power, but forget that it is as surely an evidence of power needing the strengthening and discipline of order and systematic study.

2. Napoleon appears to have gone through a regular and systematic course of reading with a definite object: nothing was done for mere amusement. His selections of works, and his extracts from them, are alike remarkable. He occupied himself with natural history, natural philosophy, and medicine. He studied ancient geography and history; then turned to modern, and acquainted himself well with the history of France. His object seemed rather to gain a knowledge of historical facts than to form a system from them. A thirst for general knowledge, and an indefatigable industry in attaining it, are manifested throughout his scholastic career.

3. We will not enter into the moral questions connected with Napoleon's aims and objects, with the use or misuse of his energies, for we are now only dealing with the training by which he learned to concen'trate them; and with the great lesson to be

drawn from the fact that it was by strenuous perseverance and unwearied effort, under difficulties and impediments, that his mental powers were — we will not say created — but fostered and made effectual to the attainment of his aims and objects. Napoleon, as well as Michael Angelo,^m and Newton,^m and all possessed of true genius, had to submit to that law of human nature, which decrees that nothing great can be done without great effort. Of all the subjects of which he afterwards showed himself master, he was first the regular and diligent student.

4. His clear ideas on legislation, on finances, and social organization, were not fruits of spontaneous growth, but the harvest reaped on the throne from the labors of the poor lieutenant^m of artillery. He owed his mental development to that to which in every age every great and strong mind has owed it — industry, to solitary and patient vigil, to difficulty and misfortune. True it is that the revolution opened to him a vast field; but, had the revolution never occurred, Napoleon must have become distinguished; for characters such as his seize upon, but are never the slaves of, circumstances. When, after seven years spent in retirement, Napoleon made his first appearance on the world's stage, he had already within him the germs of his future greatness. Nothing was fortuitous with him.

5. His was a perpetual struggle, and not always a successful one. His being at Toulon^m was owing to his never losing an opportunity of coming forward. Never did a new minister come into power without receiving a memorial from the young officer on the affairs of his native country; and never was any change in the military department of Corsica proposed, that Napoleon did not, at any risk, immediately repair thither. When unsuccessful in his object, he returned to Valence^m to think and to study; and these seven years of the youthful life of Napoleon are to us the noblest and greatest in that life of prodigies, and are themselves sufficient to preclude his elevation being ascribed to fatality.

CLXXXV. — THOUGHTS ON BOOKS.

1. OBLIGATIONS TO LITERATURE. — I will here place on record my own obligations to literature: a debt so immense as not to be cancelled, like that of Nature, by death itself. I owe to it something more than my earthly welfare. Adrift, early in life, upon the great waters, — as pilotless as Wordsworth's blind boy, afloat in the turtle-shell, — if I did not come to shipwreck, it was that, in default of paternal or fraternal guidance, I was rescued, like

the "ancient" mariner," by guardian spirits — "each one a lovely light" — who stood as beacons to my course. Infirm health, and a natural love of reading, happily threw me, instead of worse society, into the company of poets, philosophers, and sages — to me good angels and ministers of grace. From these silent instructors — who often do more than fathers, and always more than god-fathers, for our temporal and spiritual interests — from these mild monitors, — no importunate tutors, teasing mentors, moral task-masters, obtrusive advisers, harsh censors, or wearisome lecturers, but delightful associates, — I learned something of the divine, and more of the human, religion.

They were my interpreters in the house beautiful of God, and my guide among the delectable mountains of Nature. They reformed my prejudices, chastened my passions, tempered my heart, purified my tastes, elevated my mind, and directed my aspirations. I was lost in a chaos of undigested problems, false theories, crude fancies, obscure impulses, bewildering doubts, when these bright intelligences called my mental world out of darkness, like a new creation, and gave it "two great lights," Hope and Memory, — the past for a moon, and the future for a sun.

"Hence have I genial seasons ; hence have I
Smooth passions, smooth discourse, and joyous thoughts ;
And thus, from day to day, my little boat
Rocks in its harbor, lodging peaceably. —
Blessings be with them, and eternal praise, —
The poets, — who on earth have made us heirs
Of truth and pure delight, by heavenly lays !
O, might my name be numbered among theirs,
How gladly would I end my mortal days !" * — *Thomas Hood.*

2. THE WORTH OF BOOKS. — It is chiefly through books that we enjoy intercourse with superior minds ; and these invaluable means of communication are in the reach of all. In the best books, great men talk to us, give us their most precious thoughts, and pour their souls into ours. God be thanked for books. They are the voices of the distant and the dead, and make us heirs of the spiritual life of past ages. Books are the true levellers. They give to all, who will faithfully use them, the society, the spiritual presence, of the best and greatest of our race. No matter how poor I am. No matter, though the prosperous of my own time will not enter my obscure dwelling. If the Sacred Writers will enter and take up their abode under my roof, — if Milton will cross my threshold to sing to me of Paradise, and Shakspeare to open to me the worlds of imagination and the workings of the human heart, and Franklin to enrich me with his

* Wordsworth.

practical wisdom, — I shall not pine for intellectual companionship; and I may become a cultivated man, though excluded from what is called the best society in the place where I live. — *Channing*.

8. MORAL INFLUENCE OF A LITERARY TASTE. — To a young man away from home, friendless and forlorn in a great city, the hours of peril are those between sunset and bed-time; for the moon and stars see more of evil in a single hour than the sun in his whole day's circuit. The poet's visions of evening are all compact of tender and soothing images. It brings the wanderer to his home, the child to his mother's arms, the ox to his stall, and the weary laborer to his rest. But to the gentle-hearted youth who is thrown upon the rocks of a pitiless city, and stands "homeless amid a thousand homes," the approach of evening brings with it an aching sense of loneliness and desolation, which comes down upon the spirit like darkness upon the earth. In this mood, his best impulses become a snare to him, and he is led astray because he is social, affectionate, sympathetic, and warm-hearted. If there be a young man thus circumstanced within the sound of my voice, let me say to him that books are the friends of the friendless, and that a library is the home of the homeless. A taste for reading will always carry you to converse with men who will instruct you by their wisdom and charm you by their wit, who will soothe you when fretted, refresh you when weary, counsel you when perplexed, and sympathize with you at all times. Evil spirits, in the middle ages, were exorcised and driven away by bell, book, and candle; you want but two of these agents, the book and the candle. — *Hillard*.

4. DESIRABLENESS OF A TASTE FOR READING. — Were I to pray for a taste which should stand me in stead under every variety of circumstance, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me during life, and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss and the world frown upon me, it would be a taste for reading. Give a man this taste, and the means of gratifying it, and you can hardly fail of making him a happy man; unless, indeed, you put into his hands a most perverse selection of books. You place him in contact with the best society in every period of history, — with the wisest, the wittiest, the tenderest, the bravest, and the purest characters who have adorned humanity. You make him a denizen of all nations, a contemporary of all ages. The world has been created for him. — *Sir John Herschel*.

5. THE HABIT OF READING MAY BE ABUSED. — A man may as well expect to grow stronger by always eating, as wiser by always reading. Too much overcharges nature, and turns more into disease than nourishment. It is thought and digestion which

make books serviceable, and give health and vigor to the mind. Better read not at all than read bad, unprofitable books. "There are those persons," says Locke, "who are very assiduous in reading, and yet do not much advance their knowledge by it. They are delighted with the stories that are told, and, perhaps, can tell them again, for they make all they read nothing but history to themselves; but, not reflecting on it, not making to themselves observations from what they read, they are very little improved by all that crowd of particulars that either pass through, or lodge themselves in, their understandings. They dream on in a constant course of reading and cramming themselves, but, not digesting anything, it produces nothing but a heap of crudities." Be not seduced by any eloquence of style, sophistry of argument, or seeming novelty and boldness of thought, into a distrust of any truth which your own immortal soul, in its highest aspirations, has approved, and which the monitions of conscience, no less than the assurances of Holy Writ, impel you to regard as sacred.

CLXXXVI. — CAPTURE OF A WHALE.

1. THE monotony of the calm was suddenly broken by the long-expected cry, "There she blows!" from the man at the mast-head. — "Where away?" demanded the captain. — "Three points off the lee bow, sir." — "Raise up your wheel. Steady!" — "Steady, sir." — "Mast-head, ahoy! Do you see that whale now?" — "Ay, ay, sir. A school^m of sperm whales! There she blows! There she breathes!" — "Sing out! Sing out every time!" — "Ay, ay, sir. There she blows! There — there — *there* — she blows!" — "How far off?" — "Two miles and a half." — "So near? Call all hands! Clew up the fore-top-gallant-sail — there! belay!^m Hard down your wheel! Haul back the main-yard! Get your tubs in your boats! Bear a hand! Clear your falls! Stand by all to lower! All ready?" — "All ready, sir." — "Lower away!"

2. Down went the boats with a splash. Each boat's crew sprang over the rail, and in an instant the larboard, starboard, and waist boats were manned. There was great rivalry in getting the start. The waist boat got off in pretty good time, and away went all three, dashing the water high over their bows. Nothing could be more exciting than the chase. The larboard boat, commanded by the mate, and the waist boat, by the second mate, were head and head. "Give way, my lads, give way!" shouted our headsmen; "we gain on them; give way. A long steady stroke — that's the way to tell it."

3. The chase was now truly soul-stirring. Sometimes the larboard, then the starboard, then the waist boat took the lead. It was a severe trial of skill and muscle. After we had run two miles at this rate, the whales turned flukes,^m going straight to windward. "Now for it, my lads!" cried our headsman. "We'll have them the next rising. Now pile it on! A long, steady pull! That's it! That's the way! Those whales belong to us. Don't give out! Half an hour more, and they're our whales." On dashed the boat, clearing its way through the rough sea, as if the briny element were blue smoke. The whale we pursued, however, turned flukes before we could reach him. When he appeared again above the surface of the water, it was evident that he had gone a good distance while down, gaining on us nearly a mile.

4. The chase was now almost hopeless, as the whale was making to windward rapidly. A heavy black cloud was on the horizon, portending an approaching squall, and the bark was fast fading from sight. Still we were not to be baffled by discouraging circumstances of this kind, and we braced our sinews for a grand and final effort. The wind had by this time increased almost to a gale, and the heavy black clouds were scattering far and wide. Part of the squall had passed off to leeward,^m and entirely concealed the bark. Our situation was rather unpleasant, in a rough sea, the other boats out of sight, and each moment the wind increasing. We continued to strain every muscle till we were hard upon the whale. Tabor sprang to the bow,^m and stood by it with the harpoon.

5. "Softly, softly, my lads!" said the headsman. — "Ay, ay, sir." — "Hush-h-h! Softly! Now's your time, Tabor!" Tabor let fly the harpoon, and buried the iron. "Stern all!" thundered the headsman. "Stern all!" And as we rapidly backed from the whale, he flung his tremendous flukes high in the air, covering us with a cloud of spray. He then plunged down under water, making the line whiz as it passed through the chocks.^m When he rose to the surface again, we hauled up, and the second mate stood ready in the bow to despatch him with lances.

6. "He is spouting blood!" said Tabor; "he is a dead whale. He will not need much lancing." It was true enough; for, before the officer could get within dart's reach of him, the monster commenced his dying struggles. The sea was crimsoned with his blood. We lay upon our oars a moment to witness his last throes, and when he had turned his head towards the sun a loud simultaneous cheer burst from every lip.

J. ROSS BROWNE.

CLXXXVII. — THE PASSIONS: AN ODE.

1. WHEN Music, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
Thronged around her magic cell :
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possessed beyond the Muse's painting,
By turns, they felt the glowing mind
Disturbed, delighted, raised, refined :
Till once, 't is said, when all were fired,
Filled with fury, rapt, inspired,
From the supporting myrtles round,
They snatched her instruments of sound ;
And, as they oft had heard apart
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each — for madness ruled the hour —
Would prove his own expressive power.
2. First, Fear¹²⁸ his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewildered laid :
And back recoiled, he knew not why,
E'en at the sound himself had made.
3. Next, Anger rushed ; his eyes on fire
In lightnings owned his secret stings ;
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept with hurried hand the strings.
4. With woful measures woe Despair —
Low, sullen sounds ! — his grief beguiled ;
A solemn, strange, and mingled air ;
'T was sad by fits, by starts 't was wild.
5. But thou, O Hope ! with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure ?
Still it whispered promised pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail !
Still would her touch the strain prolong ;
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She called on Echo still through all her song :
'And where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close ;
And Hope, enchanted, smiled, and waved her golden hair.
6. And longer had she sung — but, with a frown,
Revenge impatient rose.
He threw his blood-stained sword in thunder down ;
And, with a withering look,
The war-denouncing trumpet took

And blew a blast so loud and dread,
 Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe,
 And, ever and anon, he beat
 The doubling drum with furious heat :
 And though, sometimes, each dreary pause between,
 Dejected Pity, at his side,
 Her soul-subduing voice applied,
 Yet still he kept his wild, unaltered mien,
 While each strained ball of sight seemed bursting from his head

7. Thy numbers, Jealousy, to naught were fixed ;
 Sad proof of thy distressful state !
 Of differing themes the veering song was mixed ;
 And, now it courted Love ; now, raving, called on Hate.

8. With eyes up-raised, as one inspired,
 Pale Melancholy sat retired ;
 And, from her wild, sequestered seat,
 In notes, by distance made more sweet,
 Poured through the mellow horn her pensive soul :
 And, dashing soft from rocks around,
 Bubbling runnels joined the sound :
 Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole .
 Or o'er some haunted streams with fond delay
 (Round a holy calm diffusing,
 Love of peace, and lonely musing)
 In hollow murmurs died away.

9. But, O ! how altered was its sprightlier tone,
 When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
 Her bow across her shoulder flung,
 Her buskins gemmed with morning dew,
 Blew an inspiring air, that¹⁰⁰ dale and thicket rung ! —
 The hunter's call, to Faun and Dryad known !
 The oak-crowned Sisters, and their chaste-eyed Queen,
 Sātyrs and sylvan boys, were seen,
 Peeping from forth their alleys green ;
 Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear,
 And Sport leaped up, and seized his beechen spear.

10. Last came Joy's ecstatic trial : —
 He, with viny crown advancing,
 First to the lively pipe his hands addressed :
 But soon he saw the brisk awakening viol,
 Whose sweet, entrancing voice he loved the best.
 They would have thought, who heard the strain,
 They saw in Tempè's¹⁰¹ vale her native maids,
 Amid the festal-sounding shades,
 To some unwearied minstrel dancing :
 While, as his flying fingers kissed the strings,

Love framed with Mirth a gay fantastic round
 (Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound),
 And he, amid his frolic play,
 As if he would the charming air repay,
 Shook thousand odors from his dewy wings.

COLLINS.

CLXXXVIII. — THE ELOQUENCE OF SCIENCE.

1. **EXTENT OF THE UNIVERSE.** — It may give some idea of the extent of the universe to know the length of time required for light which travels one hundred and ninety-two thousand miles a second, to come from different celestial objects to this earth. From the moon, it comes in one and a quarter seconds; from the sun, in eight minutes; from Jupiter, in fifty-two minutes; U'ranus, in two hours; from a star of the first magnitude, three to twelve years; from a star of the fifth magnitude, sixty-six years; from a star of the twelfth magnitude, four thousand years. Light which left a star of the twelfth magnitude when the Israelites left Egypt has not yet reached the earth. Our entire solar system itself travels at the rate of thirty-five thousand miles an hour among the fixed stars.

2. **THE ATMOSPHERE.** — The atmosphere^m rises above us with its cathedral dome, arching towards the heaven, of which it is the most familiar synonyme^m and symbol. It floats around us like that grand object which the apostle John saw in his vision, "a sea of glass like unto crystal." So massive is it that, when it begins to stir, it tosses about great ships like playthings, and sweeps cities and forests like snow-flakes to destruction before it. And yet it is so mo'bile, that we have lived years in it before we can be persuaded that it exists at all, and the great bulk of mankind never realize the truth that they are bathed in an ocean of air. Its weight is so enormous that iron shivers before it like glass; yet a soap-bubble sails through it with impunity, and the tiniest insect waves it aside with its wing.

It ministers lavishly to all the senses. We touch it not, but it touches us. Its warm south winds bring back color to the pale face of the invalid; its cool west winds refresh the fevered brow, and make the blood mantle in our cheeks; even its northern blasts brace into new vigor the hardened children of our rugged clime. The eye is indebted to it for all the magnificence of sunrise, the full brightness of midday, the chastening radiance of the gloaming,^m and the clouds that cradle near the setting sun. But for it the rainbow would want its "triumphal arch,"

and the winds would not send their fleecy messengers on errands round the heavens. — *Quarterly Review*.

3. THE STEAM-ENGINE. — It has become a thing stupendous alike for its force and its flexibility, — for the prodigious power which it can exert, and the ease and precision and ductility with which it can be varied, distributed, and applied. The trunk of an elephant, that can pick up a pin or rend an oak, is as nothing to it. It can engrave a seal, and crush masses of obdurate metal before it; draw out, without breaking, a thread as fine as gossamer, and lift up a ship of war like a bauble in the air. It can embroider muslin and forge anchors; cut steel into ribands, and impel loaded vessels against the fury of the winds and waves. It has increased indefinitely the mass of human comforts and enjoyments, and rendered cheap and accessible all over the world the materials of wealth and prosperity. It has armed the feeble hand of man, in short, with a power to which no limits can be assigned; completed the dominion of mind over the most refractory qualities of matter; and laid a sure foundation for all those future miracles of mechanic power which are to aid and reward the labors of after generations. — *Lord Jeffrey*.

4. IGNORANCE OF GREAT PHYSICAL TRUTHS. — How few men really believe that they sojourn on a whirling globe, and that each day and year of life is measured by its revolution, regulating the labor and repose of every race of beings! How few believe that the great luminary of the firmament, whose restless activity they daily witness, is an immovable star, controlling, by its solid mass, the primary planets which compose our system, and forming the gnōmon^m of the great dial which measures the thread of life, the tenure of empires, and the great cycle of the world's change! How few believe that each of the millions of stars — those atoms of light which the telescope^m can hardly descry — are the centre of a planetary system that may equal, if not surpass, our own!

5. LIFE. — Of all miracles the most wonderful is that of life — the common, daily life which we carry with us, and which everywhere surrounds us. The sun and stars, the blue firmament, day and night, the tides, and seasons, are as nothing compared with it. Life, the soul of the world, but for which creation were not! It is life which is the grand glory of the world; it was, indeed, the consummation of creative power, at which the morning stars sang together for joy. Is not the sun glorious, because there are living eyes to be gladdened by his beams? Is not the fresh air delicious, because there are living creatures to inhale and enjoy it? Are not odors fragrant, and sounds sweet, and colors gorgeous, because there is the living sensation to

appreciate them? Without life, what were they all? What were a Creator himself, without life, intelligence understanding, to know and to adore Him, and to trace His finger in the works that He hath made? Boundless variety and perpetual change are exhibited in the living beings around us. Take the class of insects alone: of these, not fewer than one hundred million distinct species are already known and described; and every day is adding to the catalogue.

Wherever you penetrate, that life can be sustained, you find living beings to exist; in the depth of the ocean, in the arid desert, or at the icy polar regions. The air everywhere teems with life. The soil which clothes the earth all round is swarming with life, vegetable and animal. Take a drop of water, and examine it with the microscope; lo! it is swarming with living creatures. Within life exists other life, until it recedes before the powers of human vision. The parasitic animalcule, which preys upon or within the body of a larger animal, is itself preyed upon by parasites peculiar to itself. So minute are living animalcules, that Ehrenberg has computed that not fewer than five hundred million can subsist in a single drop of water; and each of these monads is endowed with its appropriate organs, possesses spontaneous power of motion, enjoys an independent vitality. During how many thousands of years has the vitality of seeds been preserved deep in the earth's bosom! Not less wonderful is the fact stated by Lord Lindsay, who took from the hand of an Egyptian mummy a tuber, which must have been wrapped up more than two thousand years before. It was planted, was rained and dewed upon, the sun shone on it again, and the root grew, and budded, bursting forth and blooming into a beautiful dahlia!

6. LIGHT. — Finally, we have star-light, that wonderful messenger that brings us daily intelligence of the continued existence of numberless worlds, the expression of an immaterial essence which no longer obeys the laws of gravitation, and yet manifests itself to our senses by innumerable effects. Even the light of the sun, with the arrival of which upon the earth inanimate nature receives life and motion, we cleave asunder into rays which, without any power of illumination, produce the most important alterations and decompositions in organic nature. We separate from light certain rays which exhibit among themselves a diversity as great as exists among colors. But nowhere do we observe either a beginning or an end. — *Liebig.*

7. WONDERS OF THE CREATED UNIVERSE. — What mere assertion will make any one believe that in one second of time, in one beat of the pendulum of a clock, a ray of light travels over one hundred

and two thousand miles, and would therefore perform the tour of the world in about the same time that it requires to wink with our eyelids, and in much less than a swift runner occupies in taking a single stride? What mortal can be made to believe, without demonstration, that the sun is almost a million times larger than the earth? and that, although so remote from us that a cannon-ball shot directly towards it, and maintaining its full speed, would be twenty years in reaching it, it yet affects the earth by its attraction in an inappreciable instant of time? Who would not ask for demonstration, when told that a gnat's wing, in its ordinary flight, beats many hundred times in a second; or that there exist animated and regularly-organized beings many thousands of whose bodies, laid close together, would not extend an inch?

But what are these to the astonishing truths which modern optical inquiries have disclosed, which teach us that every point of a medium through which a ray of light passes is affected with a succession of periodical movements, regularly recurring at equal intervals, no less than five hundred millions of millions of times in a single second! That it is by such movements communicated to the nerves of our eyes that we see;—nay, more, that it is the difference in the frequency of their recurrence which affects us with the sense of the diversity of color! That, for instance, in acquiring the sensation of redness, our eyes are affected four hundred and eighty-two millions of millions of times; of yellowness, five hundred and forty-two millions of millions of times; and of violet, seven hundred and seven millions of millions of times per second! Do not such things sound more like the ravings of madmen than the sober conclusions of people in their waking senses? They are, nevertheless, conclusions to which any one may most certainly arrive, who will only be at the trouble of examining the chain of reasoning by which they have been obtained. — *Herschell.*

8. ON THE VASTNESS OF THE UNIVERSE. — The aspect of the world, even without any of the peculiar lights which science throws upon it, is fitted to give us an idea of the greatness of the power by which it is directed and governed, far exceeding any notions of power and greatness which are suggested by any other contemplation. The number of human beings who surround us; the various conditions requisite for their life, nutrition, well-being, all fulfilled; the way in which these conditions are modified, as we pass in thought to other countries, by climate, temperament, habit; the vast amount of the human population of the globe thus made up, yet man himself but one among almost endless tribes of animals; the forest, the field, the

desert, the air, the ocean, all teeming with creatures whose bodily wants are as carefully provided for as his; the sun, the clouds, the winds, all attending, as it were, on these organized beings; a host of beneficent energies, unwearied by time and succession, pervading every corner of the earth;—this spectacle cannot but give the contemplator a lofty and magnificent conception of the Author of so vast a work, of the Ruler of so wide and rich an empire, of the Provider for so many and varied wants, the Director and Adjuster of such complex and jarring interests. — *Whewell*.

CLXXXIX. — COMMON ERRORS.

1. **THERE** are a number of proverbial notions, which either square so well with some principle in our self-love, or appeal so forcibly to some of our besetting prejudices, or appear from some other cause so exceedingly plausible, that they are never brought forward without apparently producing conviction, while in sober truth they are either highly questionable or decidedly erroneous.

2. When a man, for instance, says, "Away with all refinements—I take the broad common-sense view of the question," everybody immediately prepares to listen to him as a kind of oracle. He may, after that, speak for half an hour in the most vulgar and irrational jargon, without a single reference to the principle of the argument; and if he only takes care not to offend any of the prepossessions of his hearers, he will bear away the palm from the most acute reasoner.

3. The cause of this is, that when you speak of common sense you speak of a thing which all imperfectly-educated and ignorant people (unfortunately the great majority of common audiences) think they possess by intuition, though it is in reality but a composition of the prejudices of each particular person; and, flattered by *their* sense being considered as sufficient to give judgment, they are tempted into thinking themselves convinced, and pronounce accordingly.

4. Whenever a man happens to act rather absurdly, or perhaps somewhat reprehensibly, and is conscious of it, you are sure to hear him exclaim, "Well, I acted according to my conscience." If a man can only convince himself that he was ruled by this secret monitor, he is satisfied, because he has always been told to act according to conscience, and invariably hears conscientious people commended both by friends and

opponents. Other people are satisfied too, and think no more of the error they were once disposed to censure. "O, he acted according to his conscience; there is no more to be said."

5. Now, this would be all very well if conscience were one uniform prompter of good, and preventive of bad, in the breasts of all men. But conscience is a quality which every man possesses only in a certain extent, in proportion as he may have been originally gifted with it, and as he may have cultivated it through life. An individual may have a conscience so very small, or so very dull, that it forms no obstacle to the worst indulgences: he may be so very stupid, in regard to all speculative questions, that the conscience he thinks he acts upon is only a blind supposition of the truth.

6. In these cases conscience is no excuse. The most flagitious criminal might make it a plea for arrest of judgment; the most unenlightened of human beings might sit down upon it in self-satisfied ignorance; the bigot might adopt it as a sanction for a war against his species. Nine-tenths of all the worst mischief, negative and positive, that ever afflicted the world, is traceable to conscience. The duty of man is to improve those faculties which enable him to think and act correctly. He must make his conscience a good conscience, and then, but then only, will he be entitled to honor in acting upon it.

7. Akin to this error is one which makes *meaning well* an excuse for everything. Nay, some not only excuse all kinds of follies and mischiefs by telling themselves and others that they mean well, but they make it a regular boast as a primary rule of conduct, and take not the least care for anything else. They will deliberately go on from day to day in a course injurious to both themselves and others, and, reposing indolently upon their good intentions, neglect all fair opportunities of advantage, all feasible natural means of accomplishing their ends, and finally, perhaps, allow the broad wheel of ruin to come over them, without making an effort to get out of the way.

8. There is also a great sect of philanthropists, who, taking no pains to ascertain the true means of promoting human happiness, and possibly prepossessed in favor of many things which are adverse to it, form, in reality, through the very respect that is paid to their well-meaning impenetrability, the greatest existing obstacles to the object they profess to have in view. Men can never be sufficiently vigilant in guarding against this easy palliation of error and prejudice; their duty is to see that they both mean well, and take the proper means for forming a sound judgment and constructing a correct rule of action. CHAMBERS.

OXLVI. — SELECT PASSAGES IN VERSE.

1. TRUE GLORY. — *Milton.*

THEY err who count it glorious to subdue
 By conquest far and wide, to overrun
 Large countries, and in field great battles win,
 Great cities by assault ; what do these worthies
 But rob and spoil, burn, slaughter, and enslave
 Peaceable nations, neighboring or remote,
 Made captive, yet deserving freedom more
 Than those their conquerors, who leave behind
 Nothing but ruin wheresoe'er they rove,
 And all the flourishing works of peace destroy,
 Then swell with pride, and must be titled gods,
 Great benefactors of mankind, deliverers,
 Worshipped with temple, priest, and sacrifice ;
 One is the son of Jove,² of Mars² the other ;
 Till conqueror Death discover them scarce men,
 Rolling in brutish vices, and deformed,
 Violent or shameful death their due reward.
 But if there be in glory aught of good,
 It may by means far different be attained,
 Without ambition, war, or violence ;
 By deeds of peace, by wisdom eminent,
 By patience, temperance.

2. CONSOLATION FOR A FRIEND'S DEATH. — *Milton.*

Weep no more, woful shepherds, weep no more,
 For Lycidas,² your sorrow, is not dead,
 Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor :
 So sinks the day-star in the ocean-bed,
 And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
 And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore
 Flames in the forehead of the morning sky ;
 So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high
 Through the dear night of Him that walked the waves
 Where, other groves, and other streams along,
 With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
 And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,
 In the blessed kingdoms meek of joy and love.
 There entertain him all the saints above,
 In solemn troops and sweet societies,
 That sing, and, singing, in their glory move,
 And wipe the tears forever from his eyes.

3. TRUTH. — *Cooper.*

The only amaranthine² flower on earth
 Is virtue ; the only lasting treasure, truth.

But what is truth ? 'T was Pilate's^m question put
 To truth itself, that deigned him no reply.
 And wherefore ? will not God impart His light
 To them that ask it ? — Freely : 't is his joy,
 His glory, and his nature, to impart.
 But to the proud, uncandid, insincere,
 Or negligent inquirer, not a spark.
 What pearl is it that rich men cannot buy,
 That learning is too proud to gather up ;
 But which the poor and the despised of all
 Seek and obtain, and often find unsought ?
 Tell me, and I will tell thee what is truth.

4. HARMONY OF EXPRESSION. — *Pope.*

But most by numbers judge a poet's song ;
 And smooth or rough, with them is right or wrong :
 In the bright Muse^m though thousand charms conspire,
 Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire ;
 Who haunt Parnassus^m but to please their ear,
 Not mend their minds ; as some to church repair,
 Not for the doctrine, but the music there.
 These^l equal syllables alone require,
 Though oft the ear the open vowels tire ;
 While expletives^m their feeble aid do join,
 And ten low words oft creep in one dull line ;
 While they ring round the same unvaried chimes,
 With sure returns of still expected rhymes ;
 Where'er you find " the cooling western breeze,"
 In the next line it " whispers through the trees ;"
 If crystal streams " with pleasing murmurs creep,"
 The reader's threatened (not in vain) with " sleep ;"
 Then, at the last and only couplet, fraught
 With some unmeaning thing they call a thought,
 A needless Alexandrine^m ends the song,
 That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.
 Leave such to tune their own dull rhymes, and know
 What's roundly smooth, or languishingly slow ;
 And praise the easy vigor of a line,
 Where Denham's strength and Waller's sweetness join.
 True ease in writing comes from art, not chance ;
 As those move easiest who have learned to dance.
 'T is not enough no harshness gives offence,
 The sound must seem an echo to the sense :
 Soft is the strain when zephyr gently blows,
 And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows ;
 But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
 The hoarse rough verse should like the torrent roar.
 When Ajax^m strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
 The line too labors, and the words move slow ;
 Not so when swift Camilla^m scours the plain,
 Flies o'er the unbending corn, and skims along the main

5. THE HOPE OF AN HEREAFTER. — *Campbell.*

What is the bigot's torch, the tyrant's chain ?
 I smile on death, if heavenward Hope remain !
 But, if the warring winds of nature's strife
 Be all the faithless charter of my life,
 If Chance awaked (inexorable power !)
 This frail and feverish being of an hour ;
 Doomed o'er the world's precarious scene to sweep,
 Swift as the tempest travels on the deep,
 To know Delight but by her parting smile,
 And toil, and wish, and weep, a little while ;—
 Then melt, ye elements, that formed in vain
 This troubled pulse, and visionary brain !
 Fade, ye wild flowers, memorials of my doom !
 And sink, ye stars, that light me to the tomb !
 Eternal Hope ! when yonder spheres sublime
 Pealed their first notes to sound the march of Time,
 Thy joyous youth began — but not to fade.—
 When all the sister planets have decayed,
 When wrapt in fire the realms of æther glow,
 And Heaven's last thunder shakes the world below,
 Thou, undismayed, shalt o'er the ruins smile,
 And light thy torch at Nature's funeral pile !

CXCI. — A FABLE.

A FAMOUS hen's my story's theme,
 Who ne'er was known to tire
 Of laying eggs, but then she'd scream
 So loud o'er every egg, 't would seem
 The house must be on fire.
 A turkey-cock, who ruled the walk,
 A wiser bird and older,
 Could bear 't no more, so off did stalk
 Right to the hen, and told her :
 " Madam, that scream, I apprehend,
 Does nothing to the matter ;
 It surely helps the egg no whit ;
 Then lay your egg, and done with it !
 I pray you, madam, as a friend,
 Cease that superfluous clatter !
 You know not how 't goes through my head ! "
 " Humph ! very likely ! " madam said,
 Then, proudly putting forth a leg :
 " Uneducated barnyard fowl !
 You know no more than any owl
 The noble privilege and praise
 Of authorship in modern days, —
 I'll tell you why I do it :
 First, you perceive, I lay my egg,
 And then — review it."

C. T. BROOKS (FROM THE GERMAN).

CXCII. — THE CHAMELEON.

1. OFT has it been my lot to mark
A proud, conceited, talking spark,
With eyes that hardly served at most
To guard their master 'gainst a post;
Yet round the world the blade has been
To see whatever could be seen,
Returning from his finished tour,^m
Grown ten times pertier than before.
Whatever word you chance to drop,
The travelled fool your mouth will stop, —
“Sir, if my judgment you 'll allow,
I 've seen, and sure I ought to know.” —
So begs you 'd pay a due submission,
And acquiesce in his decision.
2. Two travellers of such a cast,
As o'er Arabia's wilds they passed,
And on their way, in friendly chat,
Now talked of this, and then of that,
Discoursed a while, 'mongst other matter,
Of the Chameleon's^m form and nature.
“A stranger animal,” cries one,
“Sure never lived beneath the sun:
A lizard's body lean and long,
A fish's head, a serpent's tongue;
Its foot with triple claw disjoined;
And what a length of tail behind!
How slow its pace! and then its hue, —
Who ever saw so fine a blue!”
3. “Hold there!” the other quick replies,
“'T is green; I saw it with these eyes,
As late with open mouth it lay,
And warmed it in the sunny ray;
Stretched at its ease the beast I viewed,
And saw it eat the air for food.”
4. “I 've seen it, sir, as well as you,
And must again affirm it blue
At leisure I the beast surveyed,
Extended in the cooling shade.”
5. “'T is green, 't is green, sir, I assure ye!” —
“Green!” cries the other, in a fury;
“Why, sir, d' ye think I 've lost my eyes?” —
“'T were no great loss,” the friend replies;
“For, if they always serve you thus,
You 'll find them of but little use.”

6. So high at last the contest rose,
 From words they almost came to blows;
 When luckily came by a third;
 To him the question they referred,
 And begged he 'd tell them, if he knew,
 Whether the thing was green or blue.
7. "Sirs," cries the umpire, "cease your pother
 The creature's neither one nor t' other;
 I caught the animal last night,
 And viewed it o'er by candle-light:
 I marked it well, — 't was black as jet, —
 You stare; but, sirs, I've got it yet,
 And can produce it." — "Pray, sir, do;
 I'll lay my life the thing is blue." —
 "And I'll be bound, that when you've seen
 The reptile, you'll pronounce him green." —
 "Well, then, at once to end the doubt,"
 Replies the man, "I'll turn him out:
 And when before your eyes I've set him,
 If you don't find him black, I'll eat him."
 He said; then full before their sight
 Produced the beast, and, lo! — 't was white.

MERRICK.

CXCIII. — AFFECTATION IN THE PULPIT.

In man or woman, but far most in man,
 And most of all in man that ministers
 And serves the altar, in my soul I loathe
 All affectation; 't is my perfect scorn,
 Object of my implacable disgust.
 What! will a man play tricks, will he indulge
 A silly fond conceit of his fair form
 And just proportion, fashionable mien
 And pretty face, in presence of his God?
 Or will he seek to dazzle me with tropes,
 As with the diamond on his lily hand,
 And play his brilliant parts before my eyes,
 When I am hungry for the bread of life?
 He mocks his Maker, prostitutes and shames
 His noble office, and, instead of truth,
 Displaying his own beauty, starves his flock.
 Therefore, avaunt! all attitude and stare,
 And start theatric, practised at the glass.
 I seek divine simplicity in him
 Who handles things divine; and all beside,
 Though learned with labor, and though much admired
 By curious eyes and judgments ill-informed,
 To me is odious.

COWPER.

CXCIV. — TO THE SKYLARK.

1. HAIL to thee, blithe spirit! —
Bird thou never wert, —
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart,
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.
2. Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest;
Like a cloud of fire,
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.
3. All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud;
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.
4. Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine;
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.
5. Chorus hymeneal,
Or triumphal chant,
Matched with thine would be all
But an empty vaunt,
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.
6. With thy clear keen joyance
Languor cannot be;
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee.
Thou lovest, but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.
7. Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!
8. Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

SHELLEY (ABRIDGED).

CXCIV. — ODE ON CECILIA'S DAY.

1. From harmony, from heavenly harmony.
 This universal frame began ! —
 When nature underneath a heap
 Of jarring atoms lay,
 And could not heave her head,
 The tuneful voice was heard from high,
 “ Arise, ye more than dead ! ”
 Then cold, and hot, and moist, and dry,
 In order to their stations leap,
 And Music's power obey.
2. From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
 This universal frame began ;
 From harmony to harmony,
 Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
 The diapa^{son} closing full in man.
3. What passion cannot music raise and quell ?
 When Jubal^{son} struck the chorded shell,^{son}
 His listening brethren stood around,
 And, wondering, on their faces fell
 To worship that celestial sound.
 Less than a god they thought there could not dwell
 Within the hollow of that shell,
 That spoke so sweetly and so well.
 What passion cannot music raise and quell ?
4. The trumpet's loud clangor
 Excites us to arms,
 With shrill notes of anger,
 And mortal alarms.
 The double, double, double beat
 Of the thundering drum,
 Cries, “ Hark ! the foes come ;
 Charge, charge ! 't is too late to retreat.”
5. The soft complaining flute
 In dying notes discovers
 The woes of hapless lovers,
 Whose dirge is whispered by the warbling lute.
6. Sharp violins proclaim
 Their jealous pangs, and desperation,
 Fury, frantic indignation,
 Depths of pain and height of passion,
 For the fair disdainful dame.
7. But, O ! what art can teach,
 What human voice can reach,

The sacred organ's praise !
 Notes inspiring holy love,
 Notes that wing their heavenly ways
 To mend the choirs²⁸ above.
 Orpheus²⁹ could lead the savage race ;
 And trees uprooted left their place,
 Sequacious³⁰ of the lyre ;
 But bright Cecilia³¹ raised the wonder higher :
 When to her organ vocal breath was given,
 An angel heard, and straight appeared,
 Mistaking earth for heaven.

DRYDEN.

CXCVI. — PIZARRO IN PERU.

1. — SUFFERINGS IN THE FORESTS.

ON the departure of his vessels, Pizarro³² marched into the interior, in the hope of finding the pleasant champaign country which had been promised him by the natives. But at every step the forests seemed to grow denser and darker, and the trees towered to a height such as he had never seen, even in these fruitful regions, where nature works on so gigantic a scale. Hill continued to rise above hill, as he advanced, rolling onward, as it were, by successive waves, to join that colossal barrier of the Andes, whose frosty sides, far away above the clouds, spread out like a curtain of burnished silver, that seemed to connect the heavens with the earth.

On crossing these woody eminences, the forlorn adventurers would plunge into ravines of frightful depth, where the exhalations of a humid soil steamed up amidst the incense of sweet-scented flowers, which shone through the deep glooms in every conceivable variety of color. Birds, especially of the parrot tribe, mocked this fantastic variety of nature with tints as brilliant as those of the vegetable world. Monkeys chattered in crowds above their heads, and made grimaces like the fiendish spirits of these solitudes ; while hideous reptiles, engendered in the slimy depths of the pools, gathered round the footsteps of the wanderers.

Here was seen the gigantic boï, coiling his unwieldy folds about the trees, so as hardly to be distinguished from their trunks, till he was ready to dart upon his prey ; and alligators lay basking on the borders of the streams, or, gliding under the waters, seized their incautious victim before he was aware of their approach. Many of the Spaniards perished miserably in

this way, and others were waylaid by the natives, who kept a jealous eye on their movements, and availed themselves of every opportunity to take them at advantage. Fourteen of Pizarro's men were cut off at once in a canoe which had stranded on the bank of a stream.

Famine came in addition to other troubles, and it was with difficulty that they found the means of sustaining life on the scanty fare of the forest,—occasionally the potato, as it grew without cultivation, or the wild cocoa-nut, or, on the shore, the salt and bitter fruit of the mangrove; though the shore was less tolerable than the forest, from the swarms of mosquitos, which compelled the wretched adventurers to bury their bodies up to their very faces in the sand. In this extremity of suffering they thought only of return; and all schemes of avarice and ambition—except with Pizarro and a few dauntless spirits—were exchanged for the one craving desire to return to Panama'.^m

2. — ON THE ISLAND OF GALLO.

A ray of hope was enough for the courageous spirit of Pizarro. It does not appear that he himself had entertained, at any time, thoughts of returning. He prepared to stand the fortune of the cast on which he had so desperately ventured. He knew, however, that solicitations or remonstrances would avail little with the companions of his enterprise; and he probably did not care to win over the more timid spirits, who, by perpetually looking back, would only be a clog on his future movements. He announced his own purpose, however, in a laconic^m but decided manner, characteristic of a man more accustomed to act than to talk, and well calculated to make an impression on his rough followers.

Drawing his sword, he traced a line with it on the sand from east to west. Then, turning towards the south, "Friends and comrades!" he said, "on that side are toil, hunger, nakedness, the drenching storm, desertion, and death; on this side, ease and pleasure. There lies Peru with its riches: here, Panama' and its poverty. Choose, each man, what best becomes a brave Castilian. For my part, I go to the south." So saying, he stepped across the line. He was followed by the brave pilot Ruiz; next by Pedro de Candia, a cavalier, born, as his name implies, in one of the isles of Greece. Eleven others successively crossed the line, thus intimating their willingness to abide the fortunes of their leader, for good or for evil.

There is something striking to the imagination in the spectacle of these few brave spirits, thus consecrating themselves to

a daring enterprise, which seemed as far above their strength as any recorded in the fabulous annals of knight-errantry. A handful of men, without food, without clothing, almost without arms, without knowledge of the land to which they were bound, without vessel to transport them, were here left on a lonely rock in the ocean, with the avowed purpose of carrying on a crusade against a powerful empire, staking their lives on its success. What is there in the legends of chivalry⁴ that surpasses it? This was the crisis of Pizarro's fate.

There are moments in the lives of men, which, as they are seized or neglected, decide their future destiny. Had Pizarro faltered from his strong purpose, and yielded to the occasion now so temptingly presented, for extricating himself and his broken band from their desperate position, his name would have been buried with his fortunes, and the conquest of Peru would have been left for other and more successful adventurers. But his constancy was equal to the occasion, and his conduct here proved him competent to the perilous post he had assumed, and inspired others with a confidence in him which was the best assurance of success.

PRESCOTT

CXCVII. — HUMAN SCIENCE SOMETIMES AT FAULT.

1. WITH all due respect for the calculations of men of science, I cannot but remember that when most confident they have sometimes erred. They have too often asserted as a demonstration what was, after all, a mere fallible opinion, which time has contradicted. They sneered at Columbus, when he set forth on his expedition in search of a land beyond the unexplored ocean; at Harvey,⁵ when he announced the circulation of the blood; at Jenner,⁶ when he propounded his theory of vaccination. They told us that steamboats could not cross the Atlantic. They shook the head at Buena Vista.⁷ Ah! that was a battle against all rule, in violation of all the principles of military calculation. An old American general, seated on his white horse, looked forth over the field through his telescope, and said, "We will fight here." And the result was a victory won by five thousand against twenty thousand. A most unscientific and informal victory!

2. Some years ago, a book came out in France, on the subject of a carriage, which had been contrived in England, I believe for a wager at Newmarket, to go a certain distance in a given time. The author of the book undertook to prove, very learnedly, that

the project could not possibly succeed. He formed a most elaborate calculation, according to the most precise rules, which gave the greatest satisfaction to all the scientific world of Paris. A was to represent the carriage; B the horses; C the driver; D the resistance of the air; E the friction of the earth, and F the utter impossibility of success. And A plus B, plus C, plus D, plus E, was equal to F, and therefore the project must fail. While the book was being published, however, the wager was won; but the lovers of science contented themselves with affirming that, though the project *did* succeed, it ought not to have succeeded.

3. An instance of a graver character may be quoted. Not long since a light-house was erected on a ledge of rocks, known as Minot's Ledge, in Boston harbor. It rested on iron pillars, which rose from strong iron piles, fixed firmly in the rocks. Science, or rather professed science, was fully satisfied that the structure was secure. There was a terrible storm in the winter; but the light-house outlived it. The keeper declared, however, that it could not stand many such gales; that the piles had started; that in a severe easterly storm the light-house would rock like a ship afloat; and that there was great danger of its overthrow. The engineer knew better than this, and came before the public with a statement proving very conclusively that the keeper's fears were groundless, and that the light-house was so constructed as to be tempest-proof. The very next spring, an easterly storm of unusual severity set in, and the strong winds blew violently, and the tide rose, and the ocean-waves rushed in and beat upon that house, and it fell. The iron stems that sustained it were snapped like reeds; and two valuable lives were lost by the *catastrophë*.

4. I mention these instances, not to undervalue science,—it would be folly to attempt that; for science, when true to its name, is true knowledge,—but to show that its name is sometimes wrongfully assumed, and that its professors, when not guided by humility, may prove but misleading counsellors. The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. After all that human wisdom can foresee, after all that human calculations can provide, something must be left to chance, something to the possibility of error, something to those contingencies which human vision may not take in. The highest science is ever the most reverent. It is in the lower ranks that we must look for those examples of dogmatism, pertinacity, and presumption, which claim to utter decisions, without appeal, which the next hour may prove to be wrong.

CXCVIII. — CARDINAL WOLSEY AND CROMWELL.*

Wolsey. FAREWELL, a long farewell to all my greatness!
 This is the state of man; to-day he puts forth
 The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
 And bears his blushing honors thick upon him;
 The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;
 And — when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
 His greatness is a ripening — nips his root,
 And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
 Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
 This many summers in a sea of glory;
 But far beyond my depth; my high-blown pride
 At length broke under me; and now has left me,
 Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
 Of a rude stream, that must forever hide me.
 Vain pomp, and glory of this world, I hate ye!
 I feel my heart new opened; O, how wretched
 Is that poor man, that hangs on princes' favors!
 There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
 That sweet aspect † of princes, and their ruin,
 More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
 And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
 Never to hope again.

Enter CROMWELL, amazedly.

Why, how now, Cromwell?

Cromwell. I have no power to speak, sir.

Wol. What! amazed

At my misfortunes! Can thy spirit wonder,
 A great man should decline? Nay, an ‡ you weep,
 I am fallen indeed.

Crom. How does your grace?

Wol. Why, well;

Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
 I know myself now; and I feel within me
 A peace above all earthly dignities,
 A still and quiet conscience. The king has cured me,
 I humbly thank his grace; and from these shoulders,
 These ruined pillars, out of pity, taken
 A load would sink a navy — too much honor:
 O, 't is a burden, Cromwell, 't is a burden,
 Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven.

Crom. I am glad, your grace has made that right use of it

Wol. I hope I have: I am able now, methinks

* Thomas Cromwell, a statesman of the time of Henry the Eighth of England.

† Shakspeare often puts the accent in *aspect* on the last syllable.

‡ An, by the old writers, is often used for yf.

(Out of a fortitude of soul I feel),
To endure more miseries, and greater far,
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
What news abroad ?

Crom. The heaviest and the worst
Is your displeasure with the king.

Wol. God bless him !

Crom. The next is, that Sir Thomas More^m is chosen
Lord Chancellor in your place.

Wol. That's somewhat sudden :
But he's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his highness' favor, and do justice
For truth's sake, and his conscience ; that his bones,
When he has run his course, and sleeps in blessings,
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em !
What more ?

Crom. That Cranmer is returned with welcome,
Installed Lord Archbishop of Canterbury.

Wol. That's news, indeed.

Crom. Last, that the Lady Anne,
Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,
This day was viewed in open as his queen,
Going to chapel ; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.

Wol. There was the weight that pulled me down. O ! Cromwell,
The king has gone beyond me ; all my glories
In that one woman I have lost forever :
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honors,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell :
I am a poor fallen man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master : seek the king ;
That sun, I pray, may never set ! I have told him
What and how true thou art : he will advance thee ;
Some little memory of me will stir him
(I know his noble nature), not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too : Good Cromwell,
Neglect him not ; make use now, and provide
For thine own future safety.

Crom. O, my lord,
Must I, then, leave you ? Must I needs forego
So good, so noble, and so true a master ?
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.
The king shall have my service ; but my prayers
Forever, and forever, shall be yours.

Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries ; but thou hast forced me
Out of thy honest truth to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes : and thus far hear me, Cromwell ;
And, when I am forgotten, — as I shall be, —

And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
 Of me must more be heard of, — say, I taught thee ;
 Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
 And sounded all the depths and shoals of honor,
 Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in ;
 A sure and safe one, though thy master missed it.
 Mark but my fall, and that that ruined me.
 Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition ;
 By that sin fell the angels ; how can man, then,
 The image of his Maker, hope to win by 't ?
 Love thyself last ; cherish those hearts that hate thee ,
 Corruption wins not more than honesty ;
 Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
 To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not :
 Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
 Thy God's, and truth's ; then, if thou fall'st, O, Cromwell,
 Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king :
 And, — Prithee, lead me in :
 There take an inventory of all I have,
 To the last penny ; 't is the king's : my robe,
 And my integrity to Heaven, is all
 I dare now call mine own. O, Cromwell, Cromwell,
 Had I but served my God with half the zeal
 I served my king, He would not in mine age
 Have left me naked to mine enemies !
Crom. Good sir, have patience.
Wol. So I have. Farewell
 The hopes of court ! my hopes in heaven do dwell.

SHAKESPEARE.

CXCIX. — THE TREASURES BY THE WAYSIDE.

1. THE sky was dull, the scene was wild,
 I wandered up the mountain way ;
 And with me went a joyous child, —
 The man in thought, the child at play.
 My heart was sad with many a grief ;
 Mine eyes with former tears were dim ;
 The child ! — a stone, a flower, a leaf,
 Had each its fairy wealth for him !
 From time to time, unto my side
 He bounded back to show the treasure ;
 I was not hard enough to chide,
 Nor wise enough to share, his pleasure.

2. We paused at last : — the child began
 Again his sullen guide to tease :
 " They say you are a learned man —
 So look, and tell me what are these ! "

Aroused with pain, my listless eyes
 The various spoil scarce wander o'er
 Then straight they hail a sage's prize
 In what seemed infant toys before :
 This herb was one the glorious Swede *
 Had given a garden's wealth to find ;
 That stone had hardened round a weed
 The earliest deluge left behind.

3. Fit stores for science Discontent
 Had passed unheeding on the wild ;
 And Nature had her wonders lent
 As things of gladness to the child !
 Thus, through the present, Sorrow goes,
 And sees its barren self alone ;
 While healing in the leaflet grows,
 And Time blooms back within the stone.
 O, Thou, so prodigal of good,
 Whose wisdom with delight is clad,
 How clear should be to Gratitude
 The golden duty — to be glad !

SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

CC. — PECULIARITY OF AMERICAN LIBERTY.

1. THIS inheritance which we enjoy to-day is not only an inheritance of liberty, but of our own peculiar American liberty. Liberty has existed in other times, in other countries, and in other forms. There has been a Grecian liberty, bold and powerful, full of spirit, eloquence, and fire ; a liberty which produced multitudes of great men, and has transmitted one immortal name, the name of Demosthenes, to posterity. But still it was a liberty of disconnected states, sometimes united, indeed, by temporary leagues and confederacies, but often involved in wars between themselves. The sword of Sparta turned its sharpest edge against Athens, enslaved her and devastated Greece ; and, in her turn, Sparta was compelled to bend before the power of Thebes. And let it ever be remembered — especially let the truth sink deep into all American minds — that it was the want of union among her several states which finally gave the mastery of all Greece to Philip of Mac'edon.²¹

2. And there has also been a Roman liberty, a proud, ambitious, domineering spirit, professing free and popular principles in Rome itself ; but, even in the best days of the republic, ready

* See *Linnaeus*, in *Explanatory Index*.

to carry slavery and chains into her provinces, and through every country over which her eagles^m could be borne. What was the liberty of Spain, or Gaul, or Germany, or Britain, in the days of Rome? Did true constitutional liberty then exist? As the Roman empire declined, her provinces, not instructed in the principles of free, popular government, one after another declined also; and, when Rome herself fell in the end, all fell together.

3. I have said that our inheritance is an inheritance of American liberty. That liberty is characteristic, peculiar, and altogether our own. Nothing like it existed in former times, nor was known in the most enlightened states of antiquity; while with us its principles have become interwoven into the minds of individual men, connected with our daily opinions and our daily habits, until it is, if I may so say, an element of social as well as of political life; and the consequence is, that to whatever region an American citizen carries himself, he takes with him, fully developed in his own understanding and experience, our American principles and opinions; and becomes ready at once, in coöperation with others, to apply them to the formation of new governments.

4. What has Germany done, learned Germany, fuller of ancient lore than all the world besides? What has Italy done? What have they done who dwell on the spot where Cicero lived? They have not the power of self-government which a common town-meeting with us possesses. Yes, I say that those persons who have gone from our town-meetings to dig gold in California are more fit to make a republican government than any body of men in Germany or Italy, because they have learned this one great lesson — that there is no security without law, and that, under the circumstances in which they are placed, where there is no military authority to cut their throats, there is no sovereign will but the will of the majority; that, therefore, if they remain, they must submit to that will. And this I believe to be strictly true.

WEBSTER.

CCI. — THE SOULS OF BOOKS.

1. Sit here and muse! — it is an antique room,
High-roofed, with casements through whose purple pane
Unwilling daylight steals amidst the gloom,
Shy as a fearful stranger. — There *they* reign
(In loftier pomp than waking life had known),
The Kings of Thought! — not crowned until the grave. —

When Agamemnon* sinks into the tomb,
The beggar Homer[†] mounts the monarch's throne!

2. Ye ever-living and imperial souls,
Who rule us from the page in which ye breathe!
What had we been, had Cadmus† never taught
The art that fixes into form the thought, —
Had Plato never spoken from his cell,
Or his high harp blind Homer never strung? —
Kinder all earth hath grown since genial Shakspeare sung!
3. Lo! in their books, as from their graves, they rise,
Angels, that, side by side, upon our way,
Walk with and warn us! — Hark! the world so loud,
And *they*, the movers of the world, so still!
From them how many a youthful Tully[‡] caught
The zest and ardor of the eager Bar;
By them each restless wing has been unfurled,
And their ghosts urge each rival's rushing car!
They made yon Preacher zealous for the truth;
They made yon Poet wistful for the star;
Gave Age its pastime, fired the cheek of Youth,
The unseen sires of all our beings are.
4. All books grow homilies[‡] by time; they are
Temples, at once, and landmarks. In them, we,
Who, *but* for them, upon that inch of ground
We call "THE PRESENT," from the cell could see
No daylight trembling on the dungeon bar,
Turn, as we list, the globe's great axle round,
Traverse all space, and number every star,
And feel the Near less household[‡] than the Far!
There is no past, so long as Books shall live!
Rise up, ye walls, with gardens blooming o'er!
Ope but that page — lo! Babylon once more!
5. Books make the Past our heritage and home;
And is this all? No; by each prophet-sage —
No; by the herald souls that Greece and Rome
Sent forth, like hymns, to greet the Morning Star
That rose on Bethlehem — by thy golden page,
Melodious Plato — by thy solemn dreams,
World-wearied Tully! — and, above ye all,
By THIS, the Everlasting Monument†
Of God to mortals, on whose front the beams
Flash glory-breathing day, — our lights they are
To the dark bourn‡ beyond; in them are sent
The types of truths whose life is the To-come;
In them soars up the Adam from the fall;

* Celebrated in Homer's *Iliad*.

† Who introduced the Greek alphabet.

‡ The Bible

§ A bound, a limit.

In them the Future as the Past is given —
Even in our death they bid us hail our birth ; —
Unfold these pages, and behold the Heaven,
Without one grave-stone left upon the Earth !

SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

CCII. — WHAT LABOR HAS DONE FOR THE WEST.

1. HE, alone, who has traversed these regions, day after day, in the freshness, indeed, but in the silence and solitude of nature, — almost appalled by a sense of loneliness and insignificance, amid these wonders of creative power, — can justly appreciate the efforts of man in subduing and reclaiming the prairie²¹ and the forest, and preparing them for those scenes of improvement and cultivation which cheer the eye and gladden the heart of the traveller ; and, above all, of the traveller who preceded the march of civilization, and now follows it in its glorious progress. Never has human industry achieved a prouder triumph than in this conflict between nature and man. As in the exodus²² from Eden, he has been “sent forth to till the ground ;” and in the “sweat of his face” has he thus far fulfilled his mission. And a proud one it was ; ay, and yet is ; for, though it has done much, it has still much to do. It began at the beach of Jamestown, and the rock of Plymouth, where its first labors were broken by no sound but the surges of the Atlantic ; and they will finish only when the last echo of the woodman’s axe shall mingle with the surges of the Pacific.

2. Do not these miracles of enterprise resemble the fictions of an Eastern imagination, rather than the sober realities of human experience ? Do they not speak to us in trumpet-tones of the value and dignity of labor ? for by labor have they been wrought — persevering, unyielding, triumphant labor ! There is no lesson more important to be taught to our young countrymen than that which is taught by this great characteristic feature of American history, — the immense conquest which man has achieved over the world of matter that opposed his progress, and the scanty resources he brought to the work. His own exertions, and the axe and the plough, have accomplished this mighty task ; always, indeed, with toil and exposure, and sometimes under circumstances of privation and suffering before which the stoutest resolution might give away.

8. And how would this great work, of subduing nature and preparing the forest for the residence of man, have been accomplished in the older regions of the globe, so long the theatre of

human exertions? The answer describes by a single trait the marked difference between the condition of agricultural labor in the Eastern and in the Western hemisphere; between the laborer for others and the laborer for himself. He who runs may read it in the history of our whole progress, individual and national. The forest has fallen before those who established their habitations in its dark recesses—dark till their toil made way for the light of Heaven to shine upon them. They labored themselves, and for themselves. No taskmaster directed their labors, and no speculator garnered the profits. And thus exertion was stimulated by the most powerful motives which can operate upon human nature—by the necessity of present subsistence, and the hope, the certainty, I should say, of future competence and comfort; and, therefore it is, that, upon the immense domain from Lake Erie almost to the shadow of the Rocky Mountains, a vigorous, intelligent, and enterprising people have fixed their residence, and by their own labor, and for their own advantage, have prepared it for all the purposes of civilized life.

4. And the time within which this has been done is not the least extraordinary feature in this great national migration—a migration going forth to invade the forest, and to fulfil the first command of the Creator, “to replenish the earth and subdue it,” and not, as in the history of human conquest, to lay waste and destroy, having before it fertile and flourishing regions, and behind it ruin and desolation. The man yet lives who was living when almost the first tree fell before the pioneer’s stroke in this magnificent region; and the man is now living who will live to see it contain one hundred millions of people. I have myself known it for half a century, and in that space—long, indeed, in the life of man, but brief in the life of communities—our own region of the North-west, marked with its distinct boundaries upon the map of nature by the Lakes, the Mississippi, and the Ohio, has risen from infancy to manhood, from weakness to strength, from a population of a few thousands to five millions of people—of freemen, owning the soil they occupy, and which they won by their industry, and will defend by their blood.

5. Where, in the long annals of the human race, can you find such an augmentation of the resources and numbers of a country, gained in so short a period, and under such circumstances of trial in its progress, and of prosperity in its issue? And may we not well say, that the mighty agent which has built up this monument of productive power deserves the gratitude and the fostering care of the American people? And that agent is *Labor*, and our duty is to elevate it in the scale of employment; to show what it has done, and is doing, and is destined, I trust, yet to do.

It has not founded a monarchy, indeed, whose burthens are for the rejected, and its benefits for the chosen; whose splendor dazzles the eye, while its oppression sickens the heart; but it has laid the foundation of a republic, broadly and deeply, in the rights of man; whose equal protection covers all, as its equal honors are open to all; and whose career, if not checked by our own folly, or by the just judgment of God, promises a glorious and encouraging spectacle to the lovers of freedom through the world, — ay, and an example, too, for long ages to come.

LEWIS CASS

CCIII. — GIL BLAS AND THE PARASITE.^m

1. WHEN the òmelet I had bespoken was ready, I sat down to table by myself; and had not yet swallowed the first mouthful when the landlord came in, followed by the man who had stopped him in the street. This cavalier, who wore a long sword, and seemed to be about thirty years of age, advanced towards me with an eager air, saying, "Mr. Student, I am informed that you are that Signor Gil^m Blas of Santillane, who is the link of philosophy, and ornament of Oviedo!^m Is it possible that you are that mirror of learning, that sublime genius, whose reputation is so great in this country? You know not," continued he, addressing himself to the innkeeper and his wife, "you know not what you possess! You have a treasure in your house! Behold, in this young gentleman, the eighth wonder of the world!" Then turning to me, and throwing his arms about my neck, "Forgive," cried he, "my transports! I cannot contain the joy that your presence creates."

2. I could not answer for some time, because he locked me so closely in his arms that I was almost suffocated for want of breath; and it was not till I had disengaged my head from his embrace that I replied, "Signor Cavalier, I did not think my name was known at Peñaflor."^m "How! known!" resumed he, in his former strain; "we keep a register of all the celebrated names within twenty leagues of us. You, in particular, are looked upon as a prodigy; and I don't at all doubt that Spain will one day be as proud of you as Greece was of her Seven^m Sages." These words were followed by a fresh hug, which I was forced to endure, though at the risk of strangulation. With the little experience I had, I ought not to have been the dupe of his professions and hyperbolic^m compliments.

3. I ought to have known, by his extravagant flattery that

ne was one of those parasites^m who abound in every town, and who, when a stranger arrives, introduce themselves to him, in order to feast at his expense. But my youth and vanity made me judge otherwise. My admirer appeared to me so much of a gentleman, that I invited him to take a share of my supper. "Ah! with all my soul," cried he; "I am too much obliged to my kind stars for having thrown me in the way of the illustrious Gil Blas, not to enjoy my good fortune as long as I can! I have no great appetite," pursued he, "but I will sit down to bear you company, and eat a mouthful purely out of com'plaisance."

4. So saying, my panegyrist^m took his place right over against me; and, a cover being laid for him, he attacked the omelet as voraciously as if he had fasted three whole days. By his com'plaisant beginning I foresaw that our dish would not last long, and I therefore ordered a second, which they dressed with such despatch that it was served just as we—or rather he—had made an end of the first. He proceeded on this with the same vigor; and found means, without losing one stroke of his teeth, to overwhelm me with praises during the whole repast, which made me very well pleased with my sweet self. He drank in proportion to his eating; sometimes to my health, sometimes to that of my father and mother, whose happiness in having such a son as I he could not enough admire.

5. All the while he plied me with wine, and insisted upon my doing him justice, while I toasted health for health; a circumstance which, together with his intoxicating flattery, put me into such good humor, that, seeing our second omelet half devoured, I asked the landlord if he had no fish in the house. Signor Corcuelo, who, in all likelihood, had a fellow-feeling with the parasite, replied, "I have a delicate trout; but those who eat it must pay for the sauce;—'t is a bit too dainty for your palate, I doubt."—"What do you call too dainty?" said the sycophant,^m raising his voice; "you're a wiseacre, indeed! Know that there is nothing in this house too good for Signor Gil Blas of Santillane, who deserves to be entertained like a prince."

6. I was pleased at his laying hold of the landlord's last words, in which he prevented^m me, who, finding myself offended, said, with an air of disdain, "Produce this trout of yours, Gaffer Corcuelo, and give yourself no trouble about the consequence." This was what the innkeeper wanted. He got it ready, and served it up in a trice. At sight of this new dish, I could perceive the parasite's eye sparkle with joy; and he renewed that complaisance—I mean for the fish—which he had already shown for

the eggs. At last, however, he was obliged to give out, for fear of accident, being crammed to the very throat.

7. Having, therefore, eaten and drunk sufficiently, he thought proper to conclude the farce by rising from table and accosting me in these words: "Signor Gil Blas, I am too well satisfied with your good cheer to leave you without offering an important advice, which you seem to have great occasion for. Henceforth, beware of praise, and be upon your guard against everybody you do not know. You may meet with other people inclined to divert themselves with your credulity, and, perhaps, to push things still further; but don't be duped again, nor believe yourself (though they should swear it) the eighth wonder of the world." So saying, he laughed in my face, and stalked away.

LE SAGE.

CCIV. — FALSE AND TRUE ENERGY.

1. You object to Mr. Madison,^m the want of energy. *The want of energy!* How has Mr. Madison shown it? Was it in standing abreast with the van of our revolutionary patriots, and braving the horrors of a seven years' war for liberty, while you were shuddering at the sound of the storm, and clinging closer with terror to your mothers' breasts? Was it, on the declaration of our independence, in being among the first and most effective agents in casting aside the feeble threads which so poorly connected the states together, and, in lieu³⁸ of them, substituting that energetic bond of union, the Federal Constitution? Was it in the manner in which he advocated the adoption of this substitute; in the courage and firmness with which he met, on this topic, fought hand to hand, and finally vanquished, that boasted prodigy of nature, Patrick Henry? Where was this timid and apprehensive spirit which you are pleased to ascribe to Mr. Madison, when he sat under the sound of Henry's voice for days and weeks together; when he saw that Henry, whose soul had so undauntedly led the revolution, shrinking back from this bold experiment, from the energy of this new and untried Constitution; when he heard the magic of his eloquence exerted to its highest pitch, in painting, with a prophet's fire, the oppressions which would flow from it; in harrowing up the soul with anticipated horrors, and enlisting even the thunders of Heaven in his cause?

2. How did it happen that the feeble and effeminate spirit of James Madison, instead of flying in confusion and dismay before this awful and tremendous combination, sat serene and unmoved

upon its throne ; that, with a penetration so vigorous and clear, he dissipated these phantoms of fancy, rallied back the courage of the House to the charge, and, in the State of Virginia, in which Patrick Henry was almost adored as infallible, succeeded in throwing that Henry into a minority ? Is this the proof of his want of energy ? Or will you find it in the manner in which he watched the first movements of the Federal Constitution ; in the boldness with which he resisted what he deemed infractions of its spirit ; in the independence, ability, and vigor, with which, in spite of declining health, he maintained this conflict during eight years ? He was then in a minority. Turn to the debates of Congress, and read his arguments : you will see how the business of a virtuous and able minority is conducted. Do you discover in them any evidence of want of energy ? Yes ; if energy consist, as you seem to think it does, in saying rude things, in brava'do and bluster, in pouring a muddy torrent of coarse invective, as destitute of argument as unwarranted by provocation, you will find great evidence of want of energy in his speeches.

3. But, if true energy be evinced, as we think it is, by the calm and dignified, yet steady, zealous, and persevering pursuit of an object, his whole conduct during that period is honorably marked with energy. And that energy rested on the most solid and durable basis — conscious rectitude ; supported by the most profound and extensive information, by an habitual power of investigation, which unravelled, with intuitive certainty, the most intricate subjects ; and an eloquence, chaste, luminous, and cogent, which won respect, while it forced conviction. We have compared some of your highest and most vaunted displays with the speeches of Mr. Madison, during his services in Congress. What a contrast ! It is the noisy and short-lived babbling of a brook after a rain, compared with the majestic course of the Potomac.

4. Yet, you have the vanity and hardihood to ask for the proof of his talents ! You, who have as yet shown no talents that can be of service to your country, — no talents beyond those of the merciless Indian, who dexterously strikes a tomahawk into the defenceless heart ! But what an idea is yours of energy ! You feel a constitutional irritability ; — you indulge it, and you call that indulgence *energy* ! Sudden fits of spleen, transient starts of passion, wild paroxysms of fury, the more slow and secret workings of envy and resentment, cruel taunts and sarcasms, the dreams of disordered fancy, the crude abortions of short-sighted theory, the delirium and ravings of a hectic fever, — this is your notion of energy ! Heaven preserve our country from such energy as this ! If this be the kind of energy which you deny to Mr. Madison, the people will concur in your denial.

But, if you deny him that salutary energy which qualifies him to pursue his country's happiness and to defend her rights, we follow up the course of his public life, and demand the proof of your charge.

WM. WIRT.

CCV. — POETRY OF THE SEASONS.

PART FOUR.

1. A WINTER'S SABBATH SCENE. — *Grahame.*

How dazzling white the snowy scene ! deep, deep,
The stillness of the winter Sabbath day —
Not even a footfall heard. Smooth are the fields,
Each hollow pathway level with the plain :
Hid are the bushes, save that here and there
Are seen the topmost shoots of brier or broom.
High-ridged, the whirled drift has almost reached
The powdered keystone^m of the church-yard porch.
Mute hangs the hooded^m bell ; the tombs lie buried ;
No step approaches to the house of prayer.

2. THE SNOW-STORM. — *Emerson.*

Announced by all the trumpets of the sky,
Arrives the snow, and, driving o'er the fields,
Seems nowhere to alight : the whited air
Hides hills and woods, the river, and the heaven,
And veils the farm-house at the garden's end.
The sled and traveller stopped, the courier's feet
Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit
In a tumultuous privacy of storm.
Come, see the north wind's masonry !
Out of an unseen quarry, evermore
Furnished with tile, the fierce artificer
Curves his white bastions with projected roof
Round every windward stake, or tree, or door :
Speeding, the myriad-handed, his wild work,
So fanciful, so savage, naught cares he
For number or proportion. Mockingly,
On coop or kennel he hangs Parian^m wreaths ;
A swan-like form invests the hidden thorn ;
Fills up the farmer's lane from wall to wall,
Maugre^m the farmer's sighs ; and, at the gate,
A tapering turret overtops the work :
And when his hours are numbered, and the world
Is all his own, retiring, as he were not,
Leaves, when the sun appears, astonished Art,
To mimic in slow structures, stone by stone,
Built in an age, the mad wind's night work,
The frolic architecture of the snow.

3. A WELCOME TO WINTER. — *Thomson.*

See, Winter comes to rule the varied year,
Sullen and sad, with all his rising train,
Vapors, and clouds, and storms. Be these my theme,
These ! that exalt the soul to solemn thought,
And heavenly musing. Welcome, kindred glooms !
Congenial horrors, hail ! with frequent foot,
Pleased have I, in my cheerful morn of life,
When nursed by careless Solitude I lived,
And sung of Nature with unceasing joy,
Pleased have I wandered through your rough domain
Trod the pure virgin-snows, myself as pure ;
Heard the winds roar, and the big torrents burst ;
Or seen the deep-fermenting tempest brewed
In the grim evening sky. Thus passed the time,
Till through the lucid chambers of the South
Looked out the joyous Spring, looked out and smiled

4. THE NEW YEAR. — *Willis.*

Fleetly hath passed the year. The seasons came
Duly as they were wont, — the gentle Spring,
And the delicious Summer, and the cool
Rich Autumn, with the nodding of the grain,
And Winter, like an old and hoary man,
Frosty and stiff, — and so are chronicled.
We have read gladness in the new green leaf,
And in the first-blown violets ; we have drunk
Cool water from the rock, and in the shade
Sunk to the noontide slumber ; we have plucked
The mellow fruitage of the bending tree,
And girded to our pleasant wanderings
When the cool wind came freshly from the hills ;
And when the tinting of the Autumn leaves
Had faded from its glory, we have sat
By the good fires of Winter, and rejoiced
Over the fulness of the gathered sheaf.

“ God hath been very good.” ’Tis He whose hand
Moulded the sunny hills, and hollowed out
The shelter of the valleys, and doth keep
The fountains in their secret places cool ;
And it is He who leadeth up the sun,
And ordereth the starry influences,
And tempereth the keenness of the frost ;
And, therefore, in the plenty of the feast,
And in the lifting of the cup, let Him
Have praises for the well-completed year

CCVI. — POPE'S EPISTLE TO DOCTOR ARBUTHNOT.

When Pope had reached the meridian of his fame, he was beset, as many distinguished literary persons are at the present day, with applications from numerous writers, who had mistaken a *desire* to write for the *ability*, to read and revise their compositions, and to use his influence in having them published. In this poetical epistle to his friend and physician, he humorously describes his annoyances; and expresses his fears that Bedlam (the mad-house) or Parnassus has sent forth the troop of poetasters and scribblers who lie in wait for him.

1. "Shut, shut the door, good John!" fatigued, I said;
 "Tie up the knocker; say I'm sick—I'm dead!"—
 The dog-star rages! nay, 't is past a doubt
 All Bedlam or Parnassus² is let out:
 Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
 They rave, recite, and madden round the land.
 What walls can guard me, or what shades can hide?
 They pierce my thickets, through my grot they glide;
 By land, by water, they renew the charge,
 They stop the chariot, and they board the barge.
 No place is sacred, not the church is free,
 Even Sunday shines no sabbath-day to me;
 Then from the Mint walks forth the man of rhyme,
 Happy to catch me just at dinner-time.
2. Is there a parson much be-mused in beer,
 A maudlin³ poetess, a rhyming peer,
 A clerk, fore-doomed his father's soul to cross,
 Who pens a stanza when he should engrôse?
 Is there⁴ who, locked from ink and paper, scrawls
 With desperate charcoal round his darkened walls?
 All fly to Twickenham,* and in humble strain
 Apply to me to keep them mad or vain.
3. Friend to my life, which, did not you prolong,
 The world had wanted many an idle song,
 What drop or nostrum can this plague remove?
 Or which must end me, a fool's wrath or love?
 O, dire dilemma! either way I'm sped;
 If foes, they write; if friends, they read me dead.
 Seized and tied down to judge, how wretched I!
 Who can't be silent, and who will not lie.
 To laugh were want of goodness and of grace,
 And to be grave exceeds all power of face.
 I sit with sad civility, I read
 With honest anguish and an aching head,
 And drop at last, but in unwilling ears,
 This saving counsel, "Keep your piece nine years."

* Pope's villa, on the Thames.

4. "Nine years!" cries he, who, high in Drury Lane,
Lulled by soft zephyrs through the broken pane,
Rhymes ere he wakes, and prints before term ends,
Obliged by hunger and request of friends, —
"The piece you think is incorrect? why, take it,
I'm all submission; what you'd have it, make it." —
Three things another's modest wishes bound:
'My friendship, and a prologue, and ten pound." —
Pitholeon sends to me: "You know his grace,
I want a patron; ask him for a place."
Pitholeon libelled me. — "But here's a letter
Informs you, Sir, 't was when he knew no better.
Dare you refuse him?" Curll* invites to dine!
He'll write a journal, or he'll turn divine."
5. Bless me! a packet. — "T is a stranger sues, —
A virgin tragedy, an orphan muse."
If I dislike it, "Furies, death and rage;"
If I approve, "Commend it to the stage."
There (thank my stars!) my whole commission ends;
The players and I are, luckily, no friends.
Fired that the house rejects him, "Sdeath, I'll print it,
And shame the fools, — your interest, sir, with Lintot." —
Lintot,* dull rogue, will think your price too much.
"Not, Sir, if you revise it and retouch."
All my demurs but double his attacks;
At last he whispers, "Do, and we go snacks." —
Glad of a quarrel, straight I clap the door, —
"Sir, let me see your works and you no more!"

CCVII. — THE CHARIOT RACE, WITH THE DEATH OF ORESTES

1. They took their stand where the appointed judges
Had cast their lots and ranged the rival cars.
Rang out the brazen trump! Away they bound!
Cheer the hot steeds and shake the slackened reins;
As with a body, the large space is filled
With the huge clangor of the rattling cars:
High whirl aloft the dust-clouds; blent together
Each presses each, and the lash rings, and loud
Snort the wild steeds, and from their fiery breath,
Along their manes, and down the circling wheels,
Scatter the flaking foam.
2. Ores'tes still,
Aye,† as he swept around the perilous pillar,
Last in the course, wheeled in the rushing axle;

* A publisher in Pope's day. † Pronounced ä; meaning, always, ever.

The left rein curbed — that on the dexter hand
 Flung loose. So on erect the chariots rolled !
 Sudden the CEnian's fierce and headlong steeds
 Broke from the bit, and, as the seventh time now
 The course was circled, on the Lybian car
 Dashed their wild fronts : then order changed to ruin :
 Car crashed on car ; the wide Crisse'an plain
 Was, sea-like, strewn with wrecks ; the Athenian saw,
 Slackened his speed, and, wheeling round the marge,
 Unscathed and skilful, in the midmost space,
 Left the wild tumult of that tossing storm.

1. Behind, Orestes, hitherto the last,
 Had yet kept back his coursers for the close ;
 Now one sole rival left, on, on he flew,
 And the sharp sound of the impelling scourge
 Rang in the keen ears of the flying steeds.
 He nears — he reaches — they are side by side ;
 Now one — now the other — by a length the victor.
 The courses all are past, the wheels erect —
 All safe — when, as the hurrying coursers round
 The fatal pillar dashed, the wretched boy
 Slackened the *left* rein : — On the column's edge
 Crashed the frail axle — headlong from the car,
 Caught and all meshed within the reins, he fell ;
 And, masterless, the mad steeds raged along !
- 4 Loud from that mighty multitude arose
 A shriek — a shout ! But yesterday such deeds —
 To-day such doom ! — Now whirled upon the earth ;
 Now his limbs dashed aloft, they dragged him — those
 Wild horses — till, all gory, from the wheels
 Released — and no man, not his nearest friends,
 Could in that mangled corpse have traced Orestes.

SOPHOCLES, TRANSLATED BY SIR E. B. LYTTON.

CCVIII. — ADVICE TO AN AFFECTED SPEAKER.

1. WHAT do you say ? What ? I really do not understand you. Be so good as to explain yourself again. Upon my word, I do not ! — O ! now I know : you mean to tell me it is a cold day. Why did you not say at once, "It is cold to-day" ? If you wish to inform me it rains or snows, pray say, "It rains," "It snows ;" or, if you think I look well, and you choose to compliment me, say, "I think you look well." — ' But,' you answer, "that is so common and so plain, and what everybody

can say." — "Well, and what if everybody can? Is it so great a misfortune to be understood when one speaks, and to speak like the rest of the world?

2. I will tell you what, my friend, — you do not suspect it, and I shall astonish you, — but you, and those like you, want common sense! Nay, this is not all; it is not only in the direction of your wants that you are in fault, but of your superfluities; you have too much conceit; you possess an opinion that you have *more* sense than others. That is the source of all your pompous nothings, your cloudy sentences, and your big words without a meaning. Before you accost a person, or enter a room, let me pull you by the sleeve and whisper in your ear, "Do not try to show off your sense: have none at all; that is your cue. Use plain language, if you can; just such as you find others use, who, in your idea, have no understanding; and then, perhaps, you will get credit for having some."

LA BRUYERE.

CCIX. — LAMENT OVER LOST OPPORTUNITIES.

1. O, FOR the days and years that are gone by and perished from me, as water spilt on the sea-sand, uselessly and irretrievably! "Where is the fable of my former life?" Alas! the brilliancy of my day was spent utterly in its dawning. Feeble, and abortive, and fleeting, has been the time that I have passed; but other elements than these were within it, and had I but nurtured them, to me that foolish time had been the parent of a blissful eternity. But occasions are past, the hour of their reckoning is nigh at hand, even now my twilight is coming on, and my hopes are darkening into regrets.

2. Could I once again but so much as touch the hem of "the mantling train of far departed years," surely it should be my salvation. But time, as it speeds on, gives us the pass but glancingly, like the rush of a carriage on a railway, or a rocket into the air; we take no note of it while within our reach, and not till it is far away in the distance can we settle our sight steadily upon it, and estimate it duly. Days of my youth, it is even so, — ye were sent to me on an angelic mission, your bosoms overflowing with flowers, and fruit, and all things, whatever there be, of use and loveliness; these would ye have emptied into my hands, but I would not, and so it was your law to leave me, taking with ye no token of my thankful acceptance!

3. Even now, methinks, I see ye through the far air "gliding meté'rous," sinking into the dimness of distance, yet ever and

anon looking back upon me, as frustrate angels, lovingly and lamentingly, in wonder at my strange folly. It saddens me to see them, as the sight of his ancestral domains is agonizing to the beggared spendthrift. My manhood should have borne the fruits of wisdom, and behold it has crowned itself only with the gray sorrows of experience, — hard, dry, marrowless, and distasteful experience, — the energy of the muscle aged into the inertness of the bone. My life has been as the passage of a ship over the ocean, — a pilgrim across the desert, — not a token of his industry, not a trace of his footsteps, not so much as a monument of his existence, no more than if his mother had never borne him.

4. And this is my preparation for immortality! Long ere this my soul should have expanded itself beyond the limits of this world, and fitted itself for its futurity; my devotion should have made it wings, wherewith to rise upwards, and penetrate beyond the bounds of space, even to the presence and communion of God, there to be at home with its Maker. But truly here I am, grovelling on the ground, and feeding on the dust all the days of my life. Nevertheless, the account will come. If time be but a portion of eternity, and if I use that portion as one abusing it most vilely, how shall not eternity revenge itself with burning and raging bitterness? It shall bruise my head, even as I have trodden upon its heel!

ANON.

CCX. — THE GOOD GODDESS OF POVERTY.

1. PATHS sanded with gold, verdant wastes, ravines which the wild-goat loves, great mountains crowned with stars, tumbling torrents, impenetrable forests, — let the good goddess pass, the goddess of Poverty!

2. Since the world has existed, since men were in it, she traverses the world, she dwells among men; singing she travels, or working she sings, — the goddess, the good goddess of Poverty!

3. Some men assembled to curse her; but they found her too beautiful and too glad, too agile and too strong. "Strip off her wings!" said they; "give her chains, give her stripes, crush her, let her perish, — the goddess of Poverty!"

4. They have chained the good goddess; they have beaten her, and persecuted; but they cannot debase her! She has taken refuge in the souls of poets, of peasants, of artists, of martyrs, and of saints, — the good goddess, the goddess of Poverty!

5. She has walked more than the Wandering Jew — she has

travelled more than the swallow ; she is older than the cathedral of Prague ;^m she is younger than the egg of the wren she has increased more than the strawberry in Bohemian forests, — the goddess, the good goddess of Poverty !

6. Many children has she had, and many a divine secret has she taught them ; she knows more than all the doctors and all the lawyers, — the good goddess of Poverty !

7. She does all the greatest and most beautiful things that are done in the world ; it is she who cultivates the fields and prunes the trees ; it is she who drives the herds to pasture, singing the while all sweet songs ; it is she who sees the day break, and catches the sun's first smile, — the good goddess of Poverty !

8. It is she who builds of green boughs the woodman's cabin, and makes the hunter's eye like that of the eagle ; it is she who brings up the handsomest children, and who leaves the plough and the spade light in the hands of the old man, — the good goddess of Poverty !

9. It is she who inspires the poet, and makes eloquent the violin, the guitar, and the flute, under the fingers of the wandering artist ; it is she who crowns his hair with pearls of the dew, and who makes the stars shine for him larger and more clear, — the goddess, the good goddess of Poverty !

10. It is she who instructs the dexterous artisan, and teaches him to hew stone, to carve marble, to fashion gold and silver, copper and iron ; it is she who makes the flax flexible and fine as hair, under the hands of the old wife and the young girl, — the good goddess of Poverty !

11. It is she who sustains the cottage shaken by the storm ; it is she who saves rosin for the torch and oil for the lamp ; it is she who kneads bread for the family, and who weaves garments for them, summer and winter ; it is she who maintains and feeds the world, — the good goddess of Poverty !

12. It is she who has built the great castles and the old cathedrals ; it is she who builds and navigates all the ships ; it is she who carries the sabre and the musket ; it is she who makes war and conquests ; it is she who buries the dead, cares for the wounded, and shelters the vanquished, — the good goddess of Poverty !

13. Thou art all gentleness, all patience, all strength, and all compassion, O, good goddess ! it is thou who dost reunite all thy children in a holy love, givest them charity, faith, hope, O goddess of Poverty !

14. Thy children will one day cease to bear the world on their shoulders ; they will be recompensed for all their pains and labors. The time shall come when there shall be neither rich

nor poor on the earth; but when all men shall partake of its fruits, and enjoy equally the bounties of Providence; but thou shalt not be forgotten in their hymns, O good goddess of Poverty!

15. They will remember that thou wert their fruitful mother and their robust nurse. They will pour balm into thy wounds; and, of the fragrant and rejuvenated earth, they will make for thee a couch, where thou canst at length repose, O good goddess of Poverty!

16. Until that day of the Lord, torrents and woods, mountains and valleys, wastes swarming with little flowers and little birds, paths sanded with gold, without a master, — let pass the goddess, the good goddess of Poverty!

SAND.

COXI. — ON THE PLEASURES OF SCIENCE.

1. It is easy to show that there is a positive gratification resulting from the study of the sciences. If it be a pleasure to gratify curiosity, to know what we were ignorant of, to have our feelings of wonder called forth, how pure a delight of this very kind does natural science hold out to its students! Recollect some of the extraordinary discoveries of mechanical philosophy. Is there anything in all the idle books of tales and horrors, with which youthful readers are so much delighted, more truly astonishing than the fact, that a few pounds of water may, without any machinery, by merely being placed in a particular way, produce an irresistible force? What can be more strange, than that an ounce weight should balance hundreds of pounds, by the intervention of a few bars of thin iron? Observe the extraordinary truths which optical^m science discloses! Can anything surprise us more than to find that the color of white is a mixture of all others; that red, and blue, and green, and all the rest, merely by being blended in certain proportions, form what we had fancied rather to be no color at all than all colors together?

2. Chemistry is not behind in its wonders. That the diamond^m should be made of the same material with coal; that water should be chiefly composed of an inflammable substance; that acids should be almost all formed of different kinds of air; and that one of those acids, whose strength can dissolve almost any of the metals, should be made of the self-same ingredients with the common air we breathe; — these, surely, are things to excite the wonder of any reflecting mind; nay, of any one but little accustomed to reflect. And yet these are trifling when compared to the prodigies which astronomy opens to our view; the enormous

masses of the heavenly bodies; their immense distances; their countless numbers, and their motions, whose swiftness mocks the uttermost efforts of the imagination.

3. Akin to this pleasure of contemplating new and extraordinary truths, is the gratification of a more learned curiosity, by tracing resemblances and relations between things which, to common apprehension, seem widely different. It is surely a satisfaction, for instance, to know that the same thing which causes the sensation of heat causes also fluidity; that electricity, the light which is seen on the back of a cat when slightly rubbed on a frosty evening, is the very same matter with the lightning of the clouds; that plants breathe like ourselves, but differently, by day and by night; that the air which burns in our lamps enables a balloon to mount.

4. Nothing can at first sight appear less like, or less likely to be caused by the same thing, than the processes of burning and of breathing; the rust of metals and burning; the influence of a plant on the air it grows in by night, and of an animal on the same air at any time; nay, and of a body burning in that air; and yet all these operations, so unlike to common eyes, when examined by the light of science are the same. Nothing can be less like than the working of a vast steam-engine and the crawling of a fly upon the window; yet we find that these two operations are performed by the same means,—the weight of the atmosphere,—and that a seahorse climbs the ice-hills by no other power. Can anything be more strange to contemplate? Is there, in all the fairy-tales that ever were fancied, anything more calculated to arrest the attention, and to occupy and to gratify the mind, than this most unexpected resemblance between things so unlike to the eyes of ordinary beholders?

5. Then, if we raise our views to the structure of the heavens, we are again gratified with tracing accurate but most unexpected resemblances. Is it not in the highest degree interesting to find that the power which keeps the earth in its shape and in its path, wheeling round the sun, extends over all the other worlds that compose the universe, and gives to each its proper place and motion; that the same power keeps the moon in her path round the earth; that the same power causes the tides upon our earth, and the peculiar form of the earth itself; and that, after all, it is the same power which makes a stone fall to the ground? To learn these things, and to reflect upon them, fills the mind, and produces certain as well as pure gratification.

6. The highest of all our gratifications in the study of science remains. We are raised by science to an understanding of the infinite wisdom and goodness which the Creator has displayed in

all his works. Not a step can we take in any direction without perceiving the most extraordinary traces of design ; and the skill everywhere conspicuous is calculated, in so vast a proportion of instances, to promote the happiness of living creatures, and especially of ourselves, that we can feel no hesitation in concluding that, if we knew the whole scheme of Providence, every part would appear to be in harmony with a plan of absolute benevolence. Independently, however, of this most consoling inference, the delight is inexpressible of being able to follow, as it were, with our eyes, the marvellous works of the great Architect of Nature, and to trace the unbounded power and exquisite skill which are exhibited in the most minute as well as in the mightiest parts of his system.

BROUGHAM.

CCXII. — FROM THE PROVERBS OF SOLOMON.

1. DOTH not wisdom cry, and understanding put forth her voice ? She standeth in the top of high places, by the way in the places of the paths ; she crieth at the gates, at the entry of the city, at the coming in at the doors ; unto you, O men, I call, and my voice is to the sons of man. O ye simple, understand wisdom ; and ye fools, be ye of an understanding heart.

2. Hear ; for I will speak of excellent things ; and the opening of my lips shall be right things. For my mouth shall speak truth ; and wickedness is an abomination to my lips. All the words of my mouth are in righteousness ; there is nothing froward^m or perverse in them. They are all plain to him that understandeth, and right to them that find knowledge.

3. Receive my instruction and not silver ; and knowledge rather than choice gold. For wisdom is better than rubies ; and all the things that may be desired are not to be compared to it. I, Wisdom, dwell with prudence, and find out knowledge of witty inventions. The fear of the Lord is to hate evil ; pride and arrogancy, and the evil way, and the froward mouth, do I hate. Counsel is mine, and sound wisdom ; I am understanding ; I have strength.

4. By me kings reign and princes decree justice. By me princes rule and nobles, even all the judges of the earth. I love them that love me ; and those that seek me early shall find me. Riches and honor are with me ; yea, durable riches and righteousness. My fruit is better than gold, yea, than fine gold ; and my revenue than choice silver. I lead in the way of righteousness, in the midst of the paths of judgment ; that I may cause

those that love me to inherit substance; and I will fill their treasures.

5. The Lord possessed me in the beginning of his way, before his works of old. I was set up from everlasting, from the beginning, or ever the earth was. When there were no depths, I was brought forth; when there were no fountains abounding with water. Before the mountains were settled; before the hills was I brought forth: while as yet he had not made the earth, nor the fields, nor the highest part of the dust of the world.

6. When he prepared the heavens, I was there; when he set a compass upon the face of the depth; when he established the clouds above; when he strengthened the fountains of the deep; when he gave to the sea his decree, that the waters should not pass his commandment; when he appointed the foundations of the earth: then I was by him, as one brought up with him; and I was daily his delight, rejoicing always before him; rejoicing in the habitable part of his earth; and my delights were with the sons of men.

7. Now therefore hearken unto me, O ye children, for blessed are they that keep my ways. Hear instruction and be wise, and refuse it not. Blessed is the man that heareth me, watching daily at my gates, waiting at the posts of my doors. For whose findeth me findeth life, and shall obtain favor of the Lord. But he that sinneth against me wrongeth his own soul; all they that hate me love death.

END OF PART SECOND.

PART III.

AN EXPLANATORY INDEX

OF

WORDS MARKED FOR REFERENCE WITH THE INITIALS *xi* IN PART II ;
ALSO OF SUBJECTS, NAMES OF AUTHORS, &c.

*. * *All the words in Part II., having the mark of reference xi at the end, will be found explained in this Index, which also offers the usual facilities of reference to the subjects treated, names of authors, places, &c.*

Figures attached to words in Part II. refer to the corresponding numbers of paragraphs in Part I. See notes on page 55.

ABBREVIATIONS USED.

Adj., for adjective ; A. D., in the year of our Lord ; B. C., before Christ ; b., born ; d. died ; Fr., French ; Gr., Greek ; L. or Lat., Latin ; p., page ; pp., pages.

ABBE (ab'by), a French ecclesiastical title, literally meaning an abbot, the governor of an abbey or monastery. It is from the Syriac, *abba*, father. Abbés, before the French revolution, were persons who followed a course of theological study, and acted as instructors, &c. ; but the character denoted by it has ceased to be of any official importance.

ABORIGINALS (ab-o-ri'j-l-nés), from *ab*, from, and *origo*, origin, are the first inhabitants of a country.

ABSORPT. Some verbs have two forms for the past tense and participle, one in *d*, the other in *t* ; as *burned*, *burnt*, *learned*, *learnt*, &c. The forms in *d* are often pronounced as if spelt with a *t*. 129.

ABUTMENT, the solid pier or mound of earth, stone or timber, erected on the bank of a river to support the end of a bridge.

ACADEMY. From *Acadēmus*, an Athenian, in whose grove a sect of Grecian philosophers used to assemble. The word is now applied to any assembly or society of persons where learning and philosophy are the proposed objects ; in the United States, chiefly to schools, public and private ; in England, to schools for students in the fine arts.

The Silent Academy, p. 55.

ACADEMICIAN, a member of an academy for promoting arts and sciences.

ACCENT. See page 25.

ACCEPTANCE, in commerce, is the receiving of a bill or order so as to bind the acceptor to make payment. He makes himself a debtor for the sum named in it, by writing the word "Accepted" on it, and signing his name.

ACCOUTRE (ac-coot'-er), to provide with arms or equipments.

ACHILLES (A-kil'-lēs), the son of Peleus, King of Thrace. He was famous in the Trojan war, which commenced about 1193 B. C.

ADAMS, JOHN, the second President of the United States, born in Braintree, Mass., 1735, died July 4th, 1826. His last words were, "It is the glorious Fourth of July ! God bless it — God bless you all !" See page 381.

ADAMS, JOHN QUINCY, son of John, born at Quincy, Mass., 1767 ; died 1848. He was the sixth President of the United States ; p. 226.

ADAMS, SARAH F. An English lady, who died young.

Resignation, by, 70.

ADDISON, JOSEPH, one of the best authors in English literature, was born in 1672, and

- died in 1719. See a mention of his death, p. 245.
- Folly of Castle building, 71.
- Hymn, 106.
- Creation, 149.
- Providence Inscrutable, 177.
- Reflections in Westminster Abbey, 317.
- AD-OLESCENCE (from the Latin *adolescere*, to grow up to), the age between childhood and manhood.
- ADORATION, homage to God. The root of the word is the Latin *os, oris*, the mouth, and it implies spoken prayer.
- ADVANCE. Poem by McCarthy, 179.
- ADVENTURE in Calabria, 305.
- ÆSCHINES, the great rival of Demosthenes as an orator, was born in Athens, B. C. 389. Being banished to Rhodes, he there set up a school of rhetoric.
- ÆSCHYLUS, one of the most famous tragic writers of Greece, was born at Athens about five hundred years B. C. He has been called the father of the Greek stage. He is said to have died in his sixtieth year of a fracture of his skull, caused by an eagle's letting fall a tortoise on his head.
- ÆSOP, a native of Phrygia, a country in the middle of Asia Minor, flourished about 672 B. C. He was a slave and deformed, and composed his celebrated fables for his own amusement. Obtaining his freedom, he made several voyages to Greece, where he lost his life in a quarrel with the people of Delphos.
- AFFECTION, a poem, 144.
- Affection of Knowledge, 278.
- AJAX, one of the heroes at the siege of Troy, celebrated by Homer. He was second only to Achilles in bravery.
- ALBUM, from the Latin *albus*, white, was a white table or register, wherein the decrees of the Romans were written. It is now used to designate a book for autographs, an artist's sketch-book, &c.
- ALEXANDER the Great, King of Macedon, and conqueror of Asia, was born B. C. 356, and began to reign in his twentieth year. He died in his thirty-third year, of a fever, brought on by intemperate habits. He was, says Seneca, "a cruel ravager of provinces," and "made his happiness and glory to consist in rendering himself formidable to all mortals."
- ALEXANDER Se-verus, Emperor of Rome, was born at Acre in Phenicia, in 206. The chief event of his reign was a great victory over Artaxerxes, King of Persia. He was murdered, with his mother, in a military sedition, 235. See Gibbon's account of him, p. 144.
- ALEXANDRIA, a seaport, situated on a sandy strip of land, running into the Mediterranean, and the ancient capital of Lower Egypt; founded by Alexander the Great, who peopled it with Greeks, B. C. 332. Here was a famous library, stored with from five hundred thousand to seven hundred thousand volumes; a large number of which were burnt during the siege of the city by Julius Cæsar, B. C. 47. The library was afterwards partly restored, but was finally destroyed by the Saracens, A. D. 642; when, it is said, the numerous volumes supplied fuel during six months for four thousand baths. Opposite to Alexandria was the small Isle of Pharos, now joined to the main land by a causeway. Here stood a celebrated lighthouse of white marble, and deemed one of the seven wonders of the world. Its light could be seen at a distance of one hundred miles. From the name of the isle on which it stood, Pharos became a common appellation for all light-houses. The trade of Alexandria was greatly reduced by the discovery of the passage to India by the Cape of Good Hope, A. D. 1497; but the town still has a population of about seventeen thousand souls, and a growing trade. There was once a celebrated amphitheatre at Alexandria, where cruel games were exhibited.
- Gladiatorial Combat with a Tiger, p. 94.
- ALEXANDRINE. The verse of twelve or thirteen syllables; so called from an ancient French poet, who first used it.
- ALFRED the Great, born 849, died 901, was the greatest king that England can boast; distinguished for his learning, wisdom, justice, moderation, and piety.
- Character, by Dickens, 244.
- ALLEGORY (from the Greek words, *allos*, another thing, and *egoros*, I declare) is in literature a continued metaphor; a metaphor being the representation of one thing by another. Fables are a species of allegory. Some of the parables of the Bible are allegories. Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* is one of the most famous of allegories.
- The Two Palaces, an Allegory, p. 319.
- ALLSTON, Washington, one of the greatest painters that America has produced, was born at Charleston, S. C., 1779, and died in 1843, at Cambridge, Mass., where he long resided. He was a man of remarkable genius, and while in Europe was the friend of Coleridge and other eminent men. He was a devout Christian. "His belief," says Mr. Dana, "was in a Being as infinitely minute and sympathetic in his providences, as unlimited in his power and knowledge." Mr. Allston showed much ability as a poet and essayist.
- Anecdote by, 78.
- ALPINE (one or in), pertaining to the Alps, or any lofty mountain.
- AM'ARANTH (from *a*, the negative prefix, and *maraino*, Gr., I wither) an unfading flower. *Adj.*, amaranthine. See Prefix.
- AMATEUR (amathr, or, according to the French pronunciation, *amatur*; the *u* as in *murmur*, and the accent on the last syllable), a lover of any art or science, and not a professor.
- AMERICA, a vast continent, discovered by Columbus, in the year 1492, but subsequently named from Americus Vesputius. An honor that clearly belonged to Columbus was thus given to another. How this was brought about, or who first

- gave the name, is not now accurately known. Alexander Von Humboldt, who studied the question closely, ascribed the general reception of the name *America* to his having been introduced into a popular work on geography, published in 1507. Discovery by Columbus, 1492. On Taxing the Colonies, 267. Progress of, by Burke, 289. The American Union, 271.
- AMPHITHEATRE** (from the Gr. *amphí*, about, and *theatron*, a seeing-place), in antiquity, a spacious edifice of a circular or oval form, having its area encompassed with rows of seats, one above another, and used for gladiatorial and other shows. See p. 386.
- AMUSE**. This word (says Trench) plainly affirms of itself that amusement must first be earned. It is from *a*, without, and *musis*, the Muses, who, it must be remembered, were the patronesses, in old time, not of poetry alone, but of history, geometry, and all other studies as well. What shall we, then, say of those who would fain have their lives to be *all* "amusement," or who claim it otherwise than as this temporary withdrawal *a musis* (from the Muses)? The very word condemns them. See Muses.
- ANALOGY** (from the Gr. *ana*, and *logos*, according to rule, or proportion), a relation of similarity between different things in certain respects. *Adj.*, analogous.
- ANECDOTE** (from the Gr. *a*, not, *ek*, from, and *dotos*, given; meaning, originally, something not yet given out, or divulged to the world); any little story or incident told or narrated.
- Anecdotes and Incidents, 278.
- ANCIENT Mariner**. In Coleridge's poem under this title, the mariner is guided to his own country by angelic spirits, who "stood as signals to the land, each one a lovely light," 398.
- ANGELO**, Michael Buonarroti, the greatest of Italian artists, alike eminent in painting, sculpture and architecture; no bad poet, and a noble-hearted man. Born at Chiusi, in 1474; died at Rome, in 1564. Anecdote of, 278.
- ANGLE** (from the L. *angulus*, a corner). When one line stands upon another, so as not to lean more to one side than to another, both the angles which it makes with the other are called *right angles*. All right angles are equal to each other, being all equal to ninety degrees, making the quarter of a circle.
- ANIMAL/CULE**, a minute animal, generally one that can be discerned only by aid of the microscope.
- ANIMALS**, on Cruelty to Brute, 195.
- A. D.**, or Anno Domini, in the year of our Lord, affixed to dates, signify so many years from the birth of our Saviour.
- ANON**, as an adverb, *soon*, *by and by*, *ere* and *anon*, now and then. *Anon*, with a period at the end, is an abbreviation for *anonymous*.
- ANONYMOUS** (from the Gr. *a*, not, and *onoma*, a name), without a name; nameless. A book or writing is said to be anonymous when the author's name is suppressed.
- A. C.**, or Ante Christum, affixed to dates, signify so many years before the birth of Jesus Christ.
- A. M.** These initials may stand for *ante meridiem*, before noon; *artium magister*, master of arts; and *anno mundi*, in the year of the world.
- ANTIQUITY** (from the L. *antiquus* or *anticus*; ancient, which is from *ante*, before), the times of old.
- ANTIPODES** (*an-ti-p'o-dēs*), from the Greek *anti*, against, opposed to, and *pous*, a foot; those people who, living on the other side of the globe, have their feet directly opposite to ours. Do not mispronounce this word, as many do, by making the last five letters of it one syllable instead of two.
- APPETITE** (from the Latin *appetere*, to seek after), though used for *desire* generally, is oftener applied to the desire of food, hunger.
- APOLOGUE** (from the Gr. *apo*, from, and *logos*, a saying), a fable or fiction, of which the object is moral. See Fable. Select Apologues, 72. Apologues in Verse, 286.
- APOSTATIZE** (from the Gr. *apo*, from, and *istanthai* to stand), to stand away from; to desert or forsake.
- APOSTRO-PHE** (Gr. *apo*, from, and *strophē*, a turning). In rhetoric, a figure of speech by which the orator or writer suddenly breaks off from the previous method of his discourse, and addresses, in the second person, some person or thing, absent or present. For the use of the word in grammar, see p. 49.
- Satan's Apostrophe to the Sun, 349.
- APRIL**. The fourth month of the year. The name is probably derived from the Lat. *aperire*, to open; from the opening of the buds, or of the earth in ploughing.
- AQUEDUCT** (Lat. *aqua*, water, and *ductus*, a leading). A conduit (*kon'dit*), or channel, for conveying water from one place to another.
- AQUA CLAUDIA**, a famous aqueduct in Rome, begun by the Emperor Nero in the first century of the Christian era, and finished by Claudius. It conveys water from a distance of thirty-eight miles. For thirty miles it forms a subterranean stream, and for seven miles is supported on arcades (series of arches). Such was the solidity of its construction, that it continues to supply modern Rome with water to this day. See p. 217.
- ARBITRARY**, bound by no rule or law.
- ARCADIAN**, pertaining to Arcadia, a mountainous part of ancient Greece, where the inhabitants led simple pastoral lives, and cultivated music.
- ARCHIMEDES** (*Ar-ki-me'dēs*), account of, 278.
- ARCHITECT** (Gr. *archē*, chief, and *tektōn*, a worker). A chief workman or builder; one skilled in designing buildings: thus

- architecture is the art of building according to certain proportions and rules.
- A-SA'SA.** A Latin word, originally meaning *sand*, but applied to that part of the amphitheatre in which the gladiators fought, which was covered with sand, 94.
- ASAF,** an ancient Greek bard and performer on the cithern, or gittern, a stringed instrument similar to the guitar. His life being threatened by pirates at sea, he is fabled to have played on his cithern, and then, with a prayer to the gods, to have leaped into the sea, where a song-loving dolphin received him on his back, and bore him safely to the shore, 295.
- ASTAR'CHUS,** the greatest critic of antiquity. He flourished B. C. 156. His criticisms were so severe that his name has become proverbial, 342.
- ARISTOTLE,** often called the Stagyrite, from Stagira, a town of Macedonia, where he was born, 384 B. C., was a pupil of Plato and a preceptor of Alexander the Great. He was one of the most influential of the philosophers and writers of ancient Greece, and a good part of his works still exist. His doctrines are sometimes styled the Aristotelian philosophy. He died 323 B. C. See p. 311.
- ARITHMETIC** (Gr. *arithmos*, number), the science of numbers, 124.
- ASNDT,** from the German of, 360.
- ARTICULATION** explained, 14, 27.
- ASIDE.** In dramatic writing, a character is supposed to utter a remark *aside* when he does not mean that the other persons of the drama, who may be present, shall hear it.
- ASININE** (as'i-nine), resembling an ass.
- ASS.** The Ass and the Lamb, 67.
- ASPAR'AGUS,** a Greek word, meaning the first bud or sprout; now applied to a well-known garden vegetable.
- ASSIZE** (from a Latin word meaning *to sit*) is the periodical session held by the judges of the superior courts in the counties of England. The plural form, *assizes*, is popularly used.
- ASTHMA** (Gr. *asthmaine*, I breathe hard). A disease the leading symptom of which is difficulty of breathing.
- ASTONISHED** (from the *L. ad*, to, and *tono*, I thunder) means originally *struck with thunder*.
- ASTRONOMY** (Gr. *astron*, a star, and *nomos*, a law). The science which treats of the celestial bodies.
- Astronomy and Immortality, 150, 224.
- ASTLUM** (Gr. *a*, without, *sulz*, plunder). A place to which those who fled were free from harm; a sanctuary. The modern use of the word differs from the ancient.
- ATHEIST** (Gr. *a*, without, *theos*, God). One who madly denies the existence of a God. "The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God." Take away this belief in God wholly from man,—let him have been subjected to none of the influences from society and his fellow-men which the belief produces,—and "the man will have vanished, and you have instead a creature more subtle than any beast of the field; upon the belly must it go, and must must it eat all the days of its life."
- ATHENS,** the most celebrated city of Greece, once the great world metropolis of philosophy and art; mentioned in the Acts of the Apostles. It is the capital of the modern kingdom of Greece, 128.
- ATMOSPHERE** (Gr. *atmos*, vapor, and *sphaîros*, a sphere). The fluid which surrounds the earth, and consists of air and vapor of water. The air is composed of two gases, oxygen and nitrogen, mixed in the proportion of one of the former to four of the latter. Animals cannot live in nitrogen, nor can flame burn in it, separated from oxygen. See pp. 206, 362, 404.
- ATONE.** To be, or cause to be, at one; to reconcile; to make amends.
- AUDUBON,** John James, a native of Louisiana, and celebrated for his published collection of drawings, under the title of the "Birds of America." He was educated in art at Paris, under the great painter David. Died 1851.
- Disappearance of Indians, 302.
- AUGUST.** The eighth month of the year; so named from
- AUGUSTUS** Caesar, the first Roman emperor. He was born B. C. 63. Literature and the arts flourished remarkably under his reign.
- AURORA.** In the ancient Mythology the goddess of the morning.
- AUTUMN.** This word is said to be derived from the Latin *autum*, increased, because the wealth of man is augmented by the fruits of harvest.
- Poetry of Autumn, 374.
- AVALANCHE** (from the French *avalier*, to descend). A mass of snow sliding down a mountain.
- AVERAGE,** a mean number, or quantity.
- BABEL,** or Babylon, an ancient city and province of Asia, on the Euphrates. The city was probably on the site of the famous tower of Babel; and its present ruins consist of fused masses of brick-work, &c. It stood on a large plain; and its walls formed an exact square, each side of which was fifteen miles long. There were one hundred gates, twenty-five in each of the four sides, all of which were of solid brass, as Isaiah bears witness, ch. 45. v. 2. "I will break in pieces the gates of brass, and cut in sunder the bars of iron." Babylon was taken by Cyrus, the Persian monarch, B. C. 538; and the Babylonian empire was destroyed, as the prophets Isaiah and Jeremiah had predicted. Cyrus, who was the destined conqueror of Babylon, was foretold by name above one hundred years before he was born. Isaiah 45: 1—4. See pp. 164, 217.
- BACCHANAL,** a drunken reveller; from Bacchus, the deity of wine.
- BACON,** Francis, Lord, was born in London in 1561; died 1626. He was a great

- philosopher, and the most learned man of his day; but his career teaches the moral lesson that the tree of knowledge is not the tree of life. He held the office of High Chancellor, but showed himself morally unfit for it, 312.
- BAILLIE**, Joanna, distinguished as a dramatic writer; b. in Scotland, 1765; d. 1850. *First Voyage of Columbus*, by, 191.
- BAJAZET**, a warlike but tyrannical Sultan of Turkey, who succeeded to the throne in 1389, having strangled his rival brother. He died 1403. See p. 256.
- BANCROFT**, Geo., extract from, 193.
- BANYAN**. A very large tree of India. It sends down roots from its branches, and those roots, striking into the ground, themselves become trunks.
Lines on, by T. Moore, 311.
- BAR**, to prevent, obstruct.
- BA'RHAN**. In scriptural geography, the land east of the Jordan, and north of Gilcad; celebrated for its rich soil and fat cattle, especially its breed of bulls.
- BASTILLE** (basteel'), a noted fortress in Paris, built in the fourteenth century, and destroyed by the populace in 1789. See p. 60.
- BAYONET**, so called from having been first made at Bayonne, in France.
- BAYS**, the plural of bay, the laurel-tree; applied to a crown or garland bestowed on warlike or literary merit.
- BEADLE** (from the root of *to bid*), a messenger; in England a parish officer, whose business is to punish petty offenders.
- B. O.** These initials attached to dates signify "before Christ."
- BEGUINE**. The Beguines were a class of women in Germany and the Netherlands, of pious and secluded habits, similar to the nuns, except that they took no vows.
- BELAY**, a nautical term, meaning to fasten or make fast, as a rope.
- BELLICROAK** (from the Lat. *bellum*, war, and *gero*, I carry on), warring war.
- BELL**. The derivation of this word is curious; it is from the Anglo-Saxon *bellan*, to bellow.
- BELOVIDERE** (from the Lat. *bellus*, fine, and *video*, I see). In Italy this name is given to the cupolas on palaces, from which a fine prospect may be had. It is also the name of a part of the Vatican (the ancient palace of the Popes in Rome), where the famous statue of Apollo, known under the name of Belvidere, is placed. This statue is believed to be the most perfect ever made. The artist's name is unknown. In Italian the word is pronounced in four syllables, Bel-ve-da'-re.
- BENEFACITOR** (from the L. *bene*, well, and *factor*, a doer), one who confers a benefit.
- BENGAL** (the *a* as in *fall*) is the most eastern province of Hindostan, lying on each side of the Ganges.
- BENESINA** (Bér-e-se'na), a river of Russia. The Passage of, by the French, 326.
- BERTIARY**, one who fought with wild beasts at the ancient spectacles.
- BEAUTIFUL**, The, a poem, 261.
- Ministry of the, 317.
- BILLETS**, pieces of wood, cut with a bill, or beaked axe, so called from its resemblance to the bill of a bird.
- BIVOUCAC** (biv'wak). This word is derived from the Lat. *bis*, twice, and the German *wach*, a guard, and signified originally a guard to keep watch during the night. To bivouac is to remain as a guard all night, without tents or covering. The word is sometimes spelled with a final *k*.
- BLACKSTONE**, Sir Wm., an eminent lawyer, b. at London 1723, d. 1780. His "Commentaries on the Laws of England" is still a legal text-book.
- BOATSWAIN** (in seamen's language bō'sn), an officer on board of certain ships, who has charge of the rigging, boats, &c.
- BOARD of Health**. The term *board* is applied to any body of individuals intrusted, for public or private purposes, with the management of any business or speculation. It is the province of the Board of Health in cities to provide against contagious diseases, &c.
- BODLEIAN**. The library of Oxford, England, under this name, is so called from Sir Thomas Bodley, who died in 1612, and who did much for its foundation.
- BOMBAST**. This word is of the same origin as bombasin, and once meant linen sewed together with flax between, to swell it out. Hence it was applied to a tumid, inflated style, in which sound predominates over sense.
- BONAPARTE**, Napoleon, was born in Corsica, an island in the Mediterranean, belonging to France, on the fifteenth August, 1769. He was at the military school of Brienne from 1779 to 1784, when he went to Paris. In 1786 he commenced his military career, which was the most wonderful of modern times. In 1804 he became Emperor of France. After remarkable reverses, he was defeated by the allied armies under Wellington, at Waterloo, June 18, 1815. He surrendered himself to an English squadron, and was brought to Plymouth, whence he was removed to St. Heléna, a barren island in the Atlantic Ocean, where he died May 5th, 1821.
An Early Riser, 236.
Character of, by Lamartine, 393.
Napoleon as a Student, 306.
- BONNIVARD**, Francois de, b. 1496, d. 1570, was the prior of a convent near Geneva, in Switzerland, and one of the most strenuous supporters of the liberty of his country. He was seized and imprisoned by the Duke of Savoy in the castle of Chillon, at the eastern extremity of the Lake of Geneva, where he remained from 1529 till 1536, when he was liberated by his countrymen. The traces left by his steps on the pavement of his cell are still seen.
Account of, by A. Dumas, 142.
- BONUM**, the Latin for good; *summum bonum*, the chief good.
- BONUS**, a premium for a privilege.
- BOOKS**. The inner bark of trees was once

- used for writing on. In England, many hundred years ago, people used to write upon the bark of the beech-tree, which they called *boe*. We have not changed the word much. See Library.
- Thoughts on Books, 397.
- BOOK** (from the Danish *bomme*, a drum), to make a noise like the roar of the waves, or a distant gun.
- BOOKS** (from the Lat. *sevus*, or Fr. *bon*), a gift, a favor.
- BOULOGNE** (Boo-lon'), a seaport of France on the English Channel.
- BOUQUET** (boo-ka'), a nosegay.
- BOW**, the curved part of a ship forward. When it has this meaning it is pronounced so as to rhyme with cow.
- BOWRING**, John, his translation of Derzhavina's ode, 163.
- True Courage, by, 242.
- BRAHMIN**, the highest or priestly class, among the Hindoos.
- BRAVE MAN**, The, translated from the German of Burger, 165.
- BRASSIER**, an artificer in brass.
- BREWSTER**, Sir David, an eminent philosopher of Scotland, b. 1781. He was the inventor of that optical toy, the Kaleidoscope.
- Barbarism of War, by, 303.
- BRIDEWELL**, a house of correction for disorderly persons; so called from the palace near Bridget's well in London, which was turned into a work-house.
- BROOKS**, Henry, The Lion, &c., by, 139.
- BROOKS**, C. T., Translations by, 83, 412.
- BROUGHAM**, Henry, Lord, distinguished as a statesman, man of letters, and philosopher; born in Scotland. He entered Parliament in 1810. On Science, by, 441. The Schoolmaster Abroad, by, 269. On the Pleasures of Science, 441.
- BROWN**, J. E., The Whale Chase, by, 400.
- BAUCE**, Robert, one of the most heroic of the Scottish kings, and the deliverer of Scotland from the English yoke; b. 1274, d. 1329.
- BRUN**, a familiar name given to the bear, from the Fr. *brun*, brown.
- BRUTUS**, Lucius Junius, known as the first Brutus, received his surname of Brutus, or *brute*, from feigning idlody in order to escape the tyranny of Tarquin, a king of ancient Rome. Lucretia, a lady of great purity, having been grossly abused by Sextus Tarquin, Brutus threw off his pretended idlody, and roused the Romans to expel their king and establish a republic. As consul, he afterwards sentenced his two sons to death for crimes against their country. See p. 308. Marcus Junius Brutus, celebrated by Shakespeare, was a descendant of the first Brutus, 360.
- BRYANT**, Wm. Cullen, an eminent American poet, b. in Cummington, Mass., Nov. 3, 1794.
- Extracts from, 178, 205, 257, 338.
- The Hurricane, by, 211.
- November, by, 375.
- BUFFON**, born 1707, died 1788; a famous naturalist, the eloquence of whose style gave a charm to his scientific works. He was very methodical in his time; but there is not much to praise in his private character. 226.
- BUOY** (from *bois*, the French for wood), a piece of wood floating on the water, to indicate shoals, &c. The adjective *buoyant* has the same origin.
- BURGER**, Godfrey Augustus, b. 1748, d. 1794: a German poet, celebrated for his spirited ballads.
- The Brave Man, by, 165.
- BURKE**, Edmund, a writer, orator, and statesman, of great eminence. Born in Ireland, 1780; died 1797. He was one of the greatest masters of English style; an amiable and religious man in private life, and exemplary in his domestic and social duties. See character of, by Hamilton, and Grattan, 245, 246.
- Extracts from his Speeches, 146, 268, 269.
- BURNET**, Gilbert, Bishop of Salisbury, was born in Scotland, 1643; d. 1714. He was the author of a History of the Reformation. 226.
- BURINGTON**, E. H., Lines by, 264.
- BURTON**, W., Learning to Write, 87.
- BUSHMEN**. A name given by the Dutch colonists to some roaming tribes akin to the Hottentots, in the vicinity of the Cape of Good Hope. They are of a dark copper complexion, and small in stature. So deep are they sunk in barbarism, as to be unacquainted even with the construction of huts or tents, 119.
- BY and BY**. The proverb, p. 64, ¶ 2, is directed against the habit of procrastination; of putting off what ought to be done at once till "by and by."
- BYRON**, Lord George Gordon, an English nobleman, of great but misapplied talents. He was born in the year 1783, and died in Greece, in 1824. See p. 145.
- Ambition, by, 100.
- The Guilty Conscience, 258.
- Ancient Greece, 310.
- A Storm on the Mountains, 333.
- The Colosseum, by, 338.
- CABINET**, in politics, the governing council of a country; so called from the cabinet or apartment in which the Chief Magistrate transacts public business, and assembles his privy council. In the United States the members of the President's Cabinet are the Secretaries of State, of the Treasury, of War, of the Navy, the Interior, the Postmaster General, and the Attorney General.
- CADI** (in Arabic, *a judge*). The Turks style their inferior judges Cadi.
- CA'LYX**, a Greek word, signifying a cup. It is the name given by botanists to the outermost of the enveloping organs of a flower.
- CALABRIA**, the southern part of the kingdom of Naples; traversed throughout by the Apennine Mountains.
- Adventure in Calabria, 306.
- CAMERA Obscura**, or Dark Chamber, is an optical apparatus, by which the images of external objects are thrown on a white

- surface, and represented in a vivid manner in their proper colors, shapes, &c.
- CAMILLA**, in ancient mythology, one of the swift-footed servants of Diana, accustomed to the chase and to war.
- CAMPAGNA** (*kam-pa-n'-ya*, the *s* pronounced like *a* in father), a term applied to the low lands of the Tiber about Rome in Italy. The word simply means a flat, open country. The Roman Campagna is quite unhealthy at certain seasons.
- CAMPBELL**, Thomas, a great lyrical poet (see Lyrical), was born in Glasgow, Scotland, in 1777; died 1844. He wrote his fine poem of "The Pleasures of Hope" when only twenty-two years of age.
Fr. "Pleasures of Hope," 309, 412, 310.
Lord Ullin's Daughter, 276.
- CANAAN** (Ca'nan), all that tract of land, on each side of the Jordan in Palestine, which God gave for an inheritance to the children of Israel.
- CANARIES**, thirteen islands in the Atlantic Ocean, about sixty miles from the west coast of North Africa; known to the ancients as the Fortunata Isles. They were re-discovered in 1402, and selsed by the Spaniards in 1420, who planted vines there. The canary-bird is a native of these isles.
- CANDOR**, from the Latin word *candens*, to be white, to shine, to glitter; hence sincerity, purity. The word *candle* is of the same genealogy.
- CANDLES**, candlestick. See Candor.
- CANIBAL**, a person that devours human flesh. The word is probably of Indian origin.
- CANNING**, George, a highly accomplished orator and writer, born in London in 1770, died in 1827. See p. 270.
- CAPACITY** (from the L. *capio*, I hold, or take), the power of containing or taking.
- CAPR** (from the L. *caput*, the head), a point or head of land projecting from the mainland into a sea or lake.
- CARICATURE** (from the Italian *caricare*, to charge, to load), a distorted, exaggerated likeness of any thing or person.
- CARLYLE**, Thomas, an eccentric writer, born in Scotland in 1796. His style, at first simple and eloquent, latterly became affected and grotesque, though often vigorous.
- The Sword and Press, by, 256.
- CARNIVAL** (from two Latin words, *carni* and *vale*, meaning, *farewell to flesh*), a festival celebrated with merriment and revelry in Roman Catholic countries, during the week before Lent.
- CARNIVOROUS**, feeding on flesh.
- CARRIER-PIGEON**, The, a poem by Moore, 137. The carrier-pigeon flies at an elevated pitch, in order to surmount every obstacle between her and the place to which she is destined.
- CASSIER** (Fr. *casser*, to break), to dismiss from service.
- CASTLE-BUILDING**, forming visionary projects; building "castles in the air," 71.
- CASTLE** of Indolence, the title of a celebrated poem by Thomson, written in the manner of Spenser, and containing many obsolete words.
- CASS**, LEWIS, On Labor, 427.
- CATACOMBS** (from the Greek words, *kata*, down, and *kumbos*, a hollow), a cave for the burial of the dead.
- CATILINE**, a Roman of great talents, but dissolute habits. He conspired against his country, and was denounced by Cicero in his most celebrated oration.
- CATSKILL** Mountains are in the vicinity of Catskill, Green county, N. Y., on the Hudson. They received their name from the great number of catamounts formerly killed there, 111.
- CAVERN** by the Sea, The, 183.
- CECILIA**. There are several saints of this name in the Catholic church. The most celebrated, who has been erroneously regarded as the inventress of the organ, suffered martyrdom A. D. 230. How Cecilia came to be the patron-saint of music is not agreed.
Ode on Cecilia's Day, 416.
- CENIS**, Mount, a mountain of the Alps in Savoy. It is eight thousand six hundred and seventy feet above the level of the sea.
- CENTURY** (from the Latin *centum*, a hundred), in a general sense, anything consisting of a hundred parts; a period of a hundred years.
- CHALMERS**, Thomas, a celebrated Scotch divine, born 1780, died 1847.
Planets and Heavenly Bodies, 224.
Ministry of the Beautiful, 317.
- CHAMBERS**, Robert, a distinguished Scottish writer and publisher, born 1801.
Complaint of a Stomach, 167.
Self-killing, 171.
Kindness to Brute Animals, 195.
Best Kind of Revenge, 213.
Sound and Sense, 236.
Passage of Berea, 326.
Idleness, Jesting, &c., 370.
Common Errors, 408.
- CHANNING**, Wm. Ellery, a celebrated American clergyman and writer, born at Newport, R. I., 1780; died 1842.
On the Teacher's Calling, 186.
The Free Mind, 277.
Effects of Irreligion, 316.
The Worth of Books, 398.
- CHASE** on the Ice, 131.
- CHATHAM**, Wm. Pitt, Earl of (or Lord), was one of the greatest orators and statesmen of England, and a staunch friend of the American colonies in their difficulties with the British government. He was born 1708, died 1778.
Described by Hazlitt, Grattan, 245, 6.
On Taxing America, 267.
- CHA-MU-LION**, a species of lizard, found in Asia and Africa. It has the remarkable power of changing its color, producing a succession of rich and varied tints over the whole body. On this peculiarity Merrick's admirable fable (see p. 413) is founded.

CHAPMAN, a trafficker, a cheapseller.

CHAPS (chops), the mouth of a beast.

CHAPTER (from the Lat. *caput*, a head), a division of a book or treatise; as Genesis contains fifty chapters.

CHARLATAN, a quack; from an Italian word, meaning to *prate*.

CHARLEMAGNE (Shär-le-man), King of the Franks, and subsequently Emperor of the West, was born 742, died 814. His name means Charles the Great. Although he did not know how to write, he was a friend to learning. See p. 395.

CHARLES the Twelfth of Sweden; born 1682; killed by a cannon-ball, 1718. He was a military hero, who was lavish of human blood whenever his selfishness or ambition was to be gratified.

CHICANERY (she-kän-er-y), trickery, by which a cause is delayed or perplexed.

CHILLON (shillong), 142. See Bonivard.

CHEOGRAPHY (kîr-og'raf-y), the art of writing; from the Gr. *cheir*, the hand, and *grapho*, I write.

CHOCK, a wedge used to secure anything with, or for anything to rest on. The long-boat, when it is stowed, rests on two large chocks.

CHO'US, a number of singers; verses of a song, in which all present join.

CHRISTENDOM, all the countries of the world, the people of which profess Christianity.

CHRISTIANITY, Obligations to, 313.

CHRONOMETER (Gr. *chronos*, time, and *metros*, measure), an instrument to measure time with great exactness.

CHUM, a chamber-fellow.

CICERO, the most famous of Roman orators; born 106 B. C., murdered by soldiers 43 B. C.

Compared with Demosthenes, 243.

Extract from, 267.

CINCINNATUS, a consul of ancient Rome; he was repeatedly taken from his plough and farm to assume the highest offices of the state. A society of American revolutionary officers took their name from him, calling themselves Cincinnati, whence the great city of Ohio has its name.

CIRCUMFERENCE (from the Lat. *circum*, around, and *fero*, I carry), a line that bounds the space of a circle.

CIRCUMSTANCES (from *circum*, around, and *stans*, standing), an incident, a state of affairs.

CIVILIZATION, Progress of, 338.

CLASSICS (from the Latin *classis*). The Romans were divided into six classes, and *classici* was the name given to the first class; whence the best Greek and Roman authors have been, in modern times, called *classics*, that is, first-class writers.

CLASS Opinions; those of a certain set or class of mutual admirers and supporters, 72.

CLAY, Henry, an American orator and statesman, born in Va. 1777, died 1852. For many years he represented Kentucky in Congress.

Extract from his Speeches, 371.

CLAVE; as used p. 265, this is an intransitive verb, or one in which the action is confined to the agent, and does not pass over to an object.

CLERK; the English pronunciation of this word (as if *clark*) is now repudiated.

CLEVER, dexterous, expert; the meaning *good-natured* seems peculiar to America.

CLIFF (now generally spelt *cleft*), a character in music; from the L. *clavis*, a key.

CODE. With the ancient Romans that part of the wood of a tree next to the bark was called *codex*; and the laws written on this wood, smeared with wax, took its name; whence is our word *code*, a collection of laws.

COGNAC (kän-yak), a French brandy.

COLERIDGE, Samuel Taylor, an English poet and philosopher, b. 1770, d. 1843.

Translation from Schiller, by, 343.

COLOSSAL, gigantic, like a Colossus; an ancient statue of Apollo, which stood across the entrance of the harbor at Rhodes, being so called. It was of brass, one hundred and five feet high, so that ships could pass under its legs.

COLOSSUM (col-o-sé-um), The, 386.

COLLINS, Wm., an English poet, b. 1729, d. 1766. His odes, written when he was quite young, show great genius.

Ode to the Passions, 402.

COLUMBUS, Christopher, was born at Genoa, 1437; died 1506. See America.

COMBUSTIBLE, capable of burning.

COMET (from the Gr. *kometê*, hair), a celestial body, with a luminous train.

COMMONS. In countries having kings and nobles, the common people, or their representatives, are thus called.

COMPANION (from the Lat. *communis*, common, and *panis*, bread), literally, one with whom we share bread.

CON'CAVE, hollow; opposed to *convex*, spherical.

CONCIERGE (kon-se-alrê-re), the name of a prison in Paris.

CONCISE (from the Lat. *concido*, to cut down), brief, containing few words.

CONCRETE (Lat. *concre-scere*, to grow together, to coalesce in one mass). As an *adj.*, formed by coalition of separate particles in one body. In logic, existing in a subject; not abstract; as the *white snow*. As a *noun*, a compound, a mass formed by concretion.

CONFUSED. As used by Heywood, p. 294, the accent is on the first syllable. In his day, usage had not settled the accent of a large class of English words.

CONGREVE, Wm., an English dramatist and poet, b. 1672, d. 1729. His reputation, very great in his day, has deservedly dwindled.

The Preacher who Failed, &c., 296.

CONJURE; when it means to call on solemnly (as on p. 372), the accent is on the last syllable; when it means to affect by magic, or to practise the arts of a conjurer, the accent is on the first syllable.

CONSCIENT; derivation explained, 125.
 CONSENTANEOUS, agreeing, accordant.
 CONSONANTS; derivation of, &c., 15, 16, 21.
 CONSTANCY, a lake between Germany and Switzerland, ten leagues long, and three in its greatest breadth.
 CONSTELLATION (from the Latin *con*, together, and *stella*, a star), a group or cluster of fixed stars.
 CONTEMPLE. The Lat. word *templum*, a temple, a place set apart for meditation, enters into the derivation of this word.
 CONTEMPORARY, sometimes written *cotemporary* (from the Lat. *con*, together, and *tempus*, time); living at the same time.
 CONTENT (from *con*, and *teneo*, I hold). He who is content is literally one who contains; who holds enough; satisfied.
 CONTINENT (Lat. *continens*, containing), that which contains or holds; hence, in geography, a great extent of land not disjoined by the sea. The word is much used by British writers to signify the countries of Europe other than Great Britain and Ireland.
 CONTRARY. This word should not be used as if the same in meaning as opposite. "Opposites" complete, while "contraries" exclude each other. Opposite qualities may meet in a person, but not contrary.
 CONVERSATION SPOILERS, 248.
 CORPSE (from the Gr. *kopto*, I fell, cut down), a wood of small growth, because of being cut.
 CORDUROY, a thick cotton stuff, corded or ribbed.
 CORONACH (kor'-o-nak), a wild expression of lamentation among the Scotch Highlanders; poured forth by mourners over the dead body of a friend, 258.
 CORNUCOPIA (L. *cornu*, a horn, *copia*, plenty), the horn of plenty.
 CORREY (kór'ray), the hollow side of the hill, where game usually lies.
 CORTAGE (kór-tá'xh), a train, a retinue.
 COTERIE (ko-to-ree'), a set, clan, circle of people.
 COTTLE, JOSEPH, a publisher and author, of Bristol, Eng. His tribute to Henderson, p. 167.
 COULTER (kól'ter), the sharp iron of a plough. It is from the Latin *cultus*, a plough-share, which is from *colo*, I cultivate.
 COUP-DE-MAIN (koo-dühr-máng'), a bold stroke; literally a hand-stroke.
 COURAGE, from the Lat. *cor*, the heart—the heart being the seat of courage, 242.
 COUMER, PAUL LOUIS, a witty French writer, born 1773, assassinated 1825. An Adventure in Calabria, 305.
 COWPER, WM., one of the truest and best of English poets, was born 1731, died 1800. Ode to Peace, 137. Reciprocal Kindness, 197. Extracts from, 177, 248, 311, 410, 414.
 CRABBE, REV. GEORGE, a very original English poet; b. 1754, d. 1832. His descriptions of life among the poor are severely true. Practical Charity, by, 257

CRAVEN, a coward; from *to crave*, because supposed to crave his life.
 CREEPY, E. S., on Demosthenes, 348.
 CROLY, REV. GEORGE, a poet of great elegance and power of diction, born in Ireland about 1790. Extract from, 283.
 CROMWELL, OLIVER, one of the greatest characters in English history; born 1599 died 1658. Being elected to Parliament he attached himself to the Puritans, became one of the principal leaders against King Charles I., and joined in bringing that monarch to the block. As a military leader, he obtained important victories, which placed him at the summit of power, so that he dissolved the Long Parliament (see p. 283), and, in 1653, assumed the supreme authority in England, under the title of Lord Protector. At one period of his life he was on the point of emigrating to Massachusetts.
 CRUCIFIX (from the Lat. *cruci*, to a cross, and *fixi*, I have fixed), a cross on which the body of Christ is fixed in effigy.
 CUMBER, perplexity, distress.
 CUMBERLAND, RICHARD, a miscellaneous writer, b. in England 1732, d. 1811. Affectation, by, 144.
 CURFEW (from the French *couvre-feu*, cover fire), a bell anciently rung at eight o'clock in the evening, when people were obliged to extinguish their fires and lights; accidents from fire being then very frequent and fatal, as houses were built mostly of wood. King Alfred once ordained that, at the ringing of the Curfew, or Cover-fire, Bell, all the inhabitants of Oxford should cover up their fires and go to bed. "The curfew tolls the knell of parting day." See p. 272. There is no good authority for the punctuation which would here make *tolls* an intransitive verb.
 CURSES. The proverb (p. 64) simply means that the heart that can give vent to a curse against another is cursing itself most, by giving strength and development to evil and malignant feelings.
 CURULE (from the Lat. *currus*, a chariot). The curule chair, among the Romans, was a stool without a back, conveyed in a chariot, and used by public officers.
 CYCLE, a circle; in chronology, a periodical space of time.
 CYLINDER, a long, circular body, of uniform diameter. *Adj.*, cylindrical.
 DAFFODILS (Gr. *asphód'elos*), a species of Narcissus, with beautiful flowers of a deep yellow hue. It flowers in April or May. Some of the more hardy species grow wild. The Daffodils, a poem, 70.
 DAGUERREOTYPE (da-gér-ro-type), so called from M. Daguerre (dah-ghair'), a French artist, who gave publicity to his invention in 1839. An apparatus somewhat similar to his was contrived about the same time by M. Niepce, also a Frenchman, with whom the honor should be partially shared. See p. 379.

DAHLIA, a well-known plant, which receives its name from Dahl, a Swedish botanist.

DANTE (Dan-tē), the sublimest of the Italian poets, was born at Florence, 1265; died 1321.

DARLING, GRACE, an heroic girl, daughter of the keeper of the North Sunderland lighthouse, on the coast of England. A steam-vessel having been wrecked in 1838 on the rocks known as the Great Harkars, Grace, who was then twenty-two years old, persuaded her father to go with her to the rescue of the crew in an open boat. There was a raging sea; but they went, and saved nine persons, who otherwise would have perished. Grace died a few years after this event. See Wordsworth's poem on her, p. 201.

DAUPHIN; formerly the title of the eldest son of the King of France. The editions of the classics which were made for the use of the dauphin are entitled *in usum delphini*.

DAVY, SIR HUMPHREY, an eminent chemist, b. in England 1778, d. 1829. He was an agreeable writer and poet. 317.

DEATH, Thoughts on, 309, 318.

DECEMBER, the twelfth month of our year, from the Latin *decem*, ten, because in the Roman year it constituted the tenth month, the year beginning with March.

DELECT, to turn aside, deviate.

DEHERANDO, a French writer, author of an excellent work on self-education. He died in 1842. He was a distinguished member of the French Institute.

The Mind its own Educator, 322.

DENOT, one who believes in the existence of God, but not in revealed religion.

DEMOSTHENES, Character of, 243.

Democracy of Athens, 266.

DENURE (from the French *des mœurs*, of good manners), sober, downcast.

DE QUINCEY, THOMAS, a powerful but eccentric writer, born in England about 1790. The account of Joan of Arc (p. 259) is chiefly taken from his masterly review of Michelet's (*Meesh-lā's*) narrative in his History of France.

DERIVATIVE (from the Lat. *de*, from, and *rivus*, a small stream), flowing or proceeding from. A derivative word is one which takes its origin in another word.

DER'VIS, a Persian word, meaning poor; in Mahometan countries, a religious person leading an austere life.

DERZHAVIN, GABRIEL, a Russian poet and statesman, born 1743, died 1819. His Ode to the Deity (see p. 153), as we learn from the translator, Dr. Bowring, has been translated into Japanese, by order of the emperor, and is hung up, embroidered with gold, in the Temple of Jeddo. It has also been translated into the Chinese and Tartar languages, written on a piece of rich silk, and suspended in the imperial palace at Peking.

DE'UM, the accusative case of the Latin word *Deus*, God. "Te Deum" are the first words of a celebrated Latin hymn, begin-

ning "Te Deum laudamus," *W praise thee, O God*.

DEWEY, REV. ORVILLE, on Death, 318.

DIALOGUE (from the Gr. *dia*, and *legein*, to discourse together), a conversation between two or more persons. The following are dialogues:

Adam and Orlando, 319.

A Sister Pleads for a Brother, 320.

Gil Bias and the Archbishop, 340.

The Trade of War, 343.

Brutus and Cassius, 350.

Franklin and the Gout, 355.

From Hamlet, 371.

Wolsey and Cromwell, 421.

DIAMETER, from the Gr. *dia*, through, and *metros*, measure; a straight line passing through the centre of a circle, and dividing it into two equal parts.

Diamond, the most valuable of gems. The word is pronounced either in three syllables (*dī'-a-mond*) or in two (*dī'mond*).

DIAPASON (Gr. *dia*, through, and *pasen*, all), in music, the octave or interval which includes all the tones. By a bold metaphor, Dryden has beautifully availed himself of this expression in his Ode, p. 416.

DICKENS, CHARLES, a popular English author, born in Portsmouth, 1812.

The World of Waters, 206.

The Wind and Rain, 208.

Alfred the Great, 244.

DILEMMA (Gr.), a puzzling situation, where each alternative is bad.

DIogenes (*Di-ōj'e-nēs*), surnamed the Cynic, was a philosopher of ancient Greece; born 414 B. C. He is said to have had an interview with Alexander the Great at Corinth, at which on the king's asking him if he could oblige him in any way, the Cynic replied, "Yes, you can stand out of the sunshine." The Cynics were so called from the Greek word *kunikos*, dog-like, because of their morose, snarling mode of speech.

DIPLOMA (from the Gr. *diplos*, I fold up), a document, signed and sealed, conferring some privilege, right or honor. Thus a letter or writing of an university, conferring a degree, is called a *diploma*.

DIPLOTHONGS. See p. 16.

DISC, or **DISK** (from the Gr. *diskos*, a round plate, a quoit; *diskos* being derived from *dikein*, to throw, whence its application to the *form* of the thing thrown. The word *disk* has a similar derivation). *Disk*, in astronomy, means the face of the sun and moon, as they appear to observers on the earth.

DISCHARGE. A debtor is said to have his discharge when he has a release or acquittance in full from his debt.

DISCIPLE (from the Lat. *disco*, I learn), a learner; a follower.

DISCOVER, literally, to uncover. Mark the distinction between this word and *to invent*. We *discover* what already existed; we *invent* when we make something to be which hitherto was not. Harvey "dis-

- covered" the circulation of the blood; but Watt "invented" the steam-engine.
- DOCK**, the place where a criminal stands in court; also, a ship-builder's yard. A *dry dock* has flood-gates to admit the tide, or prevent its influx, as occasion may require.
- DOGMATA**, an opinion; that which seems true to one (from the Gr. *dokein*, to seem). *Dogmatism*, positive assertion, without proof.
- DOUBLON**, a Spanish coin of the value of two pistoles.
- DRAAGON**, to force to submit.
- DRAMA** (*drá'ma*, or *dram-a*). This word is from the Gr. *drao*, I act or do; and means a composition in which the action or narrative is not related, but represented. *Adj.*, *dram-át'ic*. See extracts, p. 383; also Dialogues.
- DRAWING-ROOM**, a room to which the company *withdraw* from the dining-room.
- DRYDEN**, JOHN, a celebrated English poet. Born 1633; died 1631.
Futurity, by, 113.
Ode on Cecilia's Day, 416.
- DUMAS, ALEXANDER**, a French miscellaneous writer, very voluminous.
Inconvenient Ignorance, 181.
Fall of a Mountain, &c., 106.
Imprisonment of Bonnivard, 142.
- DUMPS**, a gloomy, depressed state of mind. It is not an elegant word.
- DYMOND, JONATHAN**, on Duelling, 330.
- EAGLE**. The figure of an eagle was the standard of the Romans; and has been adopted as the emblem of the United States.
- EARLY RISING**, Thoughts on, 325.
- ECHO** (Gr.), the return or reverberation of a sound. *Plural*, echoes.
- ECLAT** (*ék-klá'*, the *a* as in father), a bursting forth; hence, applause, pomp, show.
- ECLIPSE** (Gr. *ekleipo*, I cease, faint away, or disappear), the obscuration of the light of a heavenly body, 174.
- ECLIP'TIC**, the sun's path in the heavens. It has been called the ecliptic because eclipses only happen when the moon is on the same plane, or very near it.
- ECONOMY** (Gr. *oikos*, a house, and *nomos*, a law), originally, the thrifty management of a family; hence applied to individual and public concerns.
- EDUCATION**. This important word is traced to the Latin *e*, from, and *duco*, I lead. Thus education must *educ*e; and that (says Trench) is to *draw out*, and not to *put in*. To draw out what is in the child,—the immortal spirit which is there,—this is the end of education; and so much the word declares.
Thoughts on, 184, 322.
- EDWARD**, the Prince of Wales, surnamed the Black Prince, son of Edward III. of England, was born in 1330, died 1376. While in France, in 1366, he won the great battle of Poitiers (pronounced in French *Pwa-te-s'*, the first *a* as in water).
- E'ER** (Ar), a contraction for *ever*. Do not confound this contraction with *Ere*, which see.
- ELECTRICITY** (Gr. *elektron*, amber), the substance in which the property of attraction after friction was first noticed.
Electric Telegraph, The, 378.
- EL'E'GY**, commonly a plaintive poem, as is implied by the Greek name, which signifies to *cry alas! alas!* (E: *lekein*).
Elegy in a Country Church-yard, 272.
- ELEMENTARY SOUNDS**, Table of, 17.
- ELEUSINIAN**, from Eleusis, an ancient city of Attica, north-west of Athens, and famous for the celebration of certain heathen religious rites, the chief design of which is said to have been to inculcate a belief in the immortality of the soul, and in the unity of the Deity.
- ELIZABETH**, Queen of England, was the daughter of Henry VIII. by his queen Anne Boleyn. She was born 1533, died 1602. See pp. 145, 247.
- ELLIOTT, EMERSON**, sometimes called the "Corn-law rhymers" and "the poet of the poor," was born in England in 1781, died 1846.
Woman's Mission, by, 349.
- ELLIPSE**, an oval figure; the curve in which the planets perform their revolutions about the sun. It presents to the eye, at once, variety and regularity, and is, therefore, preferred by painters to the circle for the outline of their pictures. For the grammatical use of the word, see p. 54.
- ELLIPTICAL**, having the form of an ellipse.
- ELOQUENCE**, the art of clothing thoughts in the most suitable expressions, in order to produce conviction or persuasion.
Eloquence of Statesmen, 266.
Moral and Religious Eloquence, 318.
Eloquence of Science, 404.
- EMERALD**, a mineral of a beautiful green color, obtained in greatest perfection from Peru. In value it is rated next to the ruby.
- EMERSON, R. W.**, The Snow-storm, 433.
- EMPHASIS**, see pp. 39, 40.
- EMPORIUM**, a Greek word, meaning a trading-place. It is now adopted into English, and signifies a city or place where great commercial transactions are made.
- EMPYREUMA**, a Greek word, meaning the offensive smell produced by fire applied to organic matters, chiefly vegetable, in close vessels. Empyreumatic oil is obtained from various substances in this way.
- ENCYCLOPÆDIA** (from the Gr. *en*, in, *kyclos*, a circle, and *paideia*, instruction), a circle of instruction; a dictionary of science, the arts, &c.
- ENDICOTT, JOHN**, governor of the colony of Massachusetts, 1644.
- ENGHIEN, Duc d'** (Duke D'ang-ghe-ang'; the first *a* as in *father*), son of the Duke of Bourbon, was born in France in 1772. Being accused of conspiracies against Bonaparte as First Consul, although nothing was proved against him, he underwent sentence of death, 1804.

EXTempor (ang-tre-po', the *s* as in *father*, the *e* as in *her*), a warehouse for the deposit of goods.

EPHEMERAL (e-fem'eral). This is from the Gr. *ephē*, for, and *ēmera*, a day; perishing with the day; short-lived.

EPIC (Gr. *ēpos*, a word), a poem of the narrative kind, describing generally the exploits of heroes.

EPICURE, one given to luxury; so called from Epicurus, a Greek philosopher, whose doctrines did not, however, authorize the sensual construction which was wrested from them.

EPTOMES (e-pit'-o-mē), an abridgment, an abbreviation, or compendious abstract.

EPOCH (ep-ok or ē-pok). This is from the Gr. *epochē*, I stop, and means a certain fixed point of time, made famous by some remarkable event, from whence ensuing years are numbered.

EPA differs from epoch in this: *epa* is a point of time fixed by some nation or denomination of men; *epoch* is a point fixed by historians and chronologists.

EAE (ār), before; sooner than; supposed to be from the Saxon *ær*, signifying the morning. Being pronounced like *æ'er*, this word is sometimes mistaken for it.

EESAY, in literature, a short treatise, or tract. Lord Bacon first used it in this sense.

EUREKA (eu-rē'-ka) a Greek word, meaning, *I have found*. See p. 276.

EURIPIDES (U-rip'i-dēs), a Grecian tragic poet, b. 480 B. C. He was torn in pieces by the dogs of King Archelaus, whose guest he was. Sophocles, who survived him, publicly mourned his loss.

EVANGEL is said to have built on the Tiber, at the foot of the Palatine Hill, a town which was incorporated with Rome. He taught the arts of peace.

EVANGEL (from two Gr. words, meaning to *tell well*, to *announce good tidings*), the Gospel; the history of Christ's life and resurrection.

EVERETT, EDWARD, b. in Massachusetts, 1794. Quoted pp. 186, 187, 249.

EXAMINE; said to be from the Latin, *ex-amen*, the tongue or beam of a balance.

EXCELSION, the comparative degree of the Latin adjective, *excelsus*, high; so that it means *higher*. 286.

EXCOMMUNICATE, to expel from the communion of the church.

EXILE, THE POOL, 82.

EXIT, the third person of the Latin verb *exeo*, I go out; literally, he or it goes out; hence the departure of a player from the stage; a way of departure, passage out of a place.

EXODUS, a way, or passage out; agrees, departure; the title of the second book of Moses, which describes the journey from Egypt.

EXPLETIVE, a word not necessary to the sense; one used to fill a space.

EXTEMPOR (ex-tem'-po-rē), on the spur of the moment, at the time; from the Lat. words *ex*, from, and *tempore*, the time.

Avoid the blunder of pronouncing this word (extempore) in three syllables.

EXTRAORDINARY (eks-tror'-de-na-ry).

EXTRINSIC, external, outward.

FABLE (Lat. *fari*, to speak). In English it is applied to any feigned thing; generally a story inculcating a moral precept. See pp. 67, 71, 72, 92, 134, 286, 412.

FALL OF A MOUNTAIN, 106.

FAME. The root of this word meaning simply to speak or talk (good or ill), fame may be either favorable or the contrary. We often find that both praise and detraction are much exaggerated in men's mouths; hence the proverb, "common fame is a common liar," 64, 300.

FAST. The *au* pronounced like *ow* in *how*.

FEBRUARY is from the Lat. *februus*, I cleanse; because on the fifteenth of this month the great feast of purification, called *februa*, was held among the Romans.

FENELON, Archbishop of Cambray, in France, a great writer, and most amiable man, was b. 1661, d. 1715.

Fidelity in Little Things, 85.

Cicero and Demosthenes, 243.

FERDINAND AND ISABELLA, 231.

FERRARA, an ancient and famous city of Italy; once the capital of a sovereign duchy.

FEUDALISM. The feudal system was that form of government anciently subsisting in Europe, under which a victorious leader allotted considerable portions of land, called *fiefs*, or *feuds*, to his principal officers, who, in their turn, divided their possessions among their inferiors; the condition being that the latter should render military service both at home and abroad.

FIELD. This word (says Trench) properly means a clearing where the trees have been *felled*, or cut down, as in all our early English writers it is spelled without the *i*, "feld," and not "field."

Fiji (fi-jee), one of the S. Pacific islands.

FIRE-WATER, the appropriate name given by the Indians to intoxicating liquors.

FLEECY TROOPS. By a figure known as *periphrasis* (circumlocution), the poet thus designates sheep, 136.

FLINT, TIMOTHY, an American writer, and a missionary to the Mississippi valley. He died in 1839. See pp. 299, 302.

FLORENCE, capital of the Grand Duchy of Tuscany, and one of the finest cities in the world. The present population is 106,890.

FLUKES, the broad triangular plates at the extremity of the arms of an anchor. The fins of a whale, from their resemblance, are sometimes thus called.

FLYING FISH, THE, 217.

FOLIO (Lat. *folium*, a leaf), a book of the largest size, formed by once doubling a sheet of paper.

FOOLSCAP, a kind of paper, usually about seventeen inches by fourteen. The derivation of the word is uncertain.

PO'RAY, a sudden or irregular incursion in a border war.

FORD, JOHN, an English dramatic writer, b. 1586, d. 1670. See p. 295.

FORECASTLE (fore-kas-el), that part of the upper deck of a ship forward of the foremast; also, in merchant vessels, the forward part, under the deck, where the sailors live.

FOREST, from the root of the Lat. word *foras*, meaning out of doors.

FORM'ULA, a prescribed form or order; a model.

FO'RUM, a Latin word, meaning literally, what is out of doors, an outside space or place in Rome a public place where causes were tried, and orations made.

FOSTER, JOHN, a much-esteemed English writer, b. 1770, d. 1843. See pp. 104, 331.

FRANKLIN, BENJAMIN, distinguished as an essayist, a philosopher, and a statesman, was born in Boston, Mass., Jan. 17th, 1706, and died in Philadelphia, the city of his adoption, April 17th, 1790. He discovered the identity of lightning with electricity, and obtained a lasting scientific reputation thereby.

Remarks on his Character, 331.

Turning the Grindstone, by, 163.

Dialogue with the Gout, 354.

FRATEL, The Silent Teacher, by, 296.

FREDERICK, generally called the Great, King of Prussia, was born in 1712, and died 1786; a strict military disciplinarian, and friendly to literature.

FRIAR, from the French *frère*, a brother; in a restricted sense, a monk who is not a priest.

FRIDAY, the sixth day of the week. The name is derived from Freya, a Saxon goddess.

FRONARD (frō-ward), peevish, perverse; its radical meaning being, *turned or looking from*.

FULTON, ROBERT, an American engineer and projector, born in Pennsylvania, in 1767, died 1815. His first steamboat was put upon the Hudson (as described by Judge Story, p. 324) in 1807. The merit of a prior invention was claimed by John Fitch, also an American.

GAL'AXY (Gr. *galaktos*, of milk), the Milky Way; the long, white, luminous track visible across the heavens at night, from horizon to horizon. It consists entirely of stars, scattered by millions, like glittering dust, on the black ground of the general heavens.

GA'LEN, one of the greatest physicians of ancient times, b. in Asia, 256.

GASTRO JUCE, the peculiar fluid secreted by the stomach, and essential to digestion.

GA-N'VA, the most populous and industrious town of Switzerland, on the Rhone.

GENIUS. The Latin root of this word means to produce, to bring forth, 147, 214.

GER'OA (Jën'oa), a famous seaport city of northern Italy, on the Mediterranean.

GEN'TILE (Lat. *gens*, a nation). The Jews designated all not professing their religion as "the nations;" hence the word Gentile came to mean any person not a Jew or a Christian, a heathen.

GIBSON, EDWARD, the celebrated English historian, was b. 1737, d. 1794. In his great work, "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," he does not always do justice to his Christian characters. The same energy and virtue which, appearing in a heathen or a Mahometan, fills his heart with fervor, and his lofty periods with a swelling grandeur, leaves him cold and impassible, or cavilling and contemptuous, when it is exhibited in the cause of Christianity. 144.

GIBRALTAR, a strongly fortified seaport town and colony, belonging to G. Britain, near the southern extremity of Spain, where it occupies a mountainous promontory. The Strait of Gibraltar, between Spain and Morocco, is about fifty miles long, and from nineteen to twenty-three broad.

GIL BLAS (Zhil Blas). It is difficult to express in English the exact pronunciation of the French *g*. The nearest approach to it is *zh*, the *s* being sounded as in *asure*. The *a* of *Blas* has the first elementary sound (see p. 17), and the *s* is sounded. See *Le Sage, Scintillat, Signor*.

GIROONDS (Zhe-rond'. See above). In French history, the Gironde were, during the revolution, a celebrated political party, termed Girondins, from La Gironde (the department in which Bordeaux is situated), which sent to the legislative assembly of 1791 three of the chief leaders of the party, 291.

GITTERN. See *Arion*.

GLADIATOR (Lat. *gladius*, a sword), a sword-player, a prize-fighter, 94.

GLASS. "Looks in a glass," &c., p. 321. The allusion here is to the imposition practised by fortune-tellers, who pretended to see future events in a beryl, or crystal glass.

GLOAMING, the twilight; probably the word is a corruption of *glooming*.

GNOMON (nō-mon), a Greek word, meaning *one who knows*; in a dial, the pin which by its shadow tells the hour.

GOLDAU (Gol-do'), a village of Switzerland, which was overwhelmed by the fall of part of the mountain of Rossberg, Sept. 3d, 1806. The account (p. 106) is substantially true.

GOLDSMITH, OLIVER, a celebrated poet, historian, and essayist, was born in Ireland in 1731; died 1774. He was one of the most genial and elegant writers of his day; but, notwithstanding his great reputation, activity, and success, his life was embittered by perpetual debts and difficulties.

The Village Preacher, 218.

The Discontented Miller, 222.

Retirement, 256.

GOOSE-QUILL. The proverb, p. 64, indicates

- the superiority of mental force over physical; that "the pen is mightier than the sword."
- GORGON**, a fabled monster, the sight of which turned the beholder to stone.
- GOSPEL** (Saxon, *godapell*; *god*, good, and *spell*, history), the Christian revelation.
- GRATTAN**, HENRY, one of the most eloquent of Ireland's orators, b. 1746, d. 1820.
On Lord Chatham, 246.
- GRAHAM**, JAMES, a Scottish poet, b. 1765, d. 1811. Winter Sabbath, *hy*, 433.
- GRAVITATION** (from the Lat. *gravis*, heavy) is a force which binds the universe together. It causes the falling of heavy bodies to the earth's surface, and, by a wonderful balancing of the same force, the heavenly bodies are kept within their proper paths. See Newton.
- GRAY**, THOMAS, an English poet, b. 1716, d. 1771. His *Elegy* (p. 272) is the most celebrated of his poems. It is related by Lord Mahon, that the evening before the capture of Quebec (1759) Gen. Wolfe, while on the St. Lawrence in a boat with some of his officers, repeated this elegy, then new, aloud, and said, "Now, gentlemen, I would rather be the author of that poem than take Quebec." See Curfew.
- GREECES**. The effects of Grecian art, literature, and philosophy, upon the world, promise to be as enduring as its civilization. They can hardly be estimated.
- GRIZA/MOES** (Lat. *græz*, a herd), going in flocks or herds; not liking to live alone.
- GRUFFIN**, GERALD, an Irish poet and miscellaneous writer, who died young, about the year 1840.
Love due to the Creator, 179.
- GUATEMALA**, pronounced Gwa-te-ma'la; the *a* in the first and third syllables like that in *father*.
- GUILLOTINE** (gil-lo-tin'), a machine for beheading in France, named from its inventor, Dr. Guillotin.
- GUINEA**, a piece of money, so called because it was originally coined of gold brought from the coast of Guinea.
- GUTTERBAZ**, pronounced Goot-ti-a'th.
- GYGES** (jy'jes), according to Plato, was a shepherd of Lydia, who had a ring, with which, by turning a stone in it, he could become invisible.
- Gymnas'tic**, pertaining to athletic exercises. The Greek root *gymnos* means naked, the ancients being naked in their exercises.
- HABITATION**. The root of this word is the Latin *habeo*, I have.
- HALFPENNY**, pronounced half-penny (the *a* as in *father*), or ha'p'en-ne.
- HALL**, JAMES, *Prairie*, The, 203.
- HALL**, ROBERT, an eloquent Baptist preacher and theological writer, b. in England 1764, d. 1831. His sermon on Modern Infidelity established his fame. See p. 315.
- HALLECK**, FITZ-GREENE, an American poet, born 1796.
On a Friend's Death, 366
- HAMLET** (believed to be from the same Saxon root as home, anciently written *hæme*), a small village; a little cluster of houses in the country.
- HAMPDEN**, JOHN, one of England's best patriots, was born in London in 1594. He strenuously resisted the impositions of the royal government. Being mortally wounded in the civil war against the king, he died, after six days of great suffering, in 1643. He was a devout Christian; and his last words were, "O, Lord, save my country. O, Lord, be merciful to" and here his speech failed him, and he fell back and expired.
- HARVEY**, WM., a celebrated physician, b. in England 1578, d. 1658. He discovered the circulation of the blood, of which he published an account in 1628.
- HASTINGS**, WARREN, born in England in 1733, d. 1818. He was appointed by the East India Company governor of their possessions; but, being accused of having governed tyrannically, and extorted large sums of money, he was impeached by the British House of Commons, but finally acquitted, 268.
- HAWTHORNE**, NATHANIEL, an American author, born about 1809; in 1853 appointed consul to Liverpool by President Pierce.
A Bill from the Town Pump, 231.
- HAZLITT**, WM., an English critic and essayist, who died in 1830. He was a vigorous writer, but apt to be borne away by violent prejudices.
- HERCULES**, Literature of the, 389.
- HECTOR**, the chief hero of the Trojans in their war with the Greeks. He was slain by Achilles.
- HEMANS**, FELICIA DOROTHEA, the most popular poetess of England, was born at Liverpool in 1795, died 1835. She married young, but her marriage was infelicitous. She wrote much for the magazines of the day; and many of her lyrics are of a high order of merit.
The Graves of a Household, 105.
Hymn of the Mountaineers, 239.
The Captive's Dreams, 310.
- HENDERSON**, JOHN, Account of, 167.
- HENRY**, PATRICK, an American orator and statesman, born in Virginia 1736, died 1799. His early opportunities of education were very limited, but he rose above all impediments into great distinction as one of the most eloquent men of any age. He was a strenuous advocate for American independence. Extract from, 271.
- HERSHEL**, SIR JOHN, born in England 1790, a son of the celebrated astronomer, Wm. Herschel, and eminent for his mathematical and literary attainments.
On a Taste for Reading, 399.
Wonders of the Universe, 406.
- HESPERUS**, a name given to the planet Venus when she follows the sun or appears in the evening; when she appears in the morning before sunrise, the same planet is called Lucifer.
- HET-à-à** NO UN'KNOWS (Gr. *steros* other, say

- genes, kind), unlike or dissimilar in kind; opposed to *homogeneous*.
- HEXAGONAL**, having six angles.
- HEYWOOD, THOMAS**, an English dramatic writer, said to have written 220 plays between the years 1596 and 1640. Of these plays only twenty-four have been preserved. Extract from, 294.
- HIGGINSON, FRANCIS**, an eminent preacher, born in England, but who emigrated to Salem, Mass., in June, 1629, when there were but seven houses in the place. He died in 1630. He had a son also named Francis.
- HILLARD, GEORGE S.**, an accomplished American writer, author of "Six Months in Italy."
- The Colosseum, by, 386.
- On a Literary Taste, 399.
- HIPPOCRATES** (Hip-poc'rates), the most famous among the Greek physicians, b. 456 B. C. In his method of cure, precepts as to diet take the first rank.
- HISTORY** (Gr. *istoria*, I know by inquiry), an account of facts; not only of such as relate to the political annals of nations and states, but to their manners and customs, literature and great men. *Natural history* treats of the works of nature generally.
- HISTORICAL CHARACTERS**, 144, 243.
- HOLMES, OLIVER WENDELL**, an American physician and a gifted poet, 265, 337.
- HOMER**, the great poet of the Greeks. He flourished in the ninth century before the Christian era, and is supposed to have been a strolling bard, poor and blind. His *Iliad* is a poem descriptive of the siege of Troy, in Asia Minor; and his *Odyssey* describes the wanderings of Ulysses. These poems have been translated by Pope; but Cowper's version of the *Iliad* is the most faithful.
- HOMILY**, a discourse or sermon read or pronounced to an audience.
- HO-MO-GR'NEOUS** (Gr. *omos*, the same, and *genos*, kind), of the same kind. See *Heterogeneous*.
- HOOD, THOMAS**, an English poet, comic and pathetic, b. 1798, d. 1846.
- Ode to his Son, by, 45.
- Retrospective Review (abridged), 127.
- The Lee-shore, 359.
- HOODED BELL**. By this striking image of a bell covered with a hood, Grahame describes the effect of the snow in hiding it.
- HORACE**, one of the most popular Latin poets; b. 65 B. C., d. 8 B. C.
- HORIZON** (Gr. *orizo*, I limit), the line which terminates the view on all sides.
- HORN, GEORGE**, an English bishop; b. 1730, d. 1792. The Government of the Thoughts, 97.
- HOUSEWIFE**. By Walker and Worcester pronounced hū'swif; by Webster, as spelled.
- HOUSEHOLD**. Used (p. 496) as an adjective, in the sense of familiar.
- HOWARD, JOHN**, a celebrated English philanthropist, b. 1736, and d. 1790, from a malignant fever caught in visiting a sufferer. He did much to reform the prisons and hospitals of Europe. His death-hour was so serene, that he said to a friend who tried to divert his thoughts from the subject, "Death has no terrors for me: it is an event I have always looked to with cheerfulness, if not with pleasure; and be assured that it is to me a more grateful subject than any other." See Burke's eulogy, 146.
- HOWITT, MARY**, Lines by, 297.
- HUDSON, or NORTH RIVER**, a river of New York, rising in a mountainous country west of Lake Champlain, and flowing into the Atlantic below New York city. The tide flows up as far as Troy. Its scenery is very beautiful.
- HULKS**; old, dismantled ships, formerly used as prisons in England.
- HUME, DAVID**, author of a celebrated history of England, b. at Edinburgh in 1711. d. 1776. In his history he generally favors the side of power against the people; and his insidious hostility to the Christian religion leads him to undervalue the labors and sufferings of many illustrious martyrs, religious and political. Extract from, 145.
- HUMILITY**. The root of this word is the Latin *humus*, the ground.
- HURRICANE, TEE**, by Bryant, 211.
- HUSBAND**, according to the Saxon derivation, is *house-band*, the binder of the household by his labor and his government of love.
- HYDROSTATICAL**, relating to the science of weighing fluids.
- HYPERBOLICAL** (Gr. *uperballo*, I throw beyond, overshoot), in rhetoric, exaggerated, tumid. The hy-per-bo-lic is a figure, which may be extravagant either from its expressing too little or too much.
- HYPOTHESIS** (Gr.), a supposition. Pl., *ses*.
- ISM, or IN**, a contraction of the Lat., *ibidem*, meaning, in the same place, or *also there*.
- IDEA**, a Gr. word, from *idein*, to see; literally the image or resemblance of any object conceived by the mind.
- IDES**, one of the three epochs or divisions of the ancient Roman month. The *calends* were the first days of the different months; the *ides*, days near the middle of the months, and the *nones*, the ninth day before the *ides*. Brutus reminds Cassius of the *ides* of March (43 B. C.) as the time when Julius Caesar fell beneath their daggers and those of the other conspirators. "Tu quoque Brutus!" (Thou, too, Brutus!) was Caesar's exclamation on seeing Brutus stab. Cassius was married to the half-sister of Brutus.
- ILIAD**. See Homer.
- IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL**, Thoughts on the, 150, 314, 315, 412.
- IMPRACH**, to accuse; to bring charges against a public officer before the proper tribunal.
- IMPRESS**, to compel to enter the public service as a seaman.

IMPROVER, to speak extemporaneously, especially in verse.

INCONVENIENT IGNORANCE, 181.

INDIANS, *The N. A.*, 299, 302, 382.

INEXPECTIONABLE, not to be subdued by force.

INFLECTIONS OF THE VOICE, 41, 46.

INNOCENT. The original Latin is *innocens*, and simply means, doing no hurt or harm. See p. 384.

INSTRUCTION. (*Lat. in and struo*, I furnish, set in order.) Compare this with the derivation of the word *education*.

INTANGIBLE, that cannot be touched.

INTEMPERANCE, want of moderation, not in drinking only, but in eating, and any kind of indulgence.

INTENSE (*Lat. intendo*, I stretch), strained, ardent, vehement, extreme in degree.

IO'NA, a small but famous island of the Hebrides, once the seat of an abbey, 371.

IRVING, WASHINGTON, an admirable American writer, born in the city of New York, April 3, 1783. His style is pure and felicitous, and he has written no line "which dying he could wish to blot."

Climate of the Catskill Mts., 111

Ferdinand and Isabella, 281.

The N. A. Indians, 382.

ISRAEL. By this name is sometimes understood the person of Jacob, and sometimes the people of Israel, the race of Jacob.

ITHURIEL'S SPEAR has reference to a passage in Milton's *Paradise Lost* (beginning Book 4th, line 788), in which Ithuriel, one of the good angels appointed to search the garden, touches with his spear ("for no falsehood can endure touch of celestial temper") the evil spirit, who, thereupon, starts up "discovered and surprised."

JA (pronounced *ya*, the *a* either as in *father* or *water*), an adverb in German, corresponding to our *yes*.

JACKSON, ANDREW, President of the United States from 1829 to 1837, was born in S. Carolina, in 1767; died, 1846. He commanded at the battle of N. Orleans, where he displayed great military capacity. Extract from, 268.

JACOBIN. In French history, a political club, during the first revolution, bore this name, having taken it from holding their meetings in the hall of a suppressed Jacobin monastery. The members were the most sanguinary and violent of the revolutionists; and Jacobinism came to mean a factious and bloody radicalism.

JANUARY, the first month of the year. By some the name is derived from Janus, a Roman divinity; by others, from *janua*, a gate.

JEFFERSON, THOMAS, third President of the United States, was born in Virginia, in 1743, and died on the 4th July, 1826, simultaneously with John Adams, the second president. It was Jefferson who drew up the famous Declaration of Independence, 361. Extract from, 287.

JEFFREY, FRANCIS, Lord, famous as a critic, b. in Scotland 1773, d. 1850.

On the Steam-engine, 404.

JENNER, EDWARD, an English physician, celebrated for having introduced, about the year 1776, the practice of vaccination, was born 1749, died 1823.

JERUSALEM, the capital of Palestine, and the scene of the crucifixion of the Saviour, is situated in the southern part of the country, about thirty miles from the sea. It has been long in the hands of the Mahometans, and is now a ruinous place, with about twenty thousand inhabitants, of whom five thousand are Christians.

JEW, WANDERING, *The* (p. 442), an imaginary personage, whose existence is derived from a legend, that when our Saviour was on his way to execution he rested on a stone before the house of a Jew, named Ahasuerus, who drove him away with curses; whereupon, Jesus replied, "Wander thou upon the earth till I return." The fable runs, that the Jew, racked with remorse, has ever since been wandering over the earth. There is no foundation in reason or history for this legend, but it has been made the subject of stories by many writers, and there are many allusions to it in literature.

JEWELL, JOHN, an English bishop in the time of Queen Elizabeth. He was an elegant Latin scholar; b. 1523, d. 1571.

JOAN OF ARC, 259.

JOHN LITTLEJOHN, a poem, 336.

JOHNSON, DR. SAMUEL, born at Litchfield, Eng., 1709; died 1784. His is one of the greatest names in English literature. His style, though somewhat pompous and wanting flexibility to modern ears, is wielded by him with a peculiar mastery. He was the compiler of the first good dictionary of the English language. His biography, written by Boswell, is a storehouse of literary portraiture and information, 371.

JOVE (from Jovis, the genitive of Jupiter), the name of the supreme deity among the Romans.

JUBAL is spoken of in the Bible (Gen. 4: 21) as "the father of all such as handle the harp and organ."

JUDAH, the name of the fourth son of Jacob and Leah; also of a tribe; and, finally, of a kingdom occupying the southern part of Palestine. The name *Jew* is derived from it.

JULY is so named from Julius Caesar, who reformed the calendar, so that this month stood, as it does now with us, the seventh in order.

JUNE, the sixth month, so named, according to some, from Juno; others say, from Junius Brutus.

JUPITER, in mythology, the Latin name of the deity called by the Greeks *Zeus*: it is derived from that word, with the addition *pater*, father. See *Jove*.

JUVENAL, one of the most caustic of the Roman satirists; and he may be called the last of the Roman poets. He died A. D. 126.

KARR, ALPHONSE, a French writer, *Glean*

- guished for his taste and knowledge in botany. See pp. 128, 358.
- KEBLE, REV. JOHN**, an English devotional poet, much esteemed, 69, 118.
- KEEN**. The use of this word as a verb (as on p. 128) is very unusual.
- KHAN** (pronounced *kawn*), in Persia a governor of a province.
- KOSCIUSKO, THADDEUS**, a Polish general and patriot; b. 1746, d. 1817. Joining the American cause, he served under Washington during the revolution. Returning home, he twice bravely attempted to free his native country, but, being wounded and taken prisoner in 1794, passed the rest of his days in exile.
- KEY-STONE**, the stone on the top or middle of an arch or vault, which, being wider at the top than at the bottom, enters like a wedge, and binds the work.
- KNOWLES, JAMES SHERRIDAN**, a dramatic writer and an actor; born in Ireland, in 1784. He is the author of many successful plays. In the latter part of his life he became a Baptist preacher.
- The Abuse of Genius, by, 147.
- LABAUME** (pronounced *La-bom*, the first *a* as in father). Eugene Labaume was a colonel in the French army, who wrote a graphic account of Bonaparte's campaign, described p. 327.
- LA BAUYERS, JOHN DE**, an eminent French writer, b. 1644, d. 1696.
- LA'CONOM**, a short and pointed saying; so termed from the celebrity which the *Lacedæmonians* (or people of *Laconia*) anciently had for their brief and sententious mode of expressing themselves; so that this mode is still called *laconic*. The work entitled "*Lacon*" (quoted p. 78) was by Colton, an English clergyman.
- LAMB, MARY**, a sister of the celebrated English humorist, Charles Lamb, who died 1834. See p. 77.
- LAMARTINE, ALPHONSE DE**, distinguished as a poet, orator, historian, and politician, was born at Mâcon, in France, in 1790. He rose to great distinction during the revolution of 1848, but was superseded because of his liberal and popular tendencies. Extracts from, 291, 363.
- LAMMENHANS, FÉLICITÉ ROBERT, ABBÉ**, a distinguished French ecclesiastic, politician, and author; b. 1782, d. 1854.
- The Poor Exile, 82.
- Efficacy of Prayer, 318.
- LANGUET**, pronounced *Lang-gwé*, the first *a* as in father, 172.
- LARBOARD**, the left side of a vessel, looking forward.
- LARDNER, DR. D.**, 138.
- LARK**, a name given to a genus of birds, of which the sky-lark is much celebrated by European poets. It is one of those few birds that chant whilst on the wing. When it first rises from the earth, its notes are feeble and interrupted; as it ascends, however, they gradually swell to their full tone, and long after the bird has reached a height where it is lost to the eye, it still continues to charm the ear with its melody. The sky-lark is not found in the United States, but we have the shore-lark, resembling it in some respects, but an inferior bird. See *Lines* to a Sky-lark, p. 415.
- LATIN**, the language spoken by the ancient Romans, or the inhabitants of *Latium*, whence its name.
- LAUNCH OF THE SHIP**, 143.
- LAUREATE**. Literally, crowned with laurels. In England the "poet laureate" is an officer of the king's household, whose duty it was, formerly, to write odes on royal birthdays. Southey was laureate for several years; and Alfred Tennyson held the office in 1854.
- LAUREL**. The ancient laurel was a species of evergreen shrub or bay-tree, with the leaves and branches of which it was the custom to crown the victors in various games.
- LEAD**. "The plunging lead," 191. An allusion to the practice of "heaving the lead" on ship-board, on approaching a coast, to learn the depth of the water. The lead used for sounding is in the shape of a cone, with a small hole at the base, into which some grease is put, that sand or mud may adhere.
- LE-AN'DER**, a famous youth of Abydos, who swam every night across the Hellespont to visit Hero, his lady-love. During a stormy night he perished in the waves.
- LEARNING TO WRITE**, 87.
- LEEWARD** (pronounced *lee'ard*), the lee side; that is, the side opposite to that from which the wind blows, which is called *windward*. A *lee shore* is the shore upon which the wind is blowing.
- LEIBNITZ (Lîb'nîtz)**, an eminent mathematician and philosopher, born in Leipzig, 1646, died 1716.
- LEIPZIG (Lîp'sic)**, the largest commercial town of Eastern Germany, celebrated for its extensive book trade.
- LE SAGE, ALAIN RENÉ**, a celebrated French novelist and dramatic writer, b. 1668, d. 1747. He is principally remembered for his novel of "*Gil Blas*," which first appeared in 1715.
- Gil Blas and the Archbishop, 340.
- Gil Blas and the Parasite, 429.
- LESSON**. The Latin word from which this is derived means simply *to read*; thus indicating that reading should hold a primary rank in a pupil's *lessons*, since it gives its name to the word.
- LETTER** (Lat. *le-ctus*, to raise or lift up), a bar for raising a great weight by turning on a fulcrum or prop; the second mechanical power.
- LEYDEN, JOHN**, a Scotch poet and scholar, b. 1756, d. 1806, from over-study. See p. 171.
- LIBRARY**. In this word we have a record of the fact that books were once written on the bark (*liber* in Latin) of trees.
- LEWIS** (pronounced *Lee'-big*), JUSTUS, a distinguished chemist, b. in Germany, in 1808. On Light, 406.

LEUTENANT. This word is composed of two French words, *lieu*, place, and *tenant*, holding, and it generally means an officer who supplies the place of a superior in his absence. The word has been adopted into the English language, and, according to Webster, it may be pronounced either *li-tén-ant* or *lef-tén-ant*. It is difficult to account for the latter mode. Was it suggested by the words *left tenant*? These would be equally expressive of the nature of the office.

LEVE-BOAT, THE, a poem, 89.

LEY. "The Lilies of France," 259. The lily, or rather the *fleur-de-lis*, was adopted as a royal emblem by Louis VII., of France, 1179.

LILLIPUTIAN, diminutive; from Swift's satirical account of Gulliver in Lilliput.

LEYBO (Lat. *limbus*, a hem or edge), a region supposed by some theologians and poets to lie on the edge or border of hell.

LENGARD, DR. JOHN, an English priest, author of a history of England; b. 1770, d. 1841. Extract from, 283.

LENGUIST (Lat. *lingua*, the tongue), a person skilled in languages.

LENNÆUS, or LÄNNE, Charles von, the most celebrated of modern naturalists, and the founder of the present botanic system, was born in Sweden in 1707, d. 1778. Extract from, 316.

LEON and SPANIEL, THE, 139.

LITERATURE, ON, 267, 345, 389.

LEVURGY (Gr. *leitōn*, public, *ergon*, a work), anciently a public work, or office; now applied to a form or ritual of public worship in certain Christian churches.

LEVRY, a word believed to be derived from the delivery of clothes by masters to their servants; a particular garb or dress.

LEWIS, ROBERT, an English poet, b. 1733, d. 1764.

On Expression in Reading, 155.

LOGIC (Gr. *logos*, speech) has been defined the science, and also the art, of reasoning.

LONGEVITY, length of life; long life.

LONGFELLOW, HENRY WADSWORTH, an accomplished American poet and scholar, born 1807.

Launch of the Ship, 143.

Excelsior, 285.

LOUIS XIV. (pronounced Loo-ee), King of France from 1661 to 1715. Literature and the arts flourished remarkably under his reign.

LOWERY. Pronounced *Lo-ve-ry*.

LUCE (Lat. *lux*, light, *fero*, I bring), literally, the light-bringer; the name of the planet Venus when seen in the morning before sunrise. See *Hesperus*. The name of Lucifer is sometimes applied to Satan.

LUKE, Complaint of a pair, 360.

LOTUS and NIGHTINGALE, 295.

LYCIDAS (*Lycedas*). The title of a celebrated poem by Milton, an extract from which is given, p. 410. Under this name the poet laments the death of his friend,

Henry King, drowned in sailing from England to Ireland.

LYING. The proverb, p. 65, condenses into a few words a volume of exhortation against running in debt; the most debasing effect of which is, that it surely leads to equivocation and lying.

LYRICAL. A lyric, or a lyrical poem, was formerly one composed to be sung to the music of the lyre. The word now applies to a large class of poems, adapted either to singing or recitation, and distinguished, both in their structure and their brevity, from epic and didactic poems. See *Ode*.

LYTTON, SIR EDWARD BULWER, an English baronet, and well-known author, b. 1800. His surname was changed from Bulwer. In *Knowledge Power*, 240.

Mary Stuart, 247.

The Treasures by the Way, 423.

The Souls of Books, 428.

Translation from Sophocles, 436.

M'CARTHY, D. F., a young Irish poet, 179.

MCLEAN, JOHN, a judge of the Supreme Court of the United States. Extract from, 289.

MACAULAY, THOMAS BABINGTON, distinguished as a critic, poet, and historian, was born in England in 1800.

The Puffers, 162.

Death of Addison, 245.

Progress of Civilization, 338.

MACE, a club or staff, being an ensign of office, gilt, and surmounted with a crown or globe.

MACEON (pronounced *Mess'-don*), the name by which ancient Macedonia, a country in Europe, north of Greece, is sometimes called.

MACKAY, CHARLES, 156, 336.

MADISON, JAMES, President of the United States for two terms, was born in Virginia March 16th, 1751. He took a leading part in the convention which adopted the Federal Constitution, was a member of Congress from 1789 to 1797, was appointed by Jefferson Secretary of State in 1801, and was first elected to the Presidency in 1809. He died, much respected, in 1836. See Wirt's vindication of him, p. 431.

MAHITO (pronounced *Ma-nee'-too*), an Indian name for the Great Spirit.

MANKIND. Man *kinned*, or related, is the original Saxon meaning of this word. What a lesson of human brotherhood is lodged in it!

MANGYRE. Pronounced *ma-nt'-vair*.

MANSFIELD, WM. MURRAY, a celebrated Scottish lawyer, b. 1705, d. 1783. He was Chief-justice of the King's Bench, and was made an earl.

MARATHON, a plain in Greece where a celebrated battle was fought B. C. 490, in which ten thousand Athenians routed an army of one hundred and ten thousand Persians.

MARON, the first month of the Roman year, and the third of the English. It has its name from Mars.

- MARITAL** (*mar'ital*), pertaining to a husband.
- MARS**, the god of war among the ancient Romans.
- MARTYRDOM** (Gr. *martyr*, a witness), literally, the suffering of death on account of one's adherence to the truth.
- MARY STUART**. See pp. 244, 247.
- MASANIHELLO**, a poor fisherman of Naples, who, in 1647, headed a rebellion against the Spanish viceroy, became governor of Naples, and caused sixty of the principal palaces to be reduced to ashes. He was treacherously induced to lay down his arms, and was finally shot dead by four conspirators, formerly his friends.
- MATERIALIST**, one who believes that all existence may be resolved into modifications of matter, independent of spirit.
- MATHEMATICS** (Gr. *mathesis*, learning), the science which treats of whatever can be numbered or measured.
- MAUDLIN**, stupid, fuddled. The derivation of this word is singular; it being a corruption of *Magdalen*, the penitent, who is generally drawn by painters with eyes red and swelled with weeping.
- MAUGER** (*mau'ger*), in spite of.
- MAY**, the fifth month of our year, but the third of the Roman. The derivation of the name is uncertain.
- MAYER, BRANTZ**, an American writer, formerly secretary of legation in Mexico, and author of an excellent work on that country, 206.
- MEDICINE** (*medi-de-sin*). The Latin root is *medeor*, I heal.
- MEDITERRANEAN** (Lat. *medius*, middle, and *terra*, land), enclosed or nearly enclosed with land; as the Mediterranean Sea, between Europe and Africa. The English translation may be *Midland*.
- MELODY** (Gr. *melis*, honey, and *eds*, song or tune), sweet song or sound. In music, it differs from *harmony* in being an arrangement of sounds for a *single* voice or instrument.
- MEMBER**. The Latin root of this word is *membrum*, a limb of the animal body.
- MEMOR TO MORI**. Two Latin words, signifying be mindful of death.
- MENTOR**, a wise friend and counsellor, so called from Mentor, the faithful adviser of Ulysses, who, during his absence at the siege of Troy, intrusted to him the care of his domestic affairs, and the education of his son Telemachus.
- MENZ**, a city of Germany, at the conflux of the Rhine and Maue. John Faust and John Gutenberg are believed to have invented printing here, about the year 1442.
- MERCURY**, a Roman divinity of commerce and gain. His *mercantile* character is clear from his name, said to be formed from *mercior*, I traffic. In the Solar System, Mercury is the name of the planet nearest the sun.
- MERRICK, JAMES**, an English divine and poet, b. 1720, d. 1766. His capital fable of the Chameleon (p. 413) has been superseded by nothing better of its kind.
- METAPHOR** (Gr. *metaphora*, I transfer; indicating the substitution of one word for another of similar meaning). "The silver moon" is a *metaphorical* expression; the "moon, bright as silver," is a comparison.
- METAPHYSICS** (Gr. *meta*, after, and *physis*, nature), the science of mind or intelligence.
- MEXICO, VALLEY of**, 206.
- MICROSCOPE** (Gr. *mikros*, little, and *skopes*, I view), an optical instrument which enables us to see objects too minute to be seen by the naked eye, 406.
- MIDLAND SEA**. See Mediterranean.
- MILKY WAY**. See Gal'axy.
- MILMAN, REV. HENRY HART**, an English poet and historian, b. 1791. See p. 384.
- MILTON, JOHN**, ranked with Shakespeare as the foremost of English poets, author of that immortal poem, *Paradise Lost*, was born in London in 1608, died 1674. An affection of the eyes, brought on by intense study, terminated in blindness, to which he makes touching allusions in his poems.
Eulogy on, 146.
Extracts from, 348, 410.
- MINISTERS**. In politics, a servant of the sovereign executive power in a state; generally speaking, the head of a department or branch of government. In G. Britain, the responsible head is called *prime minister*.
- MIRABEAU** (pronounced *meer-ah-bo'*), the most eloquent of the political orators of France; b. 1749, d. 1791. His contemporaries speak of the effects of his eloquence as surprising and irresistible.
Extracts from, 370.
- MISOGYGOS**. From two Greek words, signifying a smoke-hater.
- MITCHELL, Professor O. M.**, a distinguished American astronomer, director of the Observatory at Cincinnati.
First Predictor of an Eclipse, 174.
- MITRIDATES** (Mithri-da'tes), a King of Pontus, who, to evade designs against his life, accustomed himself to poisons, by the aid of antidotes. He was conquered by Pompey, 66 B. C. Seeing that death or captivity was inevitable, he took poison; but his constitution had been so injured to it, that it failed of effect, and he called in one of his men to despatch him by the sword.
- MODICUM** (Lat.), a pittance, a small quantity.
- MORSTY**, the half of a thing.
- MOTAD** (Gr. *monas*, unity, from *monos*, alone), an indivisible particle; atom.
- MONDAY**, the second day of the week, means literally *moon-day*, or the day of the moon.
- MONOPOLY** (Gr. *monos*, alone, and *poles*, I sell), the exclusive right of selling or possessing a thing.
- MONTGOMERY, JAMES**, an English devotional poet, b. 1771. He is the author of "Lectures on Poetry." See p. 160.
- MUMMENT** (Lat. *mones*, I admonish), a

memorial for perpetuating the remembrance of an event; a tomb or pillar.
MOORE, THOMAS, an Irish poet and songwriter, b. 1780, d. 1862. He was a great master of elegant fiction, and elaborated his productions highly.

Adoration, 76.

The Carrier-Pigeon, 137.

The Flying-Fish, 217.

The Banyan-Tree, 311.

MOORS; a class of the inhabitants of Western Africa, particularly of the States of Fes and Morocco. They are of Arabian origin, and strict Mahometans.

MOOT. The root of this word is the same as that of to meet. *Moot-points* are points to be mooted or debated; disputable points.

MOORE RICHES (p. 872). The double comparison, often used in Shakespeare's time, is now regarded as ungrammatical.

MOORE, SIR THOMAS, a celebrated chancellor of England, who succeeded Cardinal Wolsey as lord high chancellor in 1530, and filled the office three years with scrupulous integrity. For his conscientious refusal to take the oath of supremacy in favor of that brutal and bloody-minded king, Henry VIII., he was beheaded, July 6, 1535, at the age of fifty-five. He was the author of the celebrated political romance of "Utopia."

MOSES, the great legislator of the Hebrews, was born in Egypt about 1600 B. C. The moral law, embraced in the ten commandments, as given to him from Mount Sinai, continues to find its response in the inmost conscience and highest convictions of the pure in heart.

MOULT, to shed the feathers.

MOUNTFORD, WM., Extract from, 367.

MULTIFORM, having various forms. *Multī*, in Lat., is the plural of *multus*, many.

MULTIFORMOUS, having great diversity.

MUNDANE (Lat. *mundus*, the world), belonging to this world; earthly.

MUNICIPAL, pertaining to a town, city or district; to a state or kingdom; *municipality*, the government of a city, or it may mean a district corresponding to a ward.

MURAT (*Murat*), Joachim, one of the bravest of Napoleon's generals; b. in France in 1771. Raised to the throne of Naples in 1808, subsequent reverses placed him in the power of a court-martial, by whose order he was shot, Oct. 13, 1816.

MUSES. In the Greek and Roman mythology, nymphs or inferior divinities, supposed to preside over literature, science and the liberal arts. Originally these were supposed to be only three: Memory, Meditation and Song. Their number was ultimately extended to nine. See *Amuse*.

MYSORE, a principality of South India, the Rajah of which is tributary to the British.

MYTHOLOGICAL (Gr. *mythos*, fable, and *logos*, discourse). By the mythology of a people, we understand the collective body of its

traditions respecting its gods and other fabulous preternatural beings.

NAPOLEON. See Bonaparte.

NATURALIST, one versed in the science of nature, or of the laws impressed on bodies or beings by divine power.

NEEDLE. The small pointed piece of steel, touched with a loadstone, used in the mariner's compass, is thus called. Modern science has explained the variation which surprised Columbus and his men.

NEIGHBOR. The Saxon original simply means a *door*, or countryman, living nigh; a *nigh-door*.

NEPTUNE, in Roman mythology, the deity who presided over the sea.

NEWTON, SIR ISAAC, the greatest of English philosophers, was born in Lincolnshire, Dec. 25th, 1642; died 1727. His three great discoveries, of fluxions, the nature of light and colors, and the laws of gravitation, were conceived before the completion of his twenty-fourth year. By witnessing the fall of an apple in his garden, he was led into a train of reflection, which resulted in his theory of gravitation. He was a sincere Christian, as well as a profound mathematician. Certain passages in the prophecies of the Bible led him to infer that men would one day be able to travel at the rate of *fifty miles an hour*. Voltaire, the French scold, who did not believe in the inspiration of the Scriptures, sneered at Newton for this, as a credulous "old dōtard." But who is the dōtard now, when to travel fifty miles an hour on our railroads is a common achievement!

NIGHT GUT. As nearly as the pronunciation of these words can be expressed in English, it is, *neekht goof*. See p. 181.

NIEBUHR, BARTHOLOMEW GEORGE, the historian of Rome, was born in Denmark, 1776; died 1830.

Perseverance under Failure, 360.

NIEHEN (*Niemen*), a river of Russian Poland.

NIEPCE, a French artist, who preceded Daguerre in certain experiments, which were preliminary to the invention of the Daguerreotype. See p. 379.

NILE, a large river of Africa, which flows through Nubia and Egypt; supposed to rise in the Mountains of the Moon; but its source has not yet been fixed with certainty. The proverb, p. 66, *Fling him into the Nile*, &c., is meant to characterize those brave spirits who even from adversity extract something good; who are never so baffled by misfortune as not to make it surrender something for their benefit, if not to the body, to the soul.

NODE (Lat. *nodus*, a knot), in Astronomy, the point where the orbit of a planet intersects the ecliptic.

NOW DID NOT. In English this use of a double negative is ungrammatical, except when an affirmative meaning is intended. In Shakespeare's time the rule was often unheeded.

NOT TO MYSELF AS YET, 118.

NOVEMBER (from *novem*, nine), the eleventh month of the Julian year (so called from *Jullius Cæsar*, who reformed the Calendar); but the ninth month in the old Roman year, which began with March.

OBLA'TION (Lat. *oblatus*, an offering) means, properly, an offering presented to the church.

OB'SOLETS, gone into misuse; neglected.

OCTOBER (Lat. *octo*, eight), the eighth month of the old Roman year; the tenth of ours.

ODD. According to Trench, *odd* is properly *owed*; an "odd" glove, or an "odd" shoe, is one that is "owed" to another, or to which another is "owed" for the making of a pair — just as we speak of a man being "singular" wanting, that is, his match. The plural form, *odds*, is often used to signify the excess of a thing, inequality, &c.

ODE. The Greeks called every lyrical poem adapted to singing an *ode*. In the modern sense of the word, the ode is distinguished from the song by greater length and variety, and by not being necessarily adapted to music; and it is distinguished from the ballad by its admitting narrative, if at all, only as subsidiary to the expression of sentiment, or of imaginary thought. See *Lyric*.

Ode to Peace, 137.

Ode to the Passions, 402.

Ode on Cecilia's Day, 418.

OMNIFA'MOUS, of all varieties, forms, or kinds; *omnis* being Latin for *all*.

ONE-PENNYED, having only a penny. Words are often compounded, by poetical license, which it would not be proper to use in prose.

OPAQUE (*o-pak'*), dark; not transparent.

OPITE, AMELIA, On False Pride, 57.

OPTICAL (Gr. *optomai*, I see), belonging to *optics*, which is that branch of physical science which treats of light and vision.

ORATORIO, an Italian word, from the Lat. *oratorium*, a small chapel, which again is derived from *orare*, to pray. A sacred musical composition, the subject of which is generally taken from Scripture.

ORATOR. The Latin word *os*, the mouth (genitive, *oris*), whence *orare*, to speak, is the root of this word, so that the literal meaning is, one who makes or utters a speech, 383.

ORBIT (Lat. *orbis*, a circle) is the path which any celestial body describes by its proper motion.

ORDER OF THE DAY (p. 136), in deliberative assemblies, the particular business previously assigned for the day.

ORGANIC, pertaining to an organ or organs. In *organic* disease, the structure of an organ is morbidly altered; in *functional* disease, the secretions or functions only are altered.

ORION, one of the forty-eight ancient constellations mapped out by Ptolemy, the astronomer. It is situated in the southern hemisphere with respect to the ecliptic,

and contains seven stars, three of which form what is called the *belt of Orion*.

ORPHEUS, one of the old bards of the Greeks, who is fabled to have tamed the wildest animals by his lyre. There is a legend that his wife, Eurydice, having died, he followed her to the infernal abode of Pluto, and, by the charms of his music, won her back from the inexorable deity. An Orphic song is one that pleases like the strains of Orpheus.

OSCILLATION, a motion backward and forward, like that of a pendulum.

OS'IAN, the name of a supposed Scottish bard, who lived in the third century. His productions were first given to the world in an English version by James M'Pherson, in 1760, with the assurance that these were translations made by himself from ancient Erse manuscripts. There was a long controversy as to the genuineness of these poems, which was finally settled by the decision of the Highland Society, in 1806, that they had not been able to obtain any one poem the same in title and tenor with the poems of Osian. It is believed, however, that there was much traditional foundation for the poems as they now exist. For extracts, see pp 47, 48.

OSIMDO (*ô-vo-a'do*), a city in the north-west of Spain, having a fine cathedral.

OWL. The name of this dissonant night-bird, according to Trench, has the same origin with "howl," differing from it only in the omission of the aspirate letter.

OXFORD, a city of England, having a university founded or revived by King Alfred; which university consists of twenty colleges, each with separate students and teachers, but all united under one government. An *Oxonian* is one who studies at Oxford.

OXYDATION, the act of combining with oxygen.

OXYGEN (Gr. *oxy*, acid, *gennasin*, to generate). This important element was discovered by Dr. Priestley, in 1774. It was called *vital air*, &c., from its property of supporting combustion and animal life — a term changed to oxygen from its property of giving acidity to compounds in which it predominates. See pp. 361, 362.

PAD'UA, an old city of the north of Italy, strongly fortified, and now held by Austria. It has a once celebrated university.

PAGOD, or **PAGO'DA**, the East Indian name for a temple containing an idol. Sometimes it signifies the idol itself.

PALACE is from *Palatium*, the court of the kings and emperors of ancient Rome. The *Palatium* was so named because it was built on the Palatine Hill. *Palatine* is supposed to have been originally *Bala-tin*, from the sound of the cattle which in the early days of Rome were kept there. Thus from the lowing of a cow we have this beautiful word *palace*.

PAL'ADIN, a knight-errant, one who wandered about the earth to give proofs of his valor and gallantry. It is doubtful whether the word has a similar origin with *palace*, or whether it is from *palas*, a wooden spear or lance.

PAL'ATINE. See *Palace*.

PALMY, WM., an eminent English divine, b. 1743, d. 1806; one of the clearest reasoners on the subject of religious evidences.

PALLIATE. This word is derived from the Latin *pallium*, a cloak, and its original meaning is to cloak, to cover; though now to "palliate" our faults is not to hide them altogether, but to seek to diminish their guilt in part.

PALMY'RA, a Syrian city, once called *Tadmor* (the city of palms), of which *Palmyra* is a Latin translation. It was situated in a valley in the midst of a beautiful palm-grove in the desert, and was adorned with magnificent palaces, of which the ruins still excite admiration.

PA'LOS, a small town in Spain, from which Columbus sailed on his first voyage of discovery, and where there is a convent at which he once begged bread for his child.

PANAMA', an ancient seaport city of New Granada, S. America, on the gulf of the same name, which is an inlet of the Pacific ocean. It has been nearly Americanized, since the Californian emigration. Population, six thousand.

PANEGYRIC (pan-e-gy'ric), an harangue in praise of some person or persons.

PANORAMA (Gr. *pan*, all, and *orama*, view), a picture in which all the objects of nature and art that are visible from a certain point are represented on the interior surface of a round or cylindrical wall.

PA'UA, an extensive island separated southward by Torres Strait from the north point of Australia.

PAR'ABLE (Gr. *paraballo*, I compare), a comparison; in Scripture, a short tale conveying some moral or religious truth. It differs from the fable in being taken from the province of reality.

PARADISE LOST, Extracts from, 348. See *Milton*.

PARADOX (Gr. *para*, against, down, opinion), any proposition contrary to received opinion, or at variance with common sense.

PARALLEL'OGRAM, a plain four-sided figure, of which the opposite sides are parallel.

PARAPHRASE (Gr. *para*, beside, or near to, *pharsein*, to speak), an exposition that holds the sense, but changes the words of the thing expounded; a free or altered translation.

PARASITE (Gr. *para*, beside, *sitos*, food), one who takes food with another; hence, a flatterer, a fawner. *Parasitical plants* are those which feed on the juices of other plants or of trees. A *parasitic* animal is one that lives on some other body.

PARASTHESIS, Uses of the, 49, 54.

PARIAN, pertaining to Paros, an island of the Grecian Archipelago, famous for its

white marble; whence *parian* may mean in poetry, *white*. A delicate species of white porcelain of modern manufacture is called *Parian*.

PARIS, the capital of France, the second city in Europe for population, and the fourth for extent.

PARK, SIR A., On Christianity, 318.

PARLEY, to treat with by words; the French word *parler* means to speak. The proverb (p. 66), *Virtue that parleys, &c.*, imposes upon us the danger of treating with temptation for a moment. The only safety is in instant and final resistance.

PARLIAMENT (par'le-men't), from the French *parler*, to speak. The name of the supreme legislative assembly of Great Britain and Ireland.

PARLOR. This word is also from the French *parler*, to speak; and originally meant the room out of which men used to speak through an iron grating.

PARNAS'SUS, in mythology, a mountain in ancient Greece, sacred to Apollo, the god of music and song, and to the Muses. From its side flowed the Castalian spring, the fancied source of inspiration to poets.

PARR, THOMAS, an extraordinary instance of longevity, was born in England in 1453. He labored in the field after he was 130 years old. He died at the age of 162, through the change and dissipation attendant on going to the court of Charles I.

PARTICULAR LADY, THE, 183.

PASCAL, BLAISE, born in France 1623, died 1662. He was equally eminent as a geometrist, a writer, and a pious Christian.

PATRICIANS (derived from *pater*, fathers) were the first order or nobility of the Roman people.

PECULATION, the embezzlement of public money or goods by a public officer.

PED'AGOGUE; a Greek word, from *pais*, boy, and *agoge*, leader; originally, at Athens, the slave who went with a boy from home to school and back again; in modern usage, an inferior teacher of boys.

PELUSSE (pe-les'), originally a furred robe; now a silk habit for ladies. The word is from the Latin *pellis*, a skin.

PELTING, in *Shakespeare*, paltzy.

PENAVLOR. The Spanish pronunciation of this word is *Pe-nyah-flor*.

PE'NAL (from the same root as *pena*), enacting punishment.

PEND'GLOUS (Lat. *pendeo*, I hang), hanging, or swinging in suspense.

PERPETUITY, indefinite duration.

PHENOM'ENON, a Greek word, the past participle of the verb *phainesthai*, to appear. In Natural Philosophy, the term is usually applied to those appearances of nature of which the cause is not immediately obvious. Remember that the plural of this word is *phenomena*: do not, as many blunderers do, use this as the singular form.

PHILANTHROPY (Gr. *phileo*, I love, and *anthropos*, a man), a general term for a benevolent feeling towards the whole hu-

- man race. It is opposed to *misanthropy* (*misos, hate*).
- PHILOLOGY** (Gr. *philō*, I love, and *logos*, speech), in its restricted sense, the knowledge and study of languages.
- PHILOSOPHY** (Gr. *philō*, I love, and *sophia*, wisdom), a general term, signifying the sum total of systematic human knowledge. The philosopher is distinguished from the *sophist*; the former is a *seeker* of wisdom, the latter presumptuously conceives himself to be in the possession of wisdom.
- PHOTOGRAPHY** (Gr. *phōs*, *phōtos*, light, *graphō*, I write, or I describe), the art by which daguerreotypes are procured. See p. 379.
- PHRASIS** (Gr. *phrasis*, speech), a mode or form of speech; an expression, or combination of words.
- PHYSIOLOGY** (Gr. *phusis*, nature, and *lōgos*, I discourse), the science of things generated or alive; the doctrine of vital phenomena.
- PIANO-FORTE** (pe-ān-o-fōr-te), a well-known musical instrument, invented by Schroeder, a German, and introduced into England in 1766. The name is compounded of two Italian words, signifying soft and loud.
- PICQUEGRU** (pronounced Pē-sh-gru), Charles, a French general, born 1761; arrested in 1804 for attempting the overthrow of the consular government, and soon afterwards found dead by strangulation in his bed.
- PILATE, PONTIUS**, the Roman governor of Judæa in the time of our Saviour. He and his wife both endeavored to deliver Jesus from the Jews; and when the latter persisted in claiming his life, Pilate caused water to be brought, washed his hands before all the people, and publicly declared himself innocent of the blood of that just person. Yet, at the same time, he delivered Jesus up to the soldiers, that they might crucify him.
- PILGRIMAGE**, a long journey; properly a journey undertaken to some spot for devotional purposes. The *Scholar's Pilgrimage* (p. 61) is a playful allegorical description of the progress of the school-boy, first through the small and capital letters of the alphabet, then through spelling, writing, ciphering, grammar, &c., in the direction of the Temple of Learning.
- PILLOAST** (Fr. *pillier*, a pillar), a wooden engine on which offenders were formerly exposed to public view and insult.
- PISTOLE** (pistole), a gold coin of Spain, worth about \$3.60.
- PIZARRO, FRANCIS**, the conqueror of Peru, was born in 1476, at Truxillo, in Spain; was assassinated in 1541. See p. 417.
- PLACE DE LA CONCORDE**, pronounced *plas de la Cōng-cōr-d*: the *a* as in *father*, the *e* as in *her*. A public square in Paris.
- PLAINTIFF** (from the Fr. *plaintif*, complaining), one who commences a law-suit.
- PLAUBENT** (*plān'jent*). The Latin word *plangens* means *beating, striking*. It has not yet been introduced into English.
- PLATO**, an illustrious Grecian philosopher who taught the immortality of the soul. He was born 430 B. C.; died 347 B. C. His system of philosophy is known as the *Platonic*. He was the disciple of Socrates.
- PLEBATOON**, an ancient form of the word *pleasure*.
- PLEBEIAN** (Lat. *plebs*, the common people). The plebeians were the free citizens of Rome, not belonging to the patrician class.
- PLOUGHMAN, THE**, a poem, 266.
- PLUTARCH** (Plu'tark), a Greek biographer, born A. D. 50, died about 120. His "Lives of Illustrious Men," though not scrupulously accurate, may always be read with profit.
- POEMS, MISCELLANEOUS**, 386.
- POETRY**. The origin of the word is the Greek *poies*, I make; so that poets are *makers*. Genuine poetry must ever be in accordance with the beautiful and the true. It has a natural alliance with our best affections; with our highest spiritual aspirations; and "through the brightness of its prophetic visions, helps faith to lay hold on the future life."
- On Reading Poetry, 52.
- POICTHES** (the French pronunciation is *pwah-tee-ā'*, the first *a* as in *water*; — on p. 100, Miss Lamb would seem to mean to have it pronounced as written). An ancient town of France. See Edward.
- POLICE** (po-lee's). This word is from the Gr. *polis*, a city, and means the system for securing the health, order, &c., of a city or town; also a body of city officers.
- POPE, ALEXANDER**, a celebrated English poet, born in London in 1688, died 1744. He was deformed, and small in size. He is at the head of what many critics call the *artificial school* of poetry; but his great merits are likely to be recognised while the English language remains what it is.
- Extracts from, 286, 309, 411.
Epistle to Arbuthnot, 436.
- PORSON, RICHARD**, an eminent Greek scholar and critic, b. in England, 1759; d. 1808. Anecdote of, 86.
- PORTRICO**, a projection supported by columns placed before a building; also, a covered walk.
- POSTFIX**, in grammar a letter, syllable, or word, added to the end of another word; a suffix. The word is compounded of the Latin *pōst*, after, and *fix*, I have fixed. See *prefix*.
- POSTHUMOUS** (Lat. *pōst*, after, and *humus*, the ground, after interment, or burial), done, had, or published, after one's death. Pronounced, *pōst'humus*.
- P. M.**, the initial letters of the Latin word *pōst meridiem*, after noon.
- P. S.**, the initial letters of the Latin word *pōst scriptum*, after written. A *post script* is something added to a letter after it is signed by the writer.

POUNDS, JOHN, Account of, 116.

POVERTY, THE GODDESS of, p. 439. In this allegorical apostrophe, the author, resorting to the mythological license of the ancient poets, under which they deified the quality or attribute which they would exalt, has made Poverty a goddess, and told us how much the world has been indebted for its great deeds to the stimulus she imparts. There is much truth in the thought. Whatever may be the obstacles and privations of the poor man's son, he may be assured that they are less perilous to his successful fulfilment of the active purposes of life than the temptations to measure and inactivity that beset on every side the youth brought up in affluence.

PRACTICAL JOKE, Danger of, 77.

PRAGUE (Präg), a city of Bohemia, on the river Moldau. It contains a fine Gothic cathedral, built in the middle of the fourteenth century; also a university, the oldest in Germany.

PRAIRIE (prâ're), a French word; meaning, in the U. States, an extensive tract of land, mostly level, and destitute of trees, and covered with tall, coarse grass.

PRAYER, EFFICACY of, 318.

PRECISIAN (pre-sh'yan), a person ceremoniously exact in the observance of rules.

PRE'FIX, a letter, syllable, or word, put to the beginning of a word, usually to vary its signification, as un, not, in unseen, not seen; ex, out, in exclude, to shut out; mis, ill, wrong, as misconduct, ill conduct; inter, between, as interpose, to place between. The English prefix pre is from the Latin præ, before.

PRE'JUDICE. The original meaning is simply a judgment beforehand; but so apt are we to judge harshly and unfavorably before knowledge, that a prejudice is almost always taken to signify an unfavorable anticipation about one.

PRE'ROGATIVE (Lat. præ, before, and rogo, I ask), an exclusive, peculiar, or prior privilege.

PRESCOTT, WM. HICKLING, a distinguished American historian, born in 1796.

Pisarro in Peru, by, 417.

PREVENT (Lat. præ, before, and venio, I come), to come before, anticipate; now more generally used to signify to hinder.

PRESTLEY, JOSEPH, an eminent theologian and experimental philosopher, b. in England in 1733; died at Northumberland, Pennsylvania, in 1804. He was a friend of Dr. Franklin.

PRIM'ITIVE WORD, an original word; a word not derived from another.

PRISONER AND RATS, THE, 59.

PROB'LEM (from the Gr. *proballeo*, I throw or lay before), anything proposed; a question for solution.

Pronunciation (Lat. *pro*, before, and *nunciatus*, a news-bearer, or announcer). The meaning of the word, in its modern use, is limited to the act and mode of uttering or articulating syllables and words. See remarks on, p. 36.

PRO'PERTY. The Latin root of this word is *prope*, near; whence property meaning a man's peculiar quality, possession, &c.

PROVERB. The explanation of the word "proverb" (says Trench) I believe to be here. One who uses it uses it *pro* (for) *verbo* (a word); he employs, for and instead of his own individual word, this more general word, which is every man's.

Proverbs of all Nations, 64.

From Proverbs of Solomon, 443.

PSALMIST. The word *psalm* is from the Greek *psallo*, I twang or sing. The title of "the psalmist," and "the sweet psalmist of Israel," is applied to King David. Pronounced *saw'ist* (the *a* as in father), or *salm'ist*.

PUFFERS, THE, by Macaulay, 162.

PUNCTUATION, Derivation of, &c., 48.

PUR'ITAN, the name by which the dissenters from the Church of England, about the year 1564, began to be known. The term was assumed, as the word implies, from the superior purity of doctrine and discipline which they claimed.

PYRAMID. The etymology of this word is undecided. Some derive it from the Gr. *pur*, fire, because of the resemblance of the form to a spire of flame; others derive it from Egyptian and Greek roots combined.

PY-THAG-O-RE'AN. So the word is accented by Walker; but Webster makes it *Pyth a-go're-an*. The followers of Pythagoras, a Greek philosopher, born B. C. 570, were thus called. The doctrine of metempsychosis, or the transmigration of souls through different orders of animal existence, was held by them.

QUAINT. This word is believed to be derived from the Lat. *comptus*, doctored, dressed. In common use it means, odd, fanciful.

QUALITY (from the Latin *qualis*, of what sort?), anything pertaining or belonging to a thing; property, disposition, temper, rank.

QUANTITY OF WORDS, p. 25.

QUARRY, the game which a hawk or eagle is pursuing or has killed; thought to be derived from the Lat. *quæro*, I seek. The word also means a mine or pit.

QUARTAN (Lat. *quartanus*, the fourth), occurring every fourth day, as a quartan ague or fever.

QUARTERLY REVIEW, LONDON, On Education, 184. On Shakspeare, 311. On Milton, 146.

Extent of the Universe, 404.

RACK. This word, as used by Shakspeare (p. 237), is from to *reek*, like vapor or smoke; hence it simply means, a vapor, an exhalation.

RAD'ICAL, having reference to the root of a matter; a primitive word; an uprooting politician.

RA'DIUS, a Latin word, meaning a ray; in geometry the semi-diameter of a circle.

RAFFAELLE (sometimes spelled Raphael), the most celebrated of Italian painters, born 1483, died 1520.

- RANPOLPH, THOMAS**, an English poet, who died 1684, before his thirtieth year, 256.
- RAVEN**, a large bird of a black color, having its name from *ravenous*, because of its greedy disposition. The proverb (p. 66) is directed against those who would pull out the mote from a brother's eye before heeding the beam in their own.
- READING, Remarks on**, 13, 52, 399.
- RECORD**. On page 320, Shakspeare places the accent of the noun on the last syllable. It should be on the first, to distinguish it from the verb. To suit the measure of the verse, however, an exception may here be made.
- RECORD'ER**, a species of flageolet, in Shakspeare's time.
- RECTILIN'E-AR**, right-lined, straight.
- REDUNDANCE** (Lat. *redundans*, streaming over, overflowing), superabundance.
- RAFT**, a range of rocks seeming to be *raft* or *rift* from the main land.
- RE-ENFORCEMENT**, an increase of strength or force by something added.
- RELIGION**. This word is believed to be from the Latin *re'l'igo*, I bind back or fast; whence it means, an acknowledgment of our *bond* or obligation as created beings to God, our Creator. See pp. 279, 513.
- RESERVOIR** (rez-er-vwar'), literally a place where anything is *reserved* or kept; a tank or pond in which water is collected and preserved in order to be conveyed by pipes where it is needed.
- RETRIBUTION** (Lat. *retribuo*, I give back), repayment, requital. The proverb, "the feet of retribution are shod with wool" (p. 66), indicates how silently and surely punishment must come to the transgressor. "Thy sin shall find thee out,"—if not to-day, at some future time. Thou mayest have long credit, but thou must pay at length with interest.
- REPUBLIC** (Lat. *respublica*, public wealth, or commonwealth), that form of government in which the supreme power is vested in the people.
- On the American Republic, 237.
- RETROSPECTIVE** (Lat. *retro*, back, and *specto*, I look at), looking back on past events.
- A Retrospective Review, 127.
- REVOKE** (Lat. *revoco*, I call back). In card-playing a *revoke* is when a party does not follow suit, though in his power to do so.
- REVENGE, BEST KIND OF**, 213.
- RHEIMS**, an ancient city of France, where most of the French kings have been crowned. Pronounced *Rangz*.
- RHINE**, a celebrated river of Europe, which, rising in Switzerland, flows into the North Sea. Its distance, following its windings, is about six hundred miles. Lines on, 359.
- RICHTER** (pronounced Reek'tur), a celebrated German novelist, b. 1763, d. 1826. The Two Roads, by, 92.
- RILL FROM THE TOWN PUMP**, 231.
- RITE**, a customary ceremony or observance, applied chiefly to religious ceremonies.
- RIVAL** (Lat. *rivus*, a river). Rivals, in the primary sense of the word, were dwellers on the banks of the same river, contenders for its water privileges; whence the word came to be applied to any who were on any grounds in more or less unfriendly competition with one another.
- ROBERTSON, WM.**, a celebrated historian, b. in Scotland, 1721, d. 1793.
Discovery of America, 188.
Mary, Queen of Scots, 244.
- ROGERS, HENRY**, a distinguished contributor to the Edinburgh Review in 1849—53.
Vanity, &c., of Literature, 345.
- ROGERS, SAMUEL**, a highly-esteemed English poet, b. 1780, and alive 1864.
In Rome, 307.
- ROLAND** (pronounced Rolang'; the s as in father), Madame, the wife of a French statesman, was born in Paris, in 1754. She was remarkable for her beauty and intellectual gifts. She was one of the victims of the French revolution. See an account of her execution, p. 291.
- ROME**, a city of Italy, formerly the metropolis of the greater part of the world known to the ancients. Its present population is estimated at one hundred and eighty thousand, including about nineteen thousand foreigners, 307, 386.
- ROM'ULUS**, the reputed founder of the city of Rome. He is supposed to be a mythical personage.
- ROOT**. The root of a word is the primary signification to which it can be traced.
- RO'SARY** (Lat. *rosarium*, a rose-garden). A Catholic devotional practice, consisting in repeating certain prayers a certain number of times. As the computation is made by beads, the string of beads used for this purpose has acquired the popular name of a *rosary*.
- ROUSE** (pronounced Roo-ang'; the s as in father), an ancient city of France on the river Seine.
- ROUTE** (pronounced rout or roet), the way of a journey; a course.
- ROUTINE** (roo-teen'), a round or course of occupation. It is from the Lat. *rota*, a wheel.
- RU'NOUND**, inclining to redness.
- RUBY**, a crystallised gem of various shades of red, found chiefly in the sand of rivers in Ceylon, Pegu, and Mysore.
- RUDDER**. "He who will not be ruled by the rudder must be ruled by the rock" (p. 65). He who will not be guided by the restraints of conscience, enlightened by the monitions of religion and experience, is likely to make a wreck of his happiness.
- RUSKIN, JOHN**, an eloquent English writer, author of a work on "Modern Painters." The Sky, 263.
- RUSSELL, M.**, Hebrew Literature, 389.
- SAG'AMORE**, a name for a chief among some of the North American Indian tribes.

St. PIERRE, BERNARDIN de, an ingenious French writer, author of the popular tale of "Paul and Virginia," b. 1777, d. 1814.

Storm in the Indian Ocean, 200.

SALAMIS, an island on the eastern coast of Greece, celebrated for a naval victory gained over the Persians by the Greeks, B. C. 480. The present name of the island is Colouri.

SALT. The allusion (p. 385, line 5) is to an ancient custom. Salt, if used too abundantly, is destructive of vegetation, and causes a desert. Hence, as an emblem of their doom, destroyed cities were sown with salt, to intimate that they were devoted to perpetual desolation. There is an allusion to the practice in Judges 9: 45.

SAMARITANS, a mixed race of Israelites and Assyrian colonists, who, in the time of the Saviour, were looked on with great dislike by the Jews. The Samaritans took their name from Samaria, their capital city. The race is now dwindled down to a few families. The Saviour's parable of the "good Samaritan" (Luke 10: 30) has made the phrase proverbial.

SARATIVE (Lat. *sano*, I heal), having the power to cure or heal.

SAN FRANCISCO, a city on the bay of that name on the west coast of North America. The growth of this city has been unprecedented in the world's history. In 1847 it was an insignificant place; through the discovery of gold in California, it is now a great city. For a description of its local and maritime advantages, see p. 290.

SAND, GEORGE, the name assumed in her published writings by Madame Dudevant, a French novelist, of great but irregular and not always well-directed talents. Extract from, p. 439.

SANIOUS (sā'nious), pertaining to sanies, which is a thin, reddish discharge from wounds or sores.

SANSKRIT (that is, the perfect), the present dead language of the Hindoos, in which the books of their religion and laws are written. It is understood now by the Brahmins alone. The Hindoos are the people of Hindostan in Asia.

SANTILLANA (pronounced *San-teel-yah-ne* in Spanish; *San-teel-yahn* in French; the *a* in both as in father). *Santillana* is the name of a town in Spain.

SARMATIA, the ancient name of Poland.

SATURDAY (in Latin, *Satur'ni dies*, Sāt-urn's day), so called from the planet Sāt-urn.

SATURNALIA (sāt-ur-nā'-li-a), a feast among the Romans in honor of Sāt-urn, an old Italian divinity. The Sa-tur'nian period was the golden age, according to the poets.

SAVOYARD (pronounced in French *Sa-vā-a-yar'*), a native of Savoy, a duchy bordering on France, Switzerland, and Piedmont. Many of the organ-grinders and exhibitors of shows in Paris are Savoyards.

SCHILLER (pronounced *Skiller*), John Christopher Frederic von, one of the most illustrious poets of Germany, was born at Marbach, in Württemberg, in 1759; died 1805. The extract (p. 343) is from his celebrated historical tragedy of Wallenstein, admirably translated by Coleridge.

SCHOOL. The Greek word *scholē*, from which this is derived, means *leisure, spare time*; that is, spare time for study; implying that the time must speedily come when our opportunity will be past, and the engrossing occupations of life will leave us little leisure, comparatively, for storing the mind. The word *school* is sometimes used by seamen as synonymous with *school*: thus we hear of a *school of fishes*, as on p. 400. In this sense the word seems to be derived from the Saxon *sceol*, a crowd.

On our Common Schools, 185.

The Schoolmaster Abroad, 269.

SCHOOLMEN, the teachers of that method of philosophizing which arose in the schools and universities of what are commonly called the *middle ages*, embracing the period from the reign of Constantine, A. D. 325, to the era of the invention of printing, 1450—1455. The schoolmen adopted the principles of Aristotle, and spent much time on points of nice and abstract speculation. Their works are now little read.

SCHOTTEL, The Seasons, from the German of, translated by Charles T. Brooks, 83.

SCHUBERT, a German writer, from whom the extracts on Telegraphs (p. 376) and on Photography (p. 379) were translated by the Rev. W. Furness.

SCHWANAU, pronounced *Schwā'-no*.

SCIENCE (Lat. *sciens*, knowing, present participle of *scio*, I know), in its most comprehensive sense, knowledge, or certain knowledge. The knowledge of reasons and their conclusions constitutes *abstract*, that of causes and effects and of the laws of nature *natural science*. The science of God must be perfect; the science of man may be fallible. See p. 419.

SCOTT, Sir WALTER, eminent as a poet, a novelist, and a historian, was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1771, and died 1832. His death was accelerated by too great mental effort made to relieve him self from pecuniary difficulties incurred by the failure of his publishers. A few minutes before he sank into the state of unconsciousness which preceded his death, he called his son-in-law and biographer, Lockhart, to his bed-side, and said, "Lockhart, I may have but a minute to speak to you. My dear, be a good man, — be virtuous, be religious, — be a good man. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here." Let every youth take the admonition to heart, as if it had been addressed personally to himself by this good and gifted man. Scott an Early Riser, p. 226.

Pibroch of Donuil Dhu, 46.

Hymn of the Hebrew Maid, 164.

Humanity of Bruce, 178.
Coronach, 288.
SCRIPTURE (Lat. *scriptum*, past participle of *scribere*, to write), a writing. By way of distinction, the word is applied to the books of the Old and New Testament, as being the *one Scripture needful*; just as the term Bible (from the Greek *biblos*, a book) is applied by way of eminence to the *one book*.
SCURRILOUS (Lat. *scurra*, a buffoon), using low, obscene, or abusive language.
SEASONS, POETRY OF THIS, in four parts, 88, 297, 337, 374, 483.
SEBURN, COUNTY DE, quoted, 320.
SELECT PASSAGES, in Prose, 367.
In Verse, 100, 113, 177, 256, 300, 416.
SELF-KILLING, by Chambers, 171.
SEMI, a Latin prefix, signifying half; as semi-diameter, half a diameter.
SEMINARY (Lat. *seminare*, to sow), literally, a place where seeds or first principles are implanted; hence, a school, a place of education.
SE-MINAMUS, an Assyrian queen, wife of Ninus. Her history is much mixed up with fabulous matter. She won great battles, founded many cities, and erected buildings of rare magnificence; but she was cruel, unscrupulous, and treacherous.
SENTIMENT (Lat. *sentio*, I discern by the senses, I feel), hence it is a thought prompted rather by feeling and impulse than elaborated by the judgment; wherefore *sentiment* should be under the check and control of *principle*.
SEPTEMBER (Lat. *septem*, seven), so called from its being the seventh month in the old Roman Year, beginning with March. It is the ninth month of our year.
SEQUEL (Lat. *sequas*), following, pursuing. It is a poetical word.
SENGRANT, JOHN, an eminent American lawyer and statesman, who died in 1853.
Declaration of Independence, 381.
SEVEN SAGES. The "seven sages" of Greece (referred to p. 429) were Periander, or, as some say, Epimenides, Pittacus, Thales, Solon, Bias, Chilo, and Cleobolus. All of them, except Thales, acquired their distinction by their practical wisdom in regard to the affairs of life. They seem to have been the *Franklins* of their day. They flourished about 600 B. C.
SEXTANT (Lat. *sextans*, the sixth part, the limb of the instrument being the sixth part of a complete circle), an astronomical instrument, used principally at sea for measuring the altitudes of celestial objects, by which the latitude in which a ship may be is ascertained.
SHAKESPEARE, WILLIAM, or Shakespeare, as his name is sometimes spelled, was born in the little town of Stratford on the Avon, in Warwickshire, England, in April, 1564, and died in 1616, having just completed his fifty-second year. By all who read the English language he is accounted the greatest dramatic writer

of any age. Little is known of his life. His means of education must have been imperfect; but he must have supplied the want by much solitary and intense, though, perhaps, desultory, study. On his Power of Expression, p. 312.
Adam and Orlando, 319.
Isabella and Angelo, 320.
Brutus and Cassius, 340.
Scenes from Hamlet, 371.
Passages from Shakespeare, 391.
Wolsey and Cromwell, 421.
SEN DIED IN BEAUTY, p. 178.
SENELLY, PERCY BYSSHE, an English poet, b. 1792; drowned by the upsetting of a boat on the Gulf of Lerici, near Leghorn, 1822. He had great genius, unquestionably, but was conceited and presumptuous, undertaking, while yet a boy, to settle questions in philosophy and religion, which, to grapple with fully, requires a lifetime of study and meditation. His intimate friends were of opinion that, had he lived, the goodness of his heart would eventually have corrected the errors of his head, and that poetry would have worked the cure of his irreligion. Address to a Sky-lark, by, 418.
SENECAN, RICHARD BRINSLEY, distinguished as an orator and dramatist, was born in Dublin, in 1751; died 1816. He had splendid abilities, but was wanting in that high and steadfast moral principle which could control his appetites, and keep him from being immersed in debt. Anecdote of, p. 278. Extract from his speech against Hastings, 238.
SHELL, an instrument of music; the first lyre being made, it is said, by drawing strings over a tortoise-shell.
SHIP, THIS, by Wilson, 228.
SHORE. This word is the old past participle of the verb to *shcar*. "Shore" (says Tooke), "as the sea-shore, shore of a river, is the place where the continuity of the land is interrupted or separated by the sea or the river." The word *shore* also means a prop or support for a building, ship, &c.
SICKLE (sik'l). This word is from the Latin *sec'ula*, a sickle, which is from *seco*, I cut.
SIDNEY, SIR PHILIP, was born in 1564, in Kent, England. He wrote "The Defence of Poetry," and other works. He commanded a detachment of forces sent to assist the people of the Netherlands against the Spanish, and fell in a victorious engagement near Zutphen (pronounced *zoot'fen*), in 1588. See anecdotes of, 172, 278.
SIEGE (seej). The word is derived from the Latin *sedo*, I sit; and an armed force is sometimes said to *sit down before* a town. A siege is the act of besetting a fortified place with an army. To *raise a siege* is to relinquish a siege, or cease to be relinquished.
SIERRA (si-er'ra) is the Spanish name for a saw. Applied to a ridge of mountains, it

suggests the resemblance of their outline to that of a saw.

SEÑOR, the French mode of spelling the Spanish *senor*, a title of respect, pronounced *sen-yur*.

SEWIS, WM. G., an American poet and miscellaneous writer, born 1808, in South Carolina. Quoted, p. 296.

SH'N-CURE (Latin, *stans*, without, *cura*, care), an office which yields profit, with little or no care attending it.

SIRRAH (pronounced *sir'rah*, or *sir'rah*), a word of reproach, probably derived from *Sir ha*! — though this derivation is disapproved by Webster.

SET, THE, Our neglect of, 263.

SKY-LARK, TO THE, 416. See *Lark*.

SLOUGH, pronounced *slew*, when meaning a *miry place*; and *sluf*, when meaning the cast skin of a serpent, or the part that separates from a foul sore.

SLUG, to be *idle*, to play the *dunce*.

SMITH, HORACE, an English poet and essayist, b. 1779, d. 1849.

On the Coming of Spring, 296.

To the Flowers, 337.

SMITH, REV. SYDNEY, an English clergyman, and a contributor to the *Edinburgh Review*; distinguished for his wit. He was born 1768, died 1846.

Labor and Genius, 214.

Resistance to Ridicule, 368.

SOOLS (*sô'ki* or *sôk-ki*), in architecture, a square member, whose breadth is greater than its height; used instead of a pedestal for the reception of a column. It differs from a pedestal in being without base or cornice. It is derived from the Latin *seculus*, a shoe.

SOCRATES, one of the greatest intellects of any age, was born in Greece, B. C. 470. He taught the immortality of the soul, and strove constantly to enlighten and improve men, to make them happy here, and give them faith in a life hereafter. He believed in one God, to whose providence he traced all human blessings. Being accused of hostility to the popular religion, he was condemned to drink hemlock, a powerful poison, which he did with perfect composure, and died in the seventieth year of his age, retaining to the last his high and hopeful faith. Plato was his most eminent disciple.

SOLILOQUY (Lat. *solus*, alone, and *loqueri*, I speak), a talking to one's self.

Contrasted Soliloquies, 80.

Soliloquy of Van Artevelde, 384.

SOPHIST (Gr. *sophos*, wise), a Greek word, originally signifying a wise person, but afterwards restricted to a bad sense, as the persons calling themselves *sophists*, through their vain subtleties and dishonest arguments, fell into disrepute; so that *sophistry* came to mean fallacious reasoning, or reasoning sound in appearance only.

SOPHOCLES (*Sof-o-clês*), a Greek dramatic poet, b. 496 B. C. In his ninety-fifth year he is said to have expired from joy, in consequence of the unexpected success

of one of his dramas. Extract from, translated by Lytton, 436.

SORCERER (the *s* pronounced as in *vers*). This word is from the Latin *sortiflor*, a caster of lots, and means a conjurer, a wizard.

SOUNDS AND LETTERS, 16.

SOUND AND SENSE, 236.

SOUP-KROUT, cabbage cut fine, pressed, and left to ferment till it is sour, 181.

SOUTE, ROBERT, an eminent English divine, b. 1633, d. 1716. Quoted, p. 314.

SOUTHEY, ROBERT, an English poet and miscellaneous writer, born in Bristol, in 1774, died in 1843. He was appointed poet-laureate (see *Laureate*) in 1813. He was a very diligent writer, but overtasked his brain to such an extent that he was insane the last few years of his life. The remarks on self-killing (p. 171) apply to his case.

The Cataract of Lodore, 36.

The Complaints of the Poor, 68.

Comfort in Adversity, 113.

The Father's Return, 136.

Night in the Desert, 178.

A Fair Day in Autumn, 374.

SPAIN. The kingdom of Spain comprises nearly four-fifths of the *Pyrœnean peninsula*, separated from France by the *Pyrénées*. It is a thoroughly mountainous country. Its chief articles of export are wines, fruits of southern Europe, silk, olive-oil, cork, quicksilver, and a little wool. By the fanatic and insane proceeding of expelling the *Moslems* (the last remnants of whom were driven out of the country in 1609), Spain lost 800,000 of her most diligent and industrious inhabitants, and the consequences were fatal both to her manufacturing and agricultural interests. Thus does injustice, in the order of Providence, carry with it its own punishment, to nations as well as to individuals!

SPARTA or *LACONIA*, one of the most powerful states of ancient Greece. The distinguishing traits of the *Spartans* were severity, resolution, and perseverance. Defeat and reverse never discouraged them. Their children were early inured to hardship, and at a certain annual festival they were severely flogged, for the purpose of enabling them to bear pain with firmness. Whoever uttered the least cry during the scourging was disgraced. See story of the Spartan boy, p. 77.

SPECIAL (*spécial*), designating a *species* or sort; particular, peculiar. *Special pleading*, in law, is the allegation of special or new matter, as distinguished from a direct denial of matter previously alleged on the opposite side. A *special verdict* is one in which the facts of the case are put on the record, and the law is submitted to the judges.

SPIDEE. The Apologue of "The Spider and the Bee" (p. 108), from one of the early productions of Swift, had reference to an active contest going on at the time between the advocates of ancient learning

- and those of modern learning. The Bee represents the Ancients, the Spider the Moderns. The Apologue may be not unjustly applied to those "self-applauding writers" of the present day, who, "furnished with a native stock," and despising accuracy and careful investigation, undervalue the importance of study and instruction. See Swift.
- SPINACH** (generally written, as pronounced, Spin'age), a garden plant, the leaves of which are boiled for greens.
- SPIT** (Lat. *spiro*, I breathe). The word primarily signified a breathing or gentle blowing of air. According to Locke, "spirit is a substance in which thinking, knowing, doubting, and a power of moving, do subsist."
- The Body's Motive Power, 138.
- SPONTANEOUS** (Lat. *spontis*, of free will), voluntariness.
- SPRAGUE, CHARLES**, on the Indians, 306.
- SPRING, POETRY OF**, 117, 297.
- SQUIGGERS**, a character in Dickens's tale of "Nicholas Nickleby;" the exaggerated type of a class of schoolmasters who once existed in England.
- STALACTITES** (Gr. *stalaktis*, that which drops), a concretion of carbonate of lime, hanging like an icicle from the roofs of caverns, &c., and formed by the gradual dropping of water holding the carbonate in solution.
- STAR**. "He saw a star shoot," &c. (p. 92). The meteors, commonly called *falling* or *shooting stars*, are supposed to be masses of matter inflated with phosphureted hydrogen gas, and which, being spontaneously ignited, shoot from the upper region of the atmosphere in a downward direction to the earth. The *will o' the wisp*, or *ignis fatuus* (Latin for fire of fools), is supposed to have a similar origin, though formed nearer the ground from decomposing substances.
- STARBOARD**. Standing on the deck of a ship, with the face towards the bowsprit, the side to the right is the *starboard*, that to the left the *larboard*.
- STILL** (Lat. *stillo*, I drop), a vessel, or apparatus, used in distilling liquors.
- STOCK**. Of this word, in its various meanings, Trench says, "They are all derived from and were originally the past participle of *to stick*, which, as it now makes *stuck*, made formerly *stock*; and they cohere in the idea of *fixedness*, which is common to every one."
- STOICS**, a celebrated sect of antiquity, so called from the *stoa* (porch or portico), in Athens, where Zeno, the founder of the sect, taught (B. C. 300). The Stoics are proverbially known for the sternness and austerity of their doctrines. They represented virtue chiefly under the character of self-denial; but, with a strange inconsistency, did not disapprove of suicide. They studied to make themselves indifferent at once to the pleasures and pains of sense, and to exercise complete control over the passions.
- STOMACH, COMPLAINT OF**, 1, 187.
- STORM**, on the Mountains, 333.
- "in the Indian Ocean, 200.
- STORY, JOSEPH**, a distinguished American judge and writer on law, was born in Marblehead, Mass., 1779, died 1845. He was associate justice in the Supreme Court of the United States, having been appointed in 1811.
- Fulton's First Steamboat, 324.
- STREET, ALFRED B.**, an American poet (b. 1812) remarkable for the fidelity of his descriptions of forest scenery. Quoted p. 297.
- STRIDULOUS**, from the Latin *stridulus*, making any harsh or hissing sound.
- STRONG DRINK MAKETH FOOLS**, 294.
- STUDY OF WORDS**, Trench on the, 119.
- SUCCESSIVE**. To preserve the metrical harmony of the line (p. 321, line 32), the accent may here be placed on the first syllable in reading. The labors of lexicographers (dictionary-makers) had not fixed the accent of a large class of words in Shakespeare's day. *Successive* is now properly accented on the second syllable.
- SUFFIX** (Lat. *sub*, under, *fixi*, I have fixed), a letter or syllable added to the end of a word; a postfix.
- SUFFOLK AND NORFOLK** were the two broad divisions of "southern" and "northern folk" into which the eastern part of England was divided.
- SUMMUM BONUM**. See **BONUM**.
- SUMMER, POETRY OF**, 337.
- SUNDAY**, the first day of the week, is said to derive its name from the Saxons, who consecrated it to the sun in heathen times.
- SUPERSCRPTION** (Lat. *super*, upon, and *scripsi*, I have written), the act of writing upon; also the address, or direction written.
- SWIFT, JONATHAN**, a celebrated political and miscellaneous writer, born in Dublin, Ireland, in 1667. He was a great master of irony and satire, but many of his writings will be deservedly forgotten, for their coarseness. He was created a Dean (an ecclesiastical dignity) in 1713. In 1739 his intellect gave way, and he expired an idiot, "a driveller and a show," in 1745. With all his failings, he was a very great man.
- The Spider and the Bee, 106.
- SWORD**. Webster's preferred pronunciation of this word is *sword*, although he admits *sord*, which is the mode preferred by Walker, Sheridan, Smart, Worcester, and other eminent philologists.
- The Sword and the Press, 256.
- SycOPHANT**. The derivation of this word is curious and amusing. It is from the Greek *sykos*, a fig, and *phaineo*, I discover; and originally meant *an informer against those who stole figs*. Hence it came to signify a tale-bearer; then a parasite, one who tries to obtain the favor of another by flattery, or by telling tales of those whom he would supplant.

Syllable, Derivation of, *See*, 24.

SYNNE, JOHN, an American sea-captain, who entertained a fanciful theory that the earth was a hollow sphere, which might be entered by sailing to a point on the North Pole.

SYNONYME (written also *syn'onym*, and so pronounced) is from the Greek words *syn*, with, and *ónoma*, a name. A noun, or other word, having the same signification as another, is its *synonym*.

SYRACUSE (now *Syracusa*) was anciently the chief city of Sicily, and one of the most magnificent cities in the world.

SYS'TEM (Gr. *syn*, with, and *istamai*, I stand) is, in astronomy, an hypothesis of a certain order and arrangement of the celestial bodies, by which their apparent motions are explained.

TABBY, a term formerly applied to certain figured silks, on which an irregular pattern had been stamped with an irregular surface, so as to give rise to the appearance called *watered*. A *tabby-cat* is a cat of diversified color.

TABLE-LAND, elevated flat land, with steep acclivities on every side.

TAD'MOR, subsequently called *Palm'ra*, which see.

TALENTS. In our use of the word "talents" (says Treuch), as when we say "a man of talents" (not of "talent") for that, as we shall see presently, is nonsense, there is a clear recognition of the responsibilities which go along with the possession of intellectual gifts and endowments, whatsoever they may be. We draw, beyond a doubt, the word from the parable in Scripture in which various talents, more and fewer, are committed to the several servants by their lord, that they may trade with them in his absence, and give account of their employment at his return. Men may choose to forget the ends for which their talents were given them; they may turn them to selfish ends; they may glorify themselves in them, instead of glorifying the Giver; they may practically deny that they were given at all; yet in this word, till they can rid their vocabulary of it, abides a continual memento that they were so given, or rather lent, and that each man shall have to render an account of their use.

TALFOURD, THOMAS NOON, an English author and judge, b. 1798, d. 1854. He is most favorably known as the author of the tragedy of "Ion." Extract from his address before the Manchester Lyceum, p. 314.

TAM'ELANE, called also *Timour*, one of the most celebrated of Asiatic conquerors, was born about forty miles from Samarcand in Central Asia, in the year 1336. He conquered the Turkish Sultan Bajaset in 1402, and the want of shipping alone prevented him from crossing into Europe. Civilization looked with terror to his advance. He died in 1406. See p. 264.

TAMPALIN (tar-po'lin), a piece of canvas

covered with tar to render it water-proof.

TAYLOR, HENRY, an English dramatic and ethical writer, b. about 1799. Quoted, 384.

TAYLOR, JANE, the daughter of an artist in London, was born in 1783, died 1823. She wrote much and well for the young.

The Scholar's Pilgrimage, 61.

Contrasted Soliloquies, 80.

Abuse of the Imagination, 369.

TEACHERS, THEIR CALLING, 186.

TELEGRAPH (tel'e-graf). This word is from the Greek *tele*, afar off, and *graphe*, I write; and applies to a machine for communicating intelligence from a distance, either by signals or by electro-magnetism. See pp. 376, 378.

TEL'ESCOPE (Greek *tele*, afar off, *skopeo*, I look at), an optical instrument for viewing distant objects.

THESSA (Thes'-pe), a beautiful and celebrated valley of Thessaly, on the river Peneus, in the northern part of ancient Greece. It had Mount Olympus on the north, and was much celebrated by the poets. Its woods have now disappeared, and there are cotton-works established on its site.

THENTYSON, ALFRED, poet laureate of England, was born about 1800. Quoted, p. 288.

TERRA'QUEOUS (Lat. *terra*, earth, and *aqueus*, water), consisting of land and water, as the earth.

TERSE (Lat. *tersus*, rubbed off). A terse style, or diction, is that in which there are no more words than are necessary to express the thought.

THE'ZEN, the top covering of a bed.

THEUTONIC, pertaining to the Teutons, a people of Germany. By the "Teutonic stock of languages," the root of all the present German idioms is meant.

THAMES (pronounced *thems*), a river of England, on which London is situated.

TWO TWO PALACE, 319.

"Discontented Miller, 222.

"Two Roads, 92.

"Present Time, 98.

"Blind Street-Fiddler, 63.

"Wind and Rain, 206.

"Village Preacher, 318.

"Free Mind, 277.

THEATRE (Gr. *theatron*, from *theosmai*, I behold), a place for seeing; in modern use, a place for dramatic representations.

THEBES, an ancient city of Upper Egypt, on both sides of the Nile, about two hundred and sixty miles south of Cairo. Thebes is famous as "the city of a hundred gates." Its present ruins extend about eight miles along the Nile; and yet its glory belongs to a period prior to the commencement of authentic history. *Thebes* was also the name of a city in Greece, the capital of Boeotia.

THEODOLITE, a surveyor's compass, furnished with a small telescope for the more accurate measurement of angles.

- PRO-OF-OF-OF** (Gr. *these*, God, and *logos*, discourse), the science of Ge. and divine things.
- PRO-OPTICAL** (Gr. *theoreo*, I behold, contemplate), speculative, not practical. *Theory* is a doctrine or scheme of things, without reference to practice.
- PRO-MOP-Y-L-E**, a narrow defile in Greece, celebrated for a desperate resistance against the Persian army, made by three hundred Spartans, under Le-on'-idas.
- THRIST** or **THIST**, a country of Asia, the most lofty part of the continent. The Himalaya Mountains, the highest in the world, rise here. The name given to the region by the natives means "the northern land of snow."
- THOMSON, JAMES**, one of the most eminent of British poets, was born in Scotland in 1700, died 1748. His "Seasons" and "Castle of Indolence" justify his claim to the celebrity which he enjoyed while in this world.
- Extracts from "The Seasons," 177, 298, 337.
- Extracts from "Castle of Indolence," 114, 128.
- THOUGHTS TO DWELL ON**, 84.
- THRALDOM** (thrawl'dom), a Saxon word, meaning a state of bondage.
- THURSDAY**. This day derives its name from Thor, the old Scandinavian god of thunder.
- TIDE**, to work in or out of a river by favor of the tide.
- TITILLATION** (Lat. *titillo*, I tickle), a tickling, or being tickled.
- TITUS VESPASIANUS**, a Roman emperor, b. A. D. 40. He took Jerusalem (A. D. 70) after a terrible siege.
- TO**. The pronunciation of this word, whether *to* or *tee*, depends much on its application and emphasis. In such phrases as *go to*, *leave to*, where *to* is used adverbially, it is pronounced *tee*.
- TOBACCO, A PAPER OF**, 363.
- TOMIN, JOHN**, author of "The Honey-Moon," b. in England 1770, d. 1804. Quoted, 385.
- TOULON** (Too-long'), a seaport of France.
- TOUR** (toor), a journey in a circuit.
- TOWARD** or **TOWARDS**; pronounced tō'ards; sometimes tō'wards, as if in one syllable. As used p. 296, line 8, it is in two syllables, and an adverb meaning *near at hand*.
- TRADE-WINDS**. Explained, p. 200.
- TRADITION** (Lat. *trado*, I give up, deliver down), doctrines or facts transmitted by word of mouth from age to age.
- TRAGEDY**. The word is said by late German critics to be derived from *tragos*, an old Greek word, signifying *melancholy*. In *tragic* compositions, the diction must be elevated and the catastrophe melancholy.
- TRANSPORT** (Lat. *trans*, over, and *porto*, I carry), the being carried beyond one's self; rapture, ecstasy.
- TRANSVERSE** (Lat. *trans*, over, and *versus*, turned), lying in a cross direction.
- THURON, RICHARD OSWERTH**, formerly professor of Divinity in King's College, London.
- Shortsightedness of Man, 113.
- On the Study of Words, 119.
- TAR'ON**, in mythology, a fabled sea demigod, supposed to be the trumpeter of Neptune.
- TRIM'VIRATE** (Lat. *tres*, three, *vir*, a man), a union of three men.
- TROPE** (Gr. *trepo*, I turn), in Rhetoric, a word or expression turned from its primary and proper meaning.
- TROYES** (pronounced *trwa*, the *a* as in water), an old city of France.
- TU'SSE**, in Botany, a kind of fleshy stem, formed under ground, and filled with starch.
- TUESDAY**, the third day of the week; named after Tuisco, the Saxon god of war.
- TULLY**, the Anglicised name for Tullius, belonging to Cicero, whose entire name was Marcus Tullius Cicero.
- TUMBLER**, a clown; one who plays tricks of tumbling.
- TUMULT** (Lat. *tumesc*, I swell), a noisy rising; a commotion.
- TURNING THE GRINDSTONES**, 103.
- TY'BO** (Lat. *sire*, a raw soldier), a beginner in learning.
- TYR'RHENE SEA**, the ancient name of that portion of the Mediterranean south-west from Tuscany.
- ULY'SSES**, one of the principal Greek heroes in the Trojan war, celebrated by Homer. He is also the hero of the Odyssey, — Odysseus being merely another name for the hero. The story, p. 100, is told by Homer.
- UN'PAIR**. This word, according to Brande, appears to be derived from the Fr. *im-pair*, uneven in number; an umpire being a third party, to whom a dispute is referred.
- U'SURY**, the taking of interest for money; from the Lat. word *usu'ra*, which is from *utor*, I use.
- VADUTE** (pronounced Vah-doot'), a town of Germany on the Rhine. In the German phrase (p. 181, last line but 2), *a* is pronounced like *a* in *father*; *e* like *e* in *pen*; *ie* like *ee* in *meet*; *au* like *ou* in *house*.
- VAG'ABOND** (Lat. *vagor*, I wander), a vagrant; one having no certain dwelling.
- VALENCE** (pronounced va-lange', the *a* as in father), a town of France on the Rhone.
- VALISE**. Pronounced va-lee's'.
- VANE, SIR HENRY**, the younger, an English statesman, b. 1612. He was the fourth governor of the colony of Massachusetts in 1636; returning to England, he opposed the royal government, and afterwards the sovereignty of Cromwell; and, through the perfidy of King Charles II., was finally beheaded for high treason in 1662, meeting his fate with Christian heroism and composure. Mention of, p. 233.
- VIM'ICE**, a town of Italy, built on 136 islands joined together by 460 bridges, at the head

of the Gulf of Venice; once a rich and powerful city, but which lost its commerce in 1498, through the Portuguese discovery of the way by sea to the E. Indies.

VENTILATION (. *at. ventus*, wind, whence *ventilatio*). See Remarks on, 362.

VENUS DE MEDICI (pronounced *Venus de Med'e-che*, the *ch* as in *chill*), a celebrated ancient statue of Venus, which receives its name from having been placed in the gallery of the Medici family at Florence, after its discovery at Tivoli, Italy, in 1696. It is of pure white marble, four feet eleven inches in height. The sculptor's name is unknown, but he is supposed to have flourished before the Christian era.

VENICTION (Lat. *verum*, true, *dictum*, saying), true declaration.

VERSUS. The Latin verb *verto*, I turn, and its derivative *versus*, gave origin to this word. The Roman farmers described the swinging round of the plough at the end of a furrow for the purpose of commencing a new one by the word *versus*, a turning. Then the furrow itself, or the line of earth ploughed up, was called *versus*. Subsequently, a written line, whether in prose or verse, received this name. Then it was confined to a line of poetry; and modern usage has enlarged the meaning of the word so that it may apply to a stanza or to several lines of a poem or hymn.

VERTICAL (Lat. *vertex*, the top), placed or being in the zenith, or perpendicularly over the head.

VERTIGO (Lat. *verto*, I turn), giddiness, or swimming of the head.

VESUVIUS, MOUNT, a volcano near Naples, in Italy, is three thousand nine hundred and thirty-two feet high. See Volcano.

VIA (Lat. a way), *via* Liverpool, by the way of Liverpool.

VILICLE (Lat. *villus*, hair), in anatomy, one of the minute fibrils of those internal surfaces, which, minutely examined, look like the pile or nap of velvet.

VINCENNES (pronounced *vang-ehns*), a town of France, about three miles east of Paris.

VIOLIER. Some philologists derive this word from the Latin *via*, because of the violet's flourishing by the way-side; whence an English poet has called it *way-fling*, the poet's *ling* in Saxon meaning offspring.

VIRGIL. Publius Virgilius Maro, the most distinguished epic poet of ancient Rome, was b. near Mantua, 70 B. C., and d. 19 B. C. His supposed tomb is still shown at Naples.

VIRGILIUS, a centurion (military officer commanding a hundred men) of ancient Rome, whose daughter Virginia being claimed as a slave by Appius Claudius, the father, to save her from dishonor, stabbed her with a knife snatched from a butcher's stall.

VISTA. Buena Vista (pronounced *boo-e'-na-vis'ta*), a town of Mexico, thirty-two miles south of Tampico, was the scene of an action, on the 22d and 23d Feb., 1847, in

which a Mexican army were repulsed by a greatly inferior American force, under Gen. Taylor. The Spanish words *Buena Vista* signify good view.

VIZIER (*viz'yer*), a Turkish minister of state. **VOLCANO**, a mountain having an internal fire, and at times emitting fire, smoke, and lava. The word is derived from *Vulcan*, the Roman name of the imaginary god who presided over the forge and the working of metals.

VOLITION (Lat. *volo*, I will), the act of willing; power of willing.

VOLTA'IC. The *Voltaic Pile* or *Battery* was discovered by Volta, a native of Pavia, in Italy, about the year 1801. By it means the phenomena resulting from the accumulation of the electric fluid, and from the evolution of electricity by chemical action, were manifested in a novel and surprising manner.

VOLUNTARY (Lat. *voluntas*, will), one who enters into military or other service of his own free will; a voluntary fighter.

VOWEL SOUNDS. See pp. 16, 17.

WAIN'SCOT, in architecture, the framed lining in panels wherewith a wall is faced; the timber lining or covering of a room.

WALLERSTEIN (pronounced in German *Vof'lenstin*), Duke of Friedland, a celebrated German general, b. in Bohemia 1593; assassinated 1634. On the incidents of his career Schiller has founded a noble drama, an extract from which see on p. 343.

WAR, Barbarism of, 303. See also pp. 271, 326, 343, 410.

WARD, WARDEN. The primary meaning of the verb *to ward* is to look at or after, and consequently, to defend, to protect. A *ward* of a look is that which guards or secures it; in other words, that part which corresponds to its proper key.

WARE, WM., *Vesuvius*, by, 351.

WASHINGTON, GEORGE, the "first in war," as well as "in peace," among the Americans, was born Feb. 22, 1732, near the banks of the Potomac, in the county of Westmoreland, Va. That he was diligent and studious in his youth his writings in mature years abundantly testified. He entered the military service of the colony in 1761; was in Braddock's expedition against Fort du Queneau (pronounced *Kane*) in 1755, and had two horses shot under him; was appointed commander-in-chief of the American army in 1775; was elected president of the Convention for forming the Constitution in 1787; was elected President of the United States in 1789, again in 1793, and died in 1799. "Great he was," says Lord Brougham, "preeminently great; a perfect, just man, with a thoroughly firm resolution, never to be misled by others, any more than to be by others overawed. To his latest breath did this great patriot maintain the noble character of a captain the patron of peace, and a statesman the friend of justice. Dying, he bequeathed to his heirs the

- sword which he had worn in the war for liberty, and charged them 'Never to take it from the scabbard but in self-defence, or in defence of their country and her freedom.' Until time shall be no more, will a test of the progress which our race has made in wisdom and in virtue be derived from the veneration paid to the immortal name of Washington."
- Eulogized by Webster, 147.
- The Youth of, by Everett, 249.
- Our Political System, by, 287.
- Religion Essential, by, 313.
- WATERLOO.** The village of Waterloo, noted for the great battle fought on the 18th of June, 1815, between Napoleon and the allied forces, is in Belgium, about ten miles southward from Brussels.
- WATER, THE WORLD OF,** 206.
- WATER-WRAITH** (p. 276). Wraith is a Scottish word, signifying a spirit or apparition.
- WAYLAND, REV. FRANCIS,** President of Brown University, R. I., and distinguished as a theologian and a writer on Moral Science and Political Economy, was born in N. Y. March 11, 1796. His writings are much esteemed. Quoted, 288, 369.
- WEBER, CHARLES MARIA VON,** an eminent musical composer, born in Holstein, a dependency of Denmark, in 1786; died 1826. He composed the celebrated opera of *Der Freischütz* (the Free-shooter). Mentioned p. 172.
- WEBSTER, DANIEL,** highly distinguished as a lawyer, orator, and statesman, was born in Salisbury, N. H., Jan. 18, 1782; died at his residence in Marshfield, Mass., Oct. 24th, 1852. His parents were poor; but he was enabled to enter Dartmouth College in 1797. He first practised law in his native state, and was in Congress in 1812. He removed to Boston in 1816, was sent to Congress from that city in 1822, and from that time up to the period of his death was in public life, distinguishing himself by many remarkable efforts of eloquence, which place him in the front rank of great orators, with Demosthenes, Chatham, Mirabeau, and Patrick Henry. On his death-bed, he prepared an inscription for his tomb stone, in which he says that his "heart has always assured and reassured" him "that the Gospel of Jesus Christ must be a divine reality."
- Character of Washington, 147.
- Education in the United States, 184.
- On Early Rising, 226.
- The American Union, 271.
- Love of Home, 368.
- Peculiarities of our Liberty, 424.
- WEBSTER, NOAH,** was born in West Hartford, Connecticut, in 1758, died 1843. He is principally known for his elaborate English dictionary. Into this work he introduced many innovations in orthography, which are still a subject of controversy among authors and publishers, and many of which are repudiated by philological scholars in England and this country. (See Philology.) In England his innovations have not been generally adopted. In the United States some of the principal printing-offices have admitted them; so that considerable confusion in the spelling of various words exists in American publications. Of the propriety of several of his innovations there seems to be little question. That in regard to doubling the last consonant before *ed* or *ing* in words of more than one syllable, not accented on the last syllable, was recommended, though not always adopted, by Lowth, Walker, and Perry. The arbitrary deviations from the usual rule, in such words as *travelled*, *travelling*, *worshipped*, *equalled*, *fewelled*, *libelled*, *modelled*, &c., were rejected by Webster, who spells these words *traveled*, *traveling*, *worshiped*, &c.; and public usage begins to favor this reform, not only in this country but in England. As a defining dictionary of the English language, Webster's is probably the best in existence.
- WEDNESDAY** (*wens'da*) is so named from the Scandinavian deity Woden. His functions corresponded to those of Mercury in the Greek and Roman mythology.
- WELKIN,** the visible regions of the air; the vault of heaven. It is from the Saxon *welk*, to roll.
- WESTMINSTER,** a city of England, now so united with London that they form one city, and, in ordinary speech, are mentioned as one, though they have separate jurisdictions.
- WHAT A Common Man may say,** 208.
- WHALE, CAPTURE OF A,** 400.
- WHEN I AM OLD,** 238.
- WHEREFORE** (composed of *where* and *for*). Both Walker and Webster pronounce this word *Awér'-for*. Sheridan pronounces it *Awér'-for*.
- WHWELL** (pronounced *Hu'el*), Wm., an eminent English theologian and writer. Quoted, 407.
- WHITTIER, JOHN G.,** an American poet and prose writer, born 1806. Quoted, 178, 297.
- WIFE.** This familiar word is from "to weave;" wife and woof are of one origin. It is a title (says Trench) given to her who is engaged at the web and woof, these having been the most ordinary branches of wifely employment when the language was forming. See Husband.
- WILD.** See p. 125.
- WILLIS, NATHANIEL P.,** a popular American poet and essayist, b. 1807.
- The New Year, by, 434.
- WILNA,** the name of a city and river of West or Polish Russia. The city is two hundred and fifty miles north-east of Warsaw, has considerable trade, and is noted for several remarkable churches, for its literary institutions and medical academy.
- WILSON, JOHN,** eminent as a poet and critic, was b. in Paisley, Scotland, in 1788. He

edited Blackwood's Magazine, and was professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. Died 1854.

The Ship, by, 238.

This Life and the Next, 314.

Assurance of an Hereafter, 315.

WINCHELSKA, COUNTESS OF.

A Wished-for Retreat, by, 334.

WIND AND RAIN, THE, 208.

WINDWARD, the point from which the wind blows.

WINTER, POETRY OF, 90, 433.

WINTHROP, JOHN, b. in England, in 1587; governor of Massachusetts in 1630; d. in 1649.

WINTHROP, ROBERT C., of the family of John, was born about 1808. Quoted pp. 275, 333.

WIRT, WM., an eloquent lawyer and graceful writer, was b. in Maryland, in 1772; d. 1835. Quoted, 288, 332, 431.

WISE, a manner, mode, fashion. It is often compounded in such words as *lengthwise*, *breadthwise*, &c., incorrectly written *lengthways*, &c.

WOLSEY, THOMAS, Cardinal, an eminent English prelate, was the son of a butcher, and was b. 1471; d. 1530. He rose to great power under Henry VIII.; but that treacherous king finally worked his ruin. See p. 421.

WOMAN'S MISSION, 359.

WORDS, THE STUDY OF, 119.

"The Permanence of, 169.

WORDSWORTH, WM., a great and good English poet, b. April 7th, 1770, d. 1850. His claims to a rank among the greatest poets of England were long contested, but at length very generally admitted by those whose verdict is fame. He had a lofty sense of the worth of his art, and, in him, poetry, which is but another name for the reverent study of nature, embraces all knowledge, all sanctity, all truth, and is ever made subservient to the doctrines of Christian revelation. In 1843 he succeeded Southey as poet-laureate. Q. 221, 308.

The Daffodils, by, 70.

The Blind Street-Fiddler, 93.

Affectionate Remembrance, 102.

Friendship, 112.

The Moral Law, 114.

Essential Knowledge, 177.

Address to Duty, 178.

Heroism of Grace Darling, 301.

The Old Man by the Brook, 257.

WOUND. The preferred pronunciation of Walker and Worcester is *woound*, of Webster, *wound*, rhyming with *sound*.

WRACK, synonymous with wreck, and an ancient form of that word.

YANG-TSE-KIANG', a large river of China. Its total course is about 2500 miles.

Y-CLEPED (e-klept'), called, termed. It is the perfect participle of the Saxon word *ge-clypian*, to call.

YEA. Both Walker and Webster prefer to pronounce this word like the pronoun *ye*; Worcester, Sheridan, and others, pronounce it *ya*.

YOUNG, EDWARD, author of "Night Thoughts," was b. in Hants, England, in 1681, d. 1755. It is impossible to open any page of his "Night Thoughts" without finding something grand, true, and striking.

Trust in God, 256.

Death, 309.

Defiance, from "Zanga," 102.

ZEAL. The Greek is *zēlos*, which is from *zeo*, I boil.

ZENITH (from the Arabic). In Astronomy, the top of the heaven, or vertical point; the point directly overhead.

ZION or SION, the name of one of the mountains on which Jerusalem was built. It was sometimes called "the city of David;" also "the holy hill."

ZONE (Gr. *zōnē*, a girdle). In Geography the terrestrial zones are the five broad spaces or belts into which the surface of the earth is divided by the two tropics and the two polar circles.

ZSCHOKKE, HENRY, a prolific German writer, b. at Magdeburg, in Prussia, 1771, d. 1848. He commenced life as a strolling player, but afterwards studied divinity, and became a teacher of youth.

The Snow of Winter, by, 90.

ZOOPTHEM (Zootphen), a town of the North Atlantic, with a population of 11,000.

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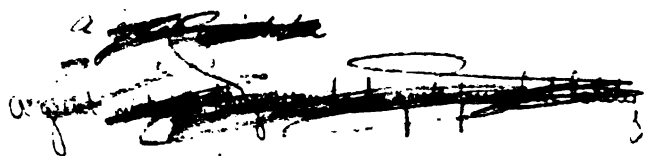
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